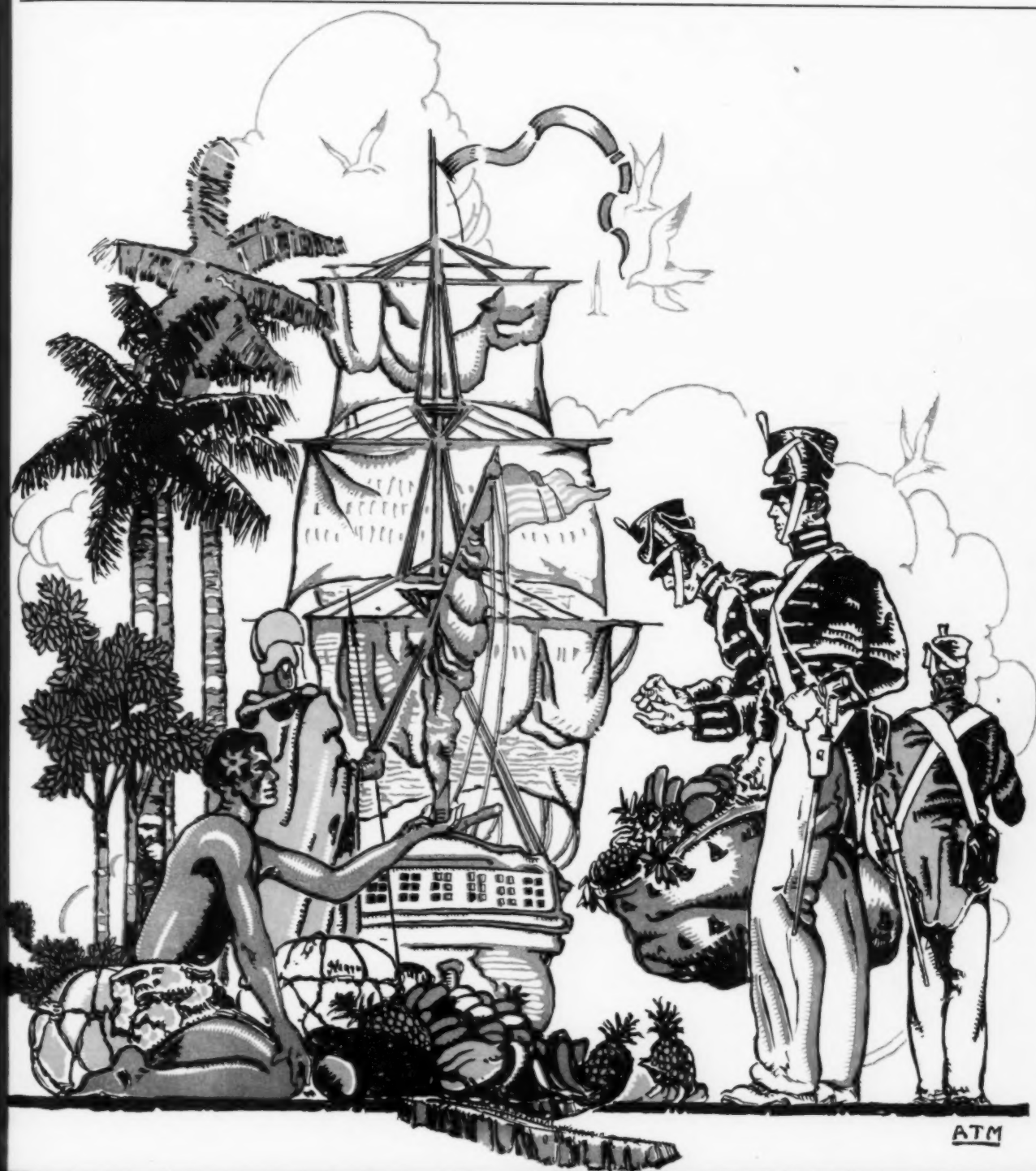


SAMPER FIDELIS

# THE LEATHERNECK

Single Copy, 25c

August, 1926



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# \$120.00 Dawson Amateur Picture Contest

EVERY ONE OWNING A CAMERA HAS AN EQUAL CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF  
16 PRIZES--Costs Nothing but the Joy of Taking a Picture

## Why Dawson is holding this Contest:

Pictures of your shipmates, the posts in which you serve, the unusual events you may witness, never to occur again, will some day—more likely after you are paid off—be numbered among your most valued possessions. We want to arouse greater interest in good pictures, and create a better standard of amateur photography. We want more marines, short-timers and old, to acquire the habit of always having a loaded camera at a moment's notice. And we want more marines to have better pictures to send to their relatives and friends, and submit to their magazine. Expensive equipment is not necessary. Catching a good picture with the most inexpensive camera is as thrilling and pleasurable as if it were snapped by high speed lens.

## An Equal Chance for Every Marine

Every Marine, regardless of rank, may enter this contest. It makes no difference whether you use a little box camera, a vest pocket camera or whatever camera you have. Pictures of your barracks, camp, favorite scenes and views, pictures of your football and baseball teams, your favorite chow hound, your company or battalion in drill formation, parades, reviews, guard mounts—every day you see people, places, things or events that are well worth photographing. Have your camera handy—take pictures often and enter the best of them, as many as you like, in this contest. There are sixteen prizes.

## Pictures With News Value Stand a Very Good Chance of Winning

One of the most important prize winning classifications is the "News Picture." The visit of a well known person to your post, an accident, a fire, a flood, an inspection lay-out, etc. These are but a few of the hundreds of subjects that have news value, that other people will want to look at, too. Pictures of this kind stand the best chance of winning, so always have your camera ready to snap news pictures for The Leatherneck.

## Dawson Better Picture Prize Contest

A grand Prize of a \$30.00 Autographic Kodak for the best picture, regardless of type, and fifteen additional Prizes.

The following prizes will be awarded for the best pictures in each of the following classes:

CLASS NO.	FIRST PRIZE	SECOND PRIZE	THIRD PRIZE
1. Pictures of Persons or Animal Life . . . . .	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
2. Scenic or Nature Picture . . . . .	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
3. Sports or Action Pictures . . . . .	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
4. A Subject with News Value . . . . .	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
5. Indoor, Shade, or Cloudy day Picture . . . . .	\$3.00 Cash	\$2.00 Cash	\$1.00 Cash

Persons Eligible: Any amateur photographer, except members of the staff of The Leatherneck and employees of the Dawson-Kraft-Shop. Dawson-Kraft-Shop representatives are not considered as employees in this contest.

Closing dates: All pictures must be received by the Dawson-Kraft-Shop, care The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C., before 12 M. Monday, January 10, 1927.

The Best Pictures Entered will be published in each issue of The Leatherneck, and honorary mention given to the sender

## Contest Conditions

1. Finished and developed prints up to any size may be submitted.
2. Contestants may submit any number of prints.
3. Every print submitted to the contest must bear on the reverse side the name and address of the sender printed in ink.
4. Prints entered in this contest, and the negatives that might be made from them, become the exclusive property of the Dawson-Kraft-Shop, which reserves the exclusive publication rights to them, as well as re-

print and sale rights to them.

5. Photos will be returned only if requested and postage accompanies them.
6. Awards will be made as soon as possible after closing date of contest.
7. Honorary mention will be awarded to all contestants.
8. The judges will be a committee appointed by the editors of The Leatherneck. Their decision will be final.

Make it a rule to enter at least one picture for each issue of The Leatherneck in this contest. Do not forget that there are five classes, three prizes each, and a Grand Prize. The more pictures you send us the greater chance you have of winning.

Note: Send all pictures to The Dawson-Kraft-Shop, care The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C.

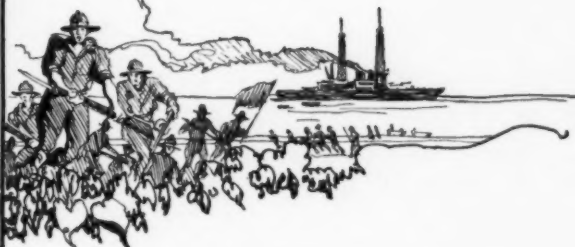




Lieut. Arthur J. Burks, U. S. M. C.

"People who know that I write, often ask me for criticism of their work. To these people I invariably give the address of the Palmer Institute, advising them that here they will get the best criticism, the best instruction that their money will buy."

*Arthur J. Burks*



## "From the halls of Montezuma To the shores of Tripoli"

*~ and a story for every mile!*

"THE MARINES have landed and have the situation well in hand." But the real story has never been told... the blazing tropic sun... the dash to the beach... out onto the sand... a stab of flame from the trees.

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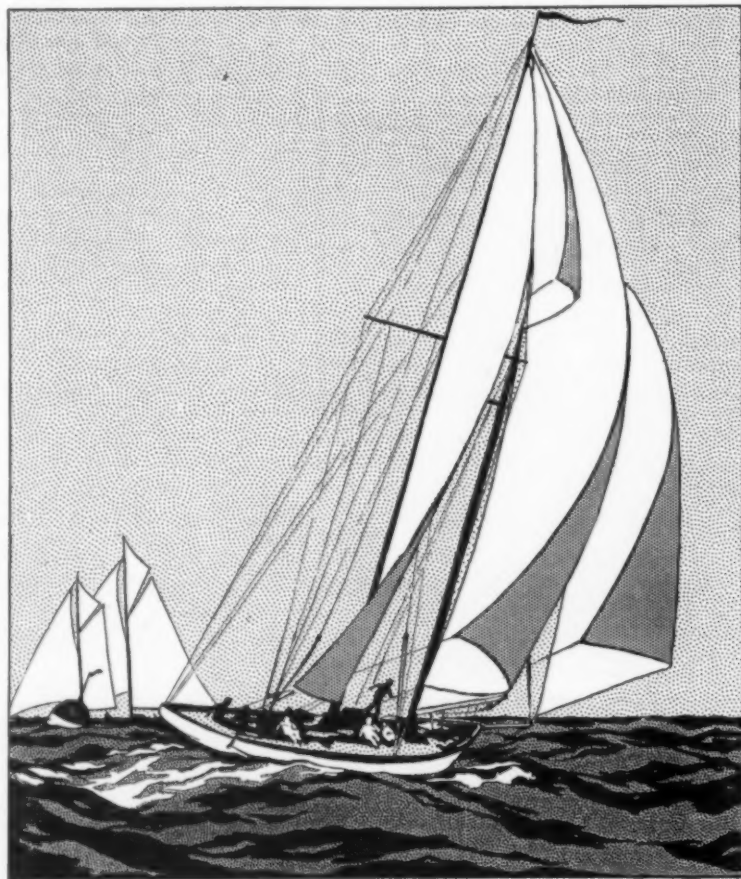
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# THE LEATHERNECK

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The Director,  
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Publisher and Editor  
Lieut. Gordon Hall  
U. S. M. C.

THE TYPE DESIGN BY EATWELLES

Volume 9

WASHINGTON, D. C., August, 1926

Number 11

## Marine Corps Exhibit at the "Sesqui"

VISITORS to the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia are bound to be attracted to a little building that should be of vital interest to every American.

It is an archetype of the old Tun Tavern, where the first U. S. Marines were recruited in 1775 to fight in the Revolutionary War; where patriots gathered when the first rumblings of the revolution stirred the colonists to action; and from where, a century and a half ago, sailors and marines started for New Providence in the Bahamas, where they captured ammunition from the British.

The tavern stood on South Water Street, Philadelphia, near the Delaware river, at a point where the city was first settled.

One of its first proprietors was Ralph Basnet, who ran the hostelry in 1732. Later came the Mullens, Thomas and "Peg," who welcomed many prominent guests including the great Ben Franklin himself. Memories of the broiled steaks for which the tavern was famous exist only in the old records of the times.

Situated in what was the busiest section of the Quaker City in 1775, it proved an ideal meeting place for the Masons who assembled there to attend Tun Tavern Lodge, one of the first meeting places of Masons in America. It also was used as the first rendezvous of the Marine Corps when Congress authorized the forming of two battalions on November 10, 1775.

An old diary of the tavern is now carefully preserved by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. In it are recorded all manner of happenings, occurring at the tavern in its early

days. Records of Masonic meetings, odds and ends of accounts, and the first muster roll and pay roll of a Marine Corps company are inscribed on its fast yellowing pages. There is also an account of the court-martial of a marine, who was summarily punished with a few strokes of the cat-o'-nine tails.

The old tavern was torn down a quarter of a century ago. The only permanent reminder of the tavern's existence is a tablet which the marines have mounted on the warehouse which stands on the spot.

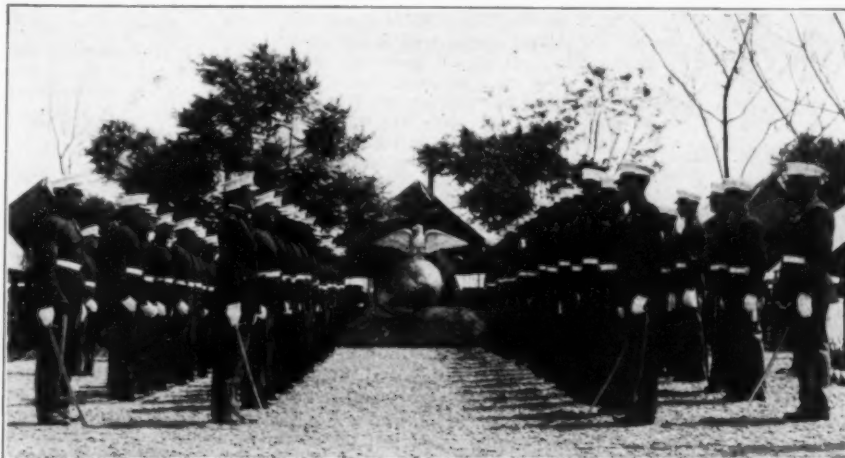
The historical interest of the tavern is enhanced by a series of thirteen mural decorations depicting the outstanding episodes of Marine Corps history from the Revolution to the World War. These also form an interesting review of the early history of the navy, for it was aboard naval ships that the Marines saw most of their fighting prior to the Spanish-American War. These pictures start their colorful story with the raid by Commodore Hopkins on the British colony of the Bahamas, during the first days of the Revolution, and end with a World War scene showing the Marines

serving with the Second Division of the Army at the front in France. The paintings are the work of J. Joseph Capolino, a Philadelphia artist.

A series of portraits of the Commandants of the Corps, from Major Samuel Nicholas of 1775 to Major General John A. Lejeune of 1926, will also grace the walls. They will be of particular interest in view of the fact that most of them were painted from life by artists of the period. The Marine Corps of today will be represented by the 43rd Company of the Fifth Regiment. This Company has an unusual war record and its men wear the fourragere, which was awarded to all units of the Fifth by the French government. The Company will occupy a model camp next door to the tavern.

In building 29 at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, which adjoins the Sesqui grounds, the Marine Corps will have an exhibit among the displays representing all branches of the naval service. This will include reproductions of uniforms worn by Marines in 1775, 1812, 1864 and 1898. There will also be decorations and trophies won by Marines, relics of historical interest and motion pictures showing life in the Corps.

Another task at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition that has been allotted to the Marine Corps is the guarding of the Liberty Bell, which is on exhibition there. Two Marines are on duty at the Liberty Bell at all times. Photographs of two of these men, and also of the Tun Tavern archetype, have been reproduced on the center insert of this issue. All Marines and ex-Marines around Philadelphia should see this exhibit.



The 43rd Company of Marines at Camp Samuel Nicholas where they will remain during the "Sesqui" Exposition



# INKADIER LETTERS

By John (Skipper) Culnan, U. S. M. C., '16-'24

Drawings by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

## No. 18. JOE CARTER RIDES PEGASUS

Breuannes, France.  
15 December, 1917.

LITTLE CHUCK O'CONNOR was entertaining a few cronies in his property shack at the close of afternoon drill. Comfortable, in accordance with tradition, the property room, for all that it lacked floorboards. If you were lucky enough to be admitted, you could get close to Chuck's little Bunson burner of a stove, close enough to actually feel the warmth of it.

Ray Cronin, pensively scraping Breuannes mud from his hobnails with a surveyed bayonet, had the floor.

"It's wonderful," he was saying, "the fine dreams you can have even when your spine is cracking on a wooden Ostermoor. I corked off after chow this noon, and in about five minutes I was aboard the old New Hampshire again."

"Time orderly once more, eh?" suggested Joe Cannon, reaching for Little Chuck's sack of Durham.

"You underestimate me entirely," declared Cronin. "I was in command of the detachment."

"Somebody drugged your chow," said Joe Toulson.

"Most realistic dream I ever had," averred Cronin. "Hammocks had just sounded, and I strolled through your birds' quarters to see how you were making out."

"Mighty kind it was of you, Captain Cronin," said Little Chuck, reclaiming his Durham.

"You were like a mother to us," observed Cygan, tearing another paper from his dreambook and appealing to Little Chuck for the diminishing sack.

"Go ahead with the dream," said Willie Reilly, dream-time mayor of Cohoes, N. Y.

"Well," continued Cronin, "I was in full dress. Man dear, you should have seen me. Cape and sabre, I tell you, and standing by for the skipper's gig, which he had eagerly offered me. I'll never forget how I looked. There was a grand ball ashore, and I was sure primed for it."

"Rave on, Slim, rave on," said Davey Bates.

"The music was instructed to sound 'Captain's gig,'" Cronin went on, "but he sure made a mess of it. What do you suppose it sounded like?"

"I bite," volunteered Drummer Snair. "It sounded for all the world like you, sounding police call, and that's exactly what it was. You blighter, you ruined the only good dream I've had in a year."

There was a commotion at the door, and Joe Carter, Skipper Hamilton's orderly, stumbled gracefully in.

"I've just drawn a horse for the Skipper," he announced proudly.

"You don't say, Joe! Didn't know you could draw!" ejaculated Heinie Hoffman.

"Aw hell, I mean they issued a horse for the captain."



"Nan dear, you should have seen me."

"Where is he?"

"I've got him tied right outside. I thought first he didn't look like much, but I'll betcha he's the nicest piece of horseflesh in the regiment."

"Fine," declared Mess Sergeant Stahl, "we'll have him for Sunday dinner."

"Well," directed Little Chuck brusquely, "lead him in and let's have a look at him."

Joe departed with alacrity, and Jimmie Kellum of Kentucky, who had been drowsing on the far side of the stove, raised his tow head.

"Where's Carter from, anyhow?" he asked.

"Oklahoma," said Joe Cannon.

Joe Carter reappeared at the door, tugging the reluctant steed in after him. They drew up near the stove.

"Oh, God bless me, cried Little Chuck, "if it isn't Dan Patch in person."

"D——n shame, I call him," corrected Jimmie Kellum, giving a quick, practiced glance at the ornery-looking mount.

"He's a galloping fool, boys," declared Joe Carter. "Say, Chuck, have you got a stop-watch in the place? If I know anything about horseflesh, he ought to click off a mile in jigtime."

Jimmie Kellum groaned pathetically.

Little Chuck was examining the horse's shoulders with great scrutiny.

"Look here," he cried, "do you lamp these scars, one on each shoulder?"

"I noticed them," replied Carter.

"What are they, Chuck?"

"Wing sockets," declared Little Chuck, looking into Joe's eyes ever so blandly.

"Wing sockets?" echoed Joe, perplexed.

"Sure," affirmed Little Chuck. "He's

one in a million, Joe. He's a direct descendant of that great steed—"

"Oh, Pegasus!" exclaimed Cronin.

"That same," said Little Chuck, and the group nodded solemnly, exchanging furtive winks.

Joe was delighted.

"I knew he was blooded," he declared proudly. "How about it, Chuck, have you got a stop-watch?"

"Sure," said Little Chuck. "I'll break out a stopwatch. You lead him out now, before he forgets himself."

Joe half-dragged his treasure outside. "Have you got a stop-watch?" asked Jimmie Kellum.

"Naw. Just makin' Joe feel good, that was all."

Jimmie stepped over to the door leading into the company office.

"Tell him we'll be right out with one," he said.

"Speaking of chestnut beauties," drawled Jake Stahl, "reminds me of Maria."

"And who might she be?"

"She was at one time the belle of Cavite," said Jake. "At that time, of course, she would have no one but me."

"It stands entirely to reason," agreed Little Chuck graciously.

"Trouble with her was," confided Jake, "she was a sloppy dresser. Had all the beauty in that corner of the world and didn't think she had to bother about toggging herself out. But I bought a pair of corsets for her in Manila, and she was tickled to death. First pair she'd ever owned."

"Can you prove it?" challenged Joe Cannon.

"You betcha life I can prove it," growled Jake. "The whole barracks knew I gave them to her; and next morning at parade, d——d if she didn't come sailing right across the parade ground, prouder'n all hell, and maybe the command didn't razz me, from the skipper down."

"What was los?" inquired Ritter.

"She unlaced them and was wearing one of them on each leg," moaned Jake.

Then Jimmie came out of the office, bearing a large roll of document, and followed gleefully by the Inkadier force. He beckoned the gang to follow, and there was a general exodus to the company street.

Joe Carter proudly straddled his steed before a large group of Forty-Niners.

"Got the stop-watch, Chuck?" he inquired.

"Sure thing," sang out Jimmie.

"All right, hand it up, will you?"

Jimmie stepped to a point of vantage, where all eyes could reach him, and leisurely unrolled the document, which proved to be the wall calendar from the top's office. He gazed at it intently for a moment, then cried.

"You're off, Joe."

An obliging shipmate prodded Holy Smoke sharply in the stern sheets with a swagger stick, and Joe was indeed off.



# OUT OF THE SEA

By Walter N. Hill

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

ONE MORNING in April Peter Haselton walked slowly down the shady side of India Street, Boston, and stopped opposite a familiar dingy doorway. The air was balmy with the breath of spring and full of pungent odors of coffee and spices. The venerable granite warehouses of India Street, gilt lettered with the names of famous New England merchants, had been permeated with these odors for generations. Even the twentieth century turmoil round about could not obliterate the dignified atmosphere. On every hand stood monuments of an era which had passed. One could almost imagine the jib booms and royal yards of renowned clipper ships peeping out of the alleys, and towering over the smoky roofs. India Street! Its very name brought visions of Canton traders plowing homeward, laden with the riches of the East.

Peter looked up over the doorway and read in faded letters: "Carey & Co., Shipping Agents." There it was! Nothing had changed. There was even the same mutilated "C" in Carey, which made it look like an "O," and which had made old Martin, retired boatswain, now janitor, chuckle, "O'Arey, sure it's O'Arey it ought to be! Seeing he's as Irish as any mither's son!" And laughed a toothless laugh.

So nothing had changed, Peter had an idea that if he should return after twenty years like Rip Van Winkle, it would still be there—Carey & Co. No. 2 India Street—permanencies which years did not effect. The old dingy sign and Carey & Co!

Peter hesitated and sighed—apprehension gripped his breath—would he find everything the same? And by that he meant everything in all the world—to him! Beatrice Carey! Would she be the same? That was the question which had drummed in his ears and vibrated through his brain ever since the transport had docked. And now, when he had almost reached the answer, he hesitated—fearful of the truth.

He had decided that it was better not to wire when he landed. The joy and shock of the news might prove too much. He remembered of reading about people who had died of such shocks. The dead come to life! It was hard to realize that he had been dead to the world for two mortal years. By the merest chance when the destroyer "Jacob Jones" had sunk, he had been picked up unconscious by the German U-boat and carried away to Germany, a prisoner of war. Through some blunder, his capture had not been recorded, and at the close of hostilities he discovered that he was officially dead.

In Washington he learned that the Navy Department, having once pronounced him dead, was loath to acknowledge him alive. But by a special heaven-

ly gift his plain features were endowed with a blue eye and a brown one. Nothing else about his square jaw, prominent nose, and thick neck, was sufficiently convincing to break through the red tape in which his identity had become so securely bound. And so, finally, with a year's back pay in his pockets, he had set out for Boston; and, as the train roared north, the mingled vibrations hummed a song in his drowsy ears: "Beatrice Carey! Beatrice Carey!"

Peter crossed the street and stood in the doorway, where, inside, worn wooden stairs led up into cool obscurity. Obscurity! That was just the trouble! That was why he hesitated—waiting—dreading to penetrate the unknown. If only letters had come to him during all these long months! But he was dead! Why should he have received letters? Dead people seldom do. He peered breathlessly up the stairs; even they had remained unchanged; the bent nail on the second stair over which he had tripped on that memorable day of their first meeting, was still there.

His thoughts leaped back to that moment when, completely overcome at the disaster of almost falling into her arms, he had gasped contritely, "I beg your pardon, I thought . . ." While she, brown-eyed and altogether slimly beautiful from her little brown pumps to the copper sheen of her lustrous hair, remarked calmly, "But you didn't think, that's just the trouble."

She was adorable, and after that it had not taken Peter long to fall completely in love. Neither had it taken him very much longer to find out that Beatrice Carey returned his love. Lovers always have some sort of an invisible code between each other. And Peter, although never before wholly at ease with women, touched in her a harmonious chord. They were very happy, therefore, for a few months before the war. Old Carey himself was quite content at this prospect of a closer union between himself and his junior partner, the son of his life long friend. In fact, everybody had been pleased, except perhaps, Mr. George Van Grisser. But Mr. George Van Grisser was a very queer young man.

Old Martin had been the first person to discover this fact about the firm's confidential clerk. But just what he found out he told only to the office cat, and even this confidence took place after office hours over a bottle of Square Face.

For it was after office hours that Mr. George Van Grisser made his strange visits to the office; and it was Van Grisser who provided the Square Face for old Martin and the cat. But the cat never drank any of the liquor which left all the more for old Martin. A circumstance which soon put that ancient sailor in such a jovial mood that all he could do was mumble to the cat, and by morning all of Mr. Van Grisser's queerness became only vague memories.

Peter continued to hesitate at the foot of the stairs. He pictured to himself just how they mounted with one turn to the first floor; then through a dark corridor leading to the rear, opening into the main office, while a partition with ground glass windows gave view on the passage. This was Mr. Carey's private sanctum. Peter imagined himself climbing the stairs and going down the passage and flinging open the door. There would surely be Mr. Van Grisser sitting at his tall desk, his long spare legs just touching the lower rung of his stool—but he hoped Mr. Van Grisser would be out. He did not want to see him first. An irresistible something repelled the thought of Mr. Van Grisser. Yet they had been close friends.

Through Peter's friendship, Van Grisser had been established with Carey & Co. Peter in those days had thought it was indeed fortunate; for his was not a nature to master the probabilities of profit and loss with any assurance. The intricacies of business appalled him, and he leaned constantly on the ability of this enterprising young man, who gradually made himself more and more valuable to the firm. So that there had come a time when affairs finally reached a stage when lesser clerks in the outer office began to turn to Van Grisser with important questions, and he would rub his hands, twist his nervous fingers, and smile in quiet satisfaction. About this time Peter had made Van Grisser sole executor of his will.

It was true that there was not very much to leave, for Peter had only possessed the wreck of a business which he had brought to Boston and sold to Edmund Carey. A transaction that had been a dying request from Haselton senior to his old friend. Carey had not only complied with this, but he had taken Peter into partnership as well. Van Grisser had efficiently insisted on this will: "It is safer and more sensible," he had said. "Of course we all hope that nothing will happen, and really nothing is liable to, but this is the best thing to do when one goes into the Navy." So it had been done; and now Peter felt like laughing at the thought of it; but refrained.

He gave a dissatisfied little grunt as though he had unexpectedly stepped on

a soft squashy toad, and with three or four quick jumps bounded up the stairs. He was tired of the suspense. As he mounted the last few stairs beyond the turn, he noticed that the ground glass windows of Mr. Carey's sanctum were open. Through the opening came drifting a well known voice, and Peter instinctively stopped in the dark deserted passage. It was Mr. Carey's voice, startling in its clearness:

"Of course Beatrice's happiness is the very first thing to consider, and I was of the opinion that she still suffered from the shock of—er—the loss of young Haselton."

"Quite right, Mr. Carey, that was indeed a sad blow, but I believe I can set your mind at ease on that point, if I

crossed, one knee firmly clasped in his chubby hands; while Van Grisser smirked and bowed with convincing confidence in front of him. Peter tried to swallow, but found his mouth too dry, his heart gave one bound then stopped beating.

The soft purring tone continued, "You see, Mr. Carey, Beatrice loves me, she has told me so, and I am sure our love is far deeper than any other passing infatuation she may have had."

"Then my dear fellow, I congratulate you! Congratulate you, and I am really glad the affair is settled, for you know I strongly feel that she should settle down. But of course, I hesitated to push her, you know, women are a bit touchy about such things, and, you know—you see—er—so . . ."

arm, and, opening his eyes, he gazed dully into the wrinkled weather-beaten features of old Martin, who was shaking him gently and jabbering soothingly:

"There, there, me boy, it's the stuff they sell ye these days, no decent likker behaves so, cheer up, take a breath o' fresh air an' ye may come to—if ye don't go blind—or something worse."

Then suddenly he gripped Peter's arm and peered breathlessly at him: "Holy Mither o' Heaven!—let me look at ye! Sure! An' the Saints preserve me, but it's Mister Peter! Spake to me, is it yeself, or a ghost?"

"Martin!" gasped Peter. "It's me all right, I've just come back."

"An' ye're not dead at all, at all?"

"No, only lost for a while."



"Come here doggy!" he called kindly. "Has somebody left you too?"

tell you that Beatrice herself has begged me to speak frankly with you on this subject." Here Van Grisser hesitated and cleared his throat with a little snuffing sound habitual at times when he wished to strongly impress his hearer.

Peter put out his hand and leaned against the wall, he felt as though the floor had suddenly tilted under him. He easily made a mental picture of the scene that the partition wall concealed. He could almost see old Carey seated at the roll top desk, his sturdy legs

To stay longer and listen was beyond Peter's strength, he slid down the reeling stairs to the first landing. A thousand impulses tore him asunder. To obey them all was beyond him. Sweetness died within him, destroyed by a deadly bitterness that racked his very soul. His ideals were wrenched to pieces and scattered beyond recall. Reason fled. He finally regained the street, where a giddiness seized him, and he shut his eyes from the glare of the sun.

Centuries later, he felt a hand on his

"Th' Lord be praised—come now—it's glad they'll be to see ye!" And the old man tried to lead the way up the stairs.

"No!" shuddered Peter. "I've just been up there, they don't want me, Martin. It's best that they never know that I came back. Do you understand? I do not want them to know it. Promise me you'll not tell them."

Martin put his hands on his hips and glared in blank amazement at Peter: "An' why is that?" he demanded. "Sure, an' if I was dead by mistake, it's glad

"I'd be to get to see me friends again."  
"You don't understand, Martin, but it's best that I stay away just now, so keep mum, please, will you?"

"Is it money, love, or likker?" questioned the obdurate old sailor. "It's either one o' them things, or I'll believe ye're a rale ghost."

"It's not liquor, Martin, will you promise?"

"I'll promise, if ye insist, but it's quare, I'm thinking, quare—quare—quare—um." And he screwed his hard old face into a knot of puzzled wrinkles.

"I'm going now, Martin, I must leave before anyone sees me. Remember! Here, shake hands, good luck!" And before Martin could speak again, Peter was gone.

Peter wandered abstractedly through the streets, around about him surged the passing panorama of human life, but he heeded it not. Taxis honked, street cars clanged, and the whole city roared out its daily clamor, while he was carried forward in the chattering stream. He became a puppet jettisoned in the flood of life, cruelly dashed against hidden snags, but instinctively struggling on, striving for something—what?

A fresh whiff of salt air dashed in his face and penetrated into his lungs. He inhaled deeply, like a wandering miner trapped in stifling fumes catches his first breath of fresh air and staggers forward gasping for more. It was the harbor front. Wharfs and ships; the tang of the sea; the smell of tarred things; creaking tackle; and the hoarse cries of seamen in heavy leather boots.

He stumbled towards the water, down the pier. It was the fish wharf. Deep laden trawlers, hand liners, seiners and lobstermen were discharging their briny cargoes. It was tonic to the shocked senses of poor Peter. He loved the sea, so to the sea he turned and begged a balm for aching thoughts.

He sat on a piling watching a Grand Banker haul into the stream. The crew swayed on the halliards chanting a ribald ditty with deep voices; the west wind filled the mainsail and the schooner drew away from the land. Peter watched her fade slowly down the bay. His ancestors had been men of the sea—ship masters and owners for generations. One of his earliest memories was of grasping the smooth spokes of the huge steering wheel on his father's schooner yacht.

Slowly reasoning powers began their duty within him, and presented his problem in more apprehensive aspect. Would he return? That seemed the perpetual question. He could return. He knew that; and—perhaps; but pride surged within him. To return and beg! To beg for what he had once won and possessed successfully! Better to die. To stay dead and try at life again. He smiled grimly.

"Why not die?" he asked aloud. "No one will ever know! I'll die a living death! I'll change in everything, and perhaps some day..." He pictured victories of the future—cloud castles—himself triumphant—others beseeching—he benign—but so austere! He laughed a short ugly laugh, turned to move off up the wharf, and noticed a few paces away, a scrawny Irish terrier sitting on his haunches with head cocked on one

side earnestly regarding him. Peter stooped and held out his hand—here seemed to be a comrade in distress.

"Come here doggy!" he called kindly. "Has somebody left you, too?" The animal wagged his stump of tail, hesitated, and finally approached closer, cringing and shivering, as Peter stroked the curly head. Suddenly the dog gained confidence, and standing on his hind legs, kissed his new found master's face.

"All right," said Peter. "From now on we're pals, so let's go and eat and think up names for each other." Holding the dog in his arms, and playing with his silky ears, he reflected aloud, "Let's see—what'll be a good name for you, old man? Let's have something snappy and odd, because we are going to be sort of queer people, you know—hard as nails! Tough—cruel; that is, to some people—and—very lonely, very lonely, doggy!" Holding the expectant little head in his hands he looked down into the trusting brown eyes. The dog squirmed in his grasp and tried to reach Peter's face with his tongue. "Snipe! That's it! And—McElroy! McElroy! Do you know, Snipe, I've always wanted to be a McElroy! It sounds so big and strong! Come on, Snipe! Come on! We'll go and eat on McElroy!"

Thus the mild mannered, trusting, easy going Peter, that had almost tumbled into Beatrice's arms over the bent nail on Carey & Co.'s stairway, slipped quietly out of the world. He passed to an entirely new existence, endeavoring by the completeness of the change to eliminate his former personality. Peter Haselton had been the father of all living, quite capable of taking into his ample bosom the entire human race. His charity, his love, his impulsive generosity, were attributes which had founded his friendships and glorified his name to Beatrice Carey. But Peter McElroy became a man whose personality was caged within steel walls.

The blood of his ancestors surged through his veins, and the sea beckoned him luridly, hinting mystery and adventure for a restless soul. He turned, therefore, to his new lady love, the sea, and became sailor, mate, and master, of many different ships. He did not go in for steam, the iron decks and curtained bridges did not tempt him; he preferred sail, with its straining cordage, bulging canvas, and the wash of surges along the rail. He joined the brethren of the fishing fleet, and before long found himself master of the schooner "Quick Step," Jarvis & Co., Gloucester, Mass.

Now, also, there was born within him a new genius, and by writing of the things he saw, he became known under a nom-de-plume as a rising young novelist. Snipe was his constant companion and only confidant. To the little terrier, the vagrant dog of the fish wharf, he poured forth the tale of his hopes; and to him alone, he opened the door of that steel cage he had built around his heart. And Snipe, couching his ears, listened with sympathetic eyes to his master's soft voice. He was a wise Irish dog, and he knew that there were two McElroys; one, a hard boney-fisted sailor-man, who tramped the after deck of the "Quick Step;" while the other was a gentle master who fondled him and cared for

all his little wants. One was a man to be obeyed and respected—from afar; while the other was a man with whom Snipe dared any familiarity from worrying the bed clothes with wagging tail and throaty growls, to licking the lobes of his master's ears.

When one loves at twenty-eight, it is with a devotion that completely consumes every component of the being. Such a love had devoured Peter, and it was this beautiful thing that he had torn from his heart. Though cast aside, the dull pain of its memory lingered, and he sought by constant daily action to cure the ill. The struggle, however, was silent and solitary; only Snipe knew how very bitter it became as the days passed by. Slowly the sailor, McElroy, gained day by day; and the lover, Peter, lost. Finally one dark afternoon when the "Quick Step" was tossing her spars to the bleak sky of a November gale, McElroy tore into fragments the last and only picture of Beatrice Carey. An act which Peter might have repented, could he have seen the original of the photograph at that moment.

But he could not, of course, nor could he know what Beatrice Carey had said when she listened, one day at about this time, to an incoherent tale from old Martin. For it seems that Mr. Van Grisser had been up to his tricks again, and old Martin was full of Square Face.

So Beatrice Carey, urged constantly by the greatness of her love, began a tireless search. But as the months dragged into years, without a trace of Peter Haselton, her hopes faded. When suddenly came flitting over a circuitous route, a rumor: Peter Haselton, grown amazingly queer, was the skipper of a fishing schooner! A big harsh man, feared and hated, recognizing no one—demented perhaps—she feared the worst. A hurried secret trip to Gloucester revealed that Peter McElroy of the brown-blue eyes had sailed for Turk's Island, British West Indies.

But she could not know that this was a voyage from which the gallant Gloucesterman was never to return. For, during the inky blackness of tropical squall, disaster rushed upon the fisherman and crushed her into bits.

Asleep in his berth when the blinding crash came, Peter staggered on deck. The schooner, both masts gone, heeled sharply on her beam ends, plunging drunkenly, as the black waters mounted about her. The thud of the steamer's screw sounded for a moment, her lights twinkled briefly, and she was gone. Twenty knots through a black squall gives little time for thought.

"Jump Cap'n! Jump! Thar's the dory!" howled a voice in his ear, and scarcely knowing what he did, Peter jumped, and landing the next instant in the dory, he found himself alone.

A pelting rain blinded him, and a swirling sea tossed the dory along its crest with such force that Peter lost his balance and sank to his knees. The darkness was impenetrable, the sinking schooner had disappeared in the gloom. As Peter grasped the gunwale with both hands, he felt a cold muzzle thrust into his face.

"Snipe!" he gasped. "How did you get here? Thank God you're saved, old fellow!" And the man put both arms



around the dog's neck and drew him close against his body.

Snipe must have been sleeping in the boat, as he often did, and had been carried overboard with it and saved. Peter groped in the darkness around the tossing boat. The mast and sail were on the thwarts, so were the oars, and under the sternsheets was the water breaker. He shook it—hardly a splash! It was nearly empty, fisherman's style!

With two oars and a trawl tub, Peter fashioned a sea anchor, and to this at the end of a few fathoms of line, the high sided dory rode quite easily. A canopy of the lug sail kept off the spray, and crouching in the sternsheets, Peter and Snipe became comparatively comfortable.

Was he the sole survivor? Had he alone jumped to safety? He could not believe it; Gloucestermen were not to be caught so easily; others had doubtless launched dories and escaped as he had. Escaped? Perhaps he had not escaped! His chances were indeed desperate, alone in an open boat with hardly a quart of water, a dog, and no food. He hugged the dog in his arms, and as the dory rode the heavy Atlantic ground swell, Peter estimated his situation. He was about three hundred miles north of Caicos Banks, well to the eastward of the steamer course through Crooked Island Passage—small chance of passing ships!

When morning came, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, and the fresh blowing trades soon had the wave tops flashing white. Peter hoisted his lug sail and set his course for Crooked Island Passage. Three days would put him where he might hope for a steamer's smoke. Could he last three days? He could—but Snipe! Poor Snipe lacked that something which would pull Peter through—human nerve.

"Snipe," said Peter, "we're in a tight fix, but we've got to get through, and I feel we are going to make it." Snipe wiggled into his master's arms and kissed the tip of his nose to signify his appreciation of such optimistic philosophy.

Late that afternoon, a flying fish struck the lug sail and fell into the boat. The man and dog devoured it, thus appeasing the first cravings of hunger. Snipe could not understand, he knew there was water in the water breaker—he whined softly—he wanted water, and for the very first time this adored master was failing him.

The next day was one of hunger and vanishing hopes, the trades failed, and progress was slow. While Peter still had the strength, he cut the uppers and tongues from his shoes. The uppers he gave to Snipe to chew, and tried to get some comfort from the tongues himself. But the water was the worst problem! Snipe begged so for water! All around them were the tantalizing derisive sounds and smells of water. It splashed the dory's sides; it gurgled under her keel; and even splashed against their faces; but to drink was madness! The frantic dog leaped at the spray with lolling tongue.

A growing numbness lessened Peter's appreciation of the situation and he even ceased to comfort himself by talking to Snipe. The dory apparently sailed her-

self; night followed day, and day night; or which followed which did not matter. Nothing really mattered so much now. Everything became memories—vivid thoughts of other days! Came dreams of Beatrice Carey, every feature of her delicate face plainly outlined—George Van Grisser, intertwining his nervous fingers, and snuffing in his throat. They were married now—or should have been last spring!

Night followed day again—a night of more dreams and vivid memories tormenting Peter's feverish brain: What was the gossip they had spread of Van Grisser along the water front? Oh yes! Van Grisser, who could not keep his ships afloat! And what was that captain's name? Hinkly—that was it—Captain Hinkly—how clearly he could remember, Captain Hinkly of the "City of Dublin" lost at sea—then, later, Captain Hinkly of the "Calloway Maid" foundered and lost! Followed talk in certain quarters, hints of queer things, then Hinkly disappeared, went to the West Indies, somewhere, to get a better job. But Carey had fired him, so they said in spite of Van Grisser. But Van Grisser had married Beatrice—no, not yet. Something within him said this could not be so. Peter grew drowsy—Snipe kept barking so!

"Stop barking, Snipe!" murmured Peter. "Let me sleep, old man—for when I sleep, I dine. Stop barking, I say!"

But Snipe barked on, and slowly Peter opened his eyes to the approaching dawn, or was it the grey before dusk of another night? A block creaked, canvas flapped, and a sheet rattled heavily. "Ready about, stations for stays!" ejaculated Peter, drowsily with closing eyes. "Stop barking, Snipe, I want to sleep."

Peter sat up and looked around; a big black schooner yacht was close aboard! As he stared with wide open eyes, she luffed into the wind, trimmed her mainsail flat, hauled her jib, and lay rolling gracefully in the ground swell, her glossy black sides and copper green bottom glistening with the sun's first radiance.

A voice hailed, "Dory thar! Be ye alive?"

Peter struggled slowly to his feet and found that he had just strength enough to accomplish it. While Snipe put his fore paws on the gunwale and howled with delight, Peter somehow got hold of the sheet of his little lug sail, and with his last strength, grasped the steering oar and shot the dory along the schooner's shining side. Strong hands helped him, and the next instant he was on her spotless deck in the midst of a group of grinning seamen who asked a thousand questions at once. His head felt very light and he tottered feebly as he stood.

"Food," he muttered. "Food and drink."

A big burly Swede took him by the arm.

"You come wid me, I fix you."

"And the dog, too," whispered Peter.

"Ya, und der dog."

An hour later, his vitality somewhat restored by nourishment, Peter sat in the officer's mess room of the yacht. The giant Swede, heavy Jake Larsen, mate and assistant engineer, listening with

others of the crew, heard the tale of disaster, death, and suffering. Snipe, his little empty stomach satisfied, curled on the transom and dosed, one eye open and one ear cocked.

"Ya," growled Larsen. "By Yiminy! That's de way wid them liners, making der time through fog an' rain, an' to hell wid all de rest of us!" He puffed a moment in silence, then added, "But we've had our troubles, too, Cap'n. Tree days ago, our skipper, a peaceful man, he up an' died of a stroke, and we had to bury him over de side. Colonel Newman wanted to carry him to Nassau, but—we couldn't—of course." And he looked around narrowly at his mess mates as if to demand their sanction of his declaration.

Peter listened casually, then, "Died, did he? I'm sorry. But what's the name of this craft, Mate? And where bound?"

"The 'Emerald Isle,' Colonel Newman owner, on board wid a party for a West India cruise. We were for Turk's Island, but just now we're lost, kind of, 'cept fur my dead reckoning; risky business, ye know, on long hitches; lucky though, by Yiminy! We picked you up, fur you can navigate us in."

No flicker of emotion betrayed the stolid features of the big Swede, yet Peter felt instinctively that something unusual lurked beneath these simple words. He stroked his chin thoughtfully and shut his big firm mouth:

"You'll hardly fetch Turk's Island, running off to the westward in this latitude," he commented bluntly.

"Yust what I tell the Colonel," growled the Mate slapping the table as the dishes danced, "but he's sot, dat's what, him and Van Grisser."

Peter started, "Van Grisser! Did you say Van Grisser? Who is he?"

"Friend o' Colonel's, close as two sister blocks, they be. Him and his lady love are the other two passengers, long wid Madam Colonel."

Peter's fingers stiffened on Snipe's neck, and the dog looked up with alert eyes at his master's face. To keen perception the shock had been noticeable, but apparently the Mate's ponderous mentality had failed to observe. The lines on Peter's face deepened as he struggled with his emotions and tried to still the wild beatings of his heart. So they were not married! Impulsive exultation, however, slowly died within him, as McElroy shut the iron gates of Peter's heart. He must not forget his former self had ceased to exist, only McElroy lived, sailor-adventurer, hated and feared, and hating. He made up his mind.

Summoned by a mess boy, he climbed the ladder, the salt wind brushed his face, and breathing deeply, he felt that McElroy was in the ascendant. He moved aft along the sloping snow-white deck dotted with mahogany hatches and brass bound skylights. The clean lined schooner was surging through the lively seas with ease and grace, and Peter, feeling the heave of the deck beneath his feet, swayed with seaman's skill to the movement of the vessel. Brazenly he strode towards a florid faced gentleman in white duck and sun helmet, who stood near the binnacle talking with a thin nervous young man. Peter instantly recognized Van Grisser. He sur-



mised the elder was Colonel Newman.

Peter could not help admiring the calmness with which Van Grisser surveyed him—and recognized him. In return he stared arrogantly at both and towering above them, told brusquely the story of his shipwreck and rescue. As he spoke, he felt Van Grisser's eyes boring him through and through with not even a flicker of his eyelids betraying agitation.

Then Colonel Newman demanded, "Are you a navigator, Captain?"

"Certainly, I am."

"Can you navigate this yacht to . . ." he hesitated, startled apparently by the eloquence of Van Grisser's eyes, and finished, "To the place we want to go?"

Peter was instantly insolent, "I'll take her to any port you name, this side of Hell." He laughed, his oddly colored eyes fixed on Van Grisser's face, and Snipe from between Peter's legs, suddenly growled, hair on end.

The Colonel, sensing the tenseness of the situation, became careful, and ignoring Peter's attitude, said mildly, "Fine, Captain. Suppose, then, you step into the chart room and locate our position this morning; then we'll come to terms, and I'll tell you where we want to go."

Peter moved rapidly about the decks asking questions here and there, and in a few minutes was master of the situation. With a final glance at the binnacle, he stepped into the little trunk cabined chart house just forward of the wheel, where he carefully noted the last pricked position the deceased skipper had made and examined the courses of Larsen's dead reckoning. Intent on his calculations, he started violently when a light step sounded on the ladder, and wheeling quickly, found himself face to face with Beatrice Carey!

Confronted unexpectedly by a stranger, she stepped back with a little exclamation of surprise. Then suddenly her brown eyes opened wide and the color faded from her glowing cheeks, as she stood with parted lips staring at the man in front of her. Her breath came rapidly, and she faltered backward, clutching at the companion railing for support. Peter's face became a mask, his was decidedly the advantage from having anticipated such an encounter.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he said evenly, "I didn't mean to startle you."

Beatrice swallowed hard, her limbs trembled; with one slender hand she pushed her shining hair back from her brow. "Where . . ." she began, then choked. "Where did you come from, Peter?"

"That's right," said Peter grimly. "Peter's my name—Peter McElroy."

"McElroy . . ." faltered Beatrice Carey. "McElroy . . . But I know you,

Peter!" Then, with hands clasped against her throat, face upturned to his, and tears welling through her silken lashes: "Oh, Peter! I've searched so for you! And I thought you were dead."

With his clear blue-brown eyes, Peter looked squarely into the beautiful bewildered face.

"McElroys die hard, Miss—Red Mike—my father, went down three times before it took him. Snipe and I pulled through. Fine morning on deck, Miss." And he turned deliberately and bent over his chart.

He heard her turn and stumble on the companion steps, heard her dry sobs as

gate the yacht. The Colonel had appeared deeply agitated when he made the offer, and Peter guessed that the two "sister blocks" had quarreled.

"It's Pelican Island we wish to reach," the Colonel explained. "You can locate it, it's down on the eastern end of the Bahamas, a small island where there's excellent fishing."

The next few days while the "Emerald Isle" with fair winds and good weather was making rapid progress towards her destination, there drifted subtly about the yacht the breath of suspicion, mystery and—hate. Throughout the little ship these spectres stalked. From fore-castle to taffrail, they collected silently; softly settling down about the decks like falling cinders. The mate, Larsen, became a man of moods, whispering among the crew, and whispered by them.

In the cabins and mess room affairs intensified. Van Grisser grew more suave and studied in his tolerance of Peter; and more gentle in his attentions to Beatrice. Colonel Newman blustered and found fault, while his wife resigned her rolls of fat to the tropic heat. Beatrice kept within herself, studying Peter and patting Snipe, who nosed about her, wiggling and sniffing with delight. But when his master rudely called, he wagged his tail at her and grinned, dutifully following Peter.

Now, it happened one day, that Peter searching in the lazaret for a spare topsail, came unexpectedly on enough dynamite to blow the schooner through Heaven itself. It had been put aboard, Larsen said, the day before they left Boston. For what? He did not know. The Mate's complete, absolute, and intense stupidity was at times impenetrable. From that moment, Peter began to feel glad that fate had brought him on board the "Emerald Isle."

He kept the deck only when necessary, spending much of his time in his cabin where he could observe the activities of the crew. Here he was seldom intruded on by men, and never again by Beatrice. Once, Van Grisser glided in, not seeing Peter in the bunk, and was pouring over the chart, when

Peter coughed. Van Grisser's pale face was like chalk as he whirled with blazing eyes on Peter. The latter grinned, and Carey's confidential clerk left without a word; while Snipe eyeing him from the corner of the door as he walked away, made little throaty growls under his breath and all the curly hair on his neck grew rigid.

The narrow confines of the yacht gave little opportunity for private conversations, and Peter really tried to avoid such a juncture. His attitude became one purely of observation. There were growing suspicions within him, however, and at times it needed all of his self-



He stared arrogantly at both

she groped her way up; and remained doggedly unmoved. Peter, the lover, struggled feebly—his heart cried out within its cold walls—but McElroy strangled the lover, and conquered. Came, however, whisperings in his ears, her words: "I've searched everywhere for you, Peter!" What did it mean? Qualms of uncertainty made him shiver, and when he hesitated, the lover within him rose in open rebellion.

It was with mingled emotions, and a half formed suspicion that everything was not exactly right on the "Emerald Isle," that he accepted Colonel Newman's offer to act as skipper and navi-

control to keep within bounds. Beatrice's propinquity caused the lover to rage forth, McElroy faded, and he dreamed sweet dreams of long ago. The quiet of the evening watches were conducive to such dreams, and he spent many moments nestled in a snug corner behind the yacht's launch.

He was seated there, pipe in mouth, one evening, when Beatrice's voice sounded softly in his ears, and he turned to find her close beside him. The schooner, her light canvas stowed for the night, was slipping along almost noiselessly through the phosphorescent water. The new moon was half hidden by ethereal clouds which drifted across the brilliant dome of the tropical night. Occasionally a heavy swell roared under the yacht's forefoot, her rigging creaked, or a happy little wavetop slapped her sides in joyous laughter.

"How far are we from Nassau?" she asked in tones which awakened memories.

"We're not bound to Nassau," he answered gruffly, pipe still in mouth.

She caught her breath in surprise: "Not going to Nassau?"

He turned towards her looking at her through the soft light of the night; the sweet fragrance of her presence came to him; he felt her eyes searching his face through the obscurity.

"Don't you know where we are going?" he asked.

"No. Peter, tell me please."

"To Pelican Island, for some fishing."

"To Pelican Island! Where is that? Oh, Peter! I am so frightened! There is something going on—and you—you have changed so. I am afraid of you, even." Her hand caught his sleeve, while Snipe standing on his hind legs pawed between them.

Peter was choking, he trembled at her touch, and he thrilled with a desire to take her in his arms and crush her to him. In vain did he try to call McElroy the Sea Rover to his rescue; he was slipping.

"What frightens you?" he asked huskily.

"They talk—those two—and quarrel. I can not quite make it out, but something has happened to one of Father's ships. And Van Grisser frightens me—he pretends so much. Mrs. Newman I loath! She drinks and drinks, and leers at me." Both her hands clutched his shoulders and she swayed slightly towards him. "Oh, Peter—you know I came on this awful voyage just to find you. They told me you were at Turk's Island . . . and . . . and I have searched so for you! Oh, Peter . . ." she sobbed; then suddenly Snipe barked sharply as the slender figure of Van Grisser loomed between them and the reflected light from the cabin hatch.

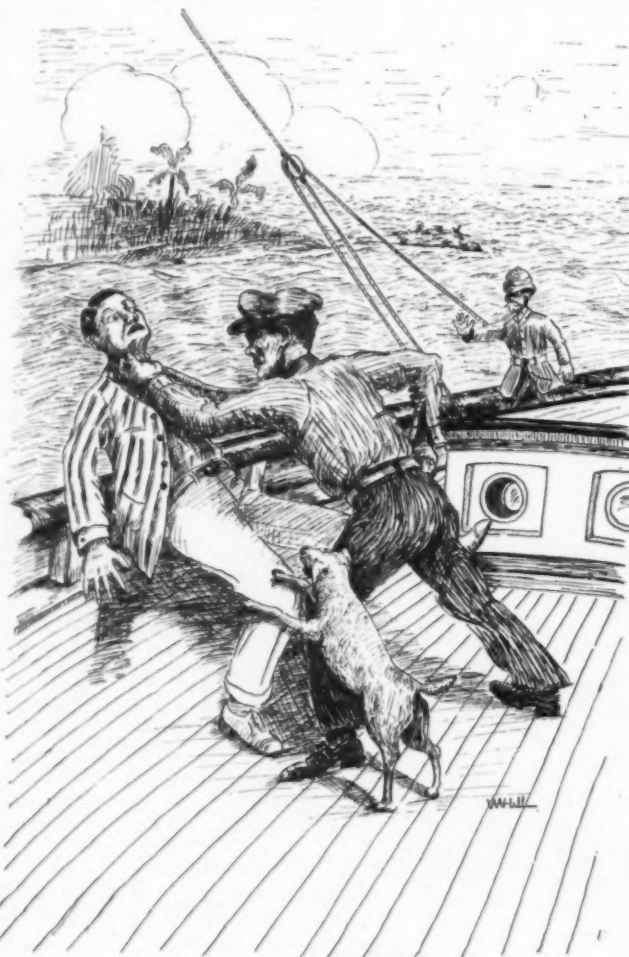
A million questions crowded Peter's lips, his thoughts churned within him to

a boiling point; he closed his hand over hers.

"Don't worry," he had barely time to mutter hoarsely.

She whispered, "No, Peter, not if you are here." Then aloud, "Snipe! Good doggy. I like dogs, Mr. McElroy, and Snipe is so cute." Stooping she patted the terrier's head.

Whatever Van Grisser suspected was smothered beneath the veneer of his manner. He seemed to oil his words, they fell so smoothly from his bloodless lips: "Beatrice, you had better go below, one gets the fever so easily in these night airs."



And sent his fist crashing into Van Grisser's jaw

Peter snorted and rumbled forward; Beatrice disappeared; while George Van Grisser stood rubbing his damp fingers, snuffing in his throat, an act habitual with him at such times.

Two days of heavy weather drove them to shelter behind some unnamed cays, then feeling his way, Peter worked the yacht to the southward and westward in search of Pelican Island. The countless reefs in this part of the Bahamas were an ever present danger, and Peter slept with one eye open, so it hardly needed the warning cry of "Breakers ahead! On the port bow!" to bring him on deck.

The helmsman threw the wheel over, and the watch forward let fly the jib halliards, as Peter, with one bound, reached the stern, and commenced hauling in the main-sheet hand over hand with tremendous heaves of his strong shoulders. The next instant he was in the rigging, as the schooner checked by the skilful handling of her canvas, rounded into the wind and seemed to hang in the water, hesitating. The white phosphorescent line of breakers was clearly visible, and looking to windward, Peter made out another similar line. The "Emerald Isle" had passed through an opening in the reef, and now appeared to be in a sort of lagoon.

Peter hailed, "For'ard there! Give a heave of the lead!"

"By the deep ten!" sung out a deep voice from the gloom.

"Get the jumbo off her, and let go the starboard anchor!"

Convinced that the yacht was in a safe anchorage for the present, Peter had the other sails stowed, set an anchor watch, and turned in to sleep soundly for the first time in many nights. But as the sun rose the next morning, he was in the main crossing with his binoculars. The yacht was anchored in a reef lined cove; to the south stretched a low island of sand and coral, while on the other two sides were reefs of azure green changing to dazzling white as the surges rolled over.

"Pelican Island, all right," murmured Peter.

Then through his glasses he studied the land, swept the line of reefs, and with an exclamation of surprise, examined every detail of the wreck of a tramp steamer that lay half submerged near the end of the northern reef. She had sunk forward her bows submerged, her midship section, after well-deck, and poop, remaining out of water. Beatrice's vague remark passed through his mind: "Something has happened to one of Father's ships." He lowered his glasses and descended to the deck. There he found Larsen and some of the crew getting out the power tender.

"Who gave orders for that?" Peter demanded.

The Mate glared sullenly out of his fish eyes, his stupid sarcasm was full of meaning:

"Mr. Van Grisser—Cap'in!"

Peter grinned, thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, and whistled softly. To lose his temper now was premature, he thought. So he strode to the cabin trunk of the chart house, seated himself on it and lighted his pipe. With knees clasped in both hands, he became a silent spectator. All his former suspicions were now convictions, but the details of the situation were still puzzling. Deviltry of some kind was motivating. Colonel Newman and Van Grisser appeared—avoided him—and became intense over whispered instructions to Larsen. Then Beatrice, herself, coming on deck came



directly to him. "Has anything happened?" she questioned with anxious eyes.

Grimly he replied, "No, but I am sure the fishing is about to begin."

Mrs. Newman, puffing with the exertion of mounting the companion steps, complained garrulously, "It's so hot! Can't you have the awning put up Captain?"

"Certainly," said Peter, stepping forward to give directions.

Snipe was excited, the slight whiff of land in the air had set him prancing. The motor boat was at the gangway, and Van Grisser, about to climb over the rail stepped suddenly in front of the dog. With a growl the terrier danced about him, teeth bared and hair on end. Van Grisser deliberately kicked him, catching him squarely in the body and hurling him half way across the deck. The dog recovered himself, and with every drop of his Irish blood at fever heat flew to the attack. But he was not as quick as his master, who, with a single tremendous bound, cleared the width of the deck, and sent his fist crashing into Van Grisser's jaw. The long restrained flood had burst its bounds.

Van Grisser crumpled up like a limp rag and fell sprawling; Peter sprang after him and stood over him as he attempted to rise.

"Larsen!" shrieked the terrified man. "Larsen! Colonel Newman! Somebody! Help! Help!"

The giant Swede rushed upon Peter bellowing, "Here, some of you bear a hand! The Cap'in's crazy!"

Peter felt the rush from behind and turned to find the Mate's arms curling around him like a steel vice, he struggled desperately to free himself and they rolled on the deck together. Snipe, frantic with grief and rage, hopped about them, a snarling biting ball of bristling fur. Others of the crew rushed forward and held Peter fast. Van Grisser gained his feet gasping and spitting.

"Hold him Larsen!" he cried. "Don't let him go, he'll kill me!"

They dragged Peter to his feet, and he stood firmly held, breathing heavily, his face flushed, his eyes narrowed and dangerous. The Colonel was amazed; his wife hid her face; and Beatrice, very pale, clasped and unclasped her hands.

"You saw that!" shouted Van Grisser. "Deliberate assault! Throw that dirty cur overboard Larsen, and lock up this maniac!"

The Colonel puffed his red cheeks and tried to appear very severe. "I certainly saw it Mr. Van Grisser, and I am astonished!" he bellowed.

Larsen tried to catch Snipe, who evaded him by leaping about the deck in a fury. Suddenly Beatrice ran forward and dropping on her knees seized the frightened terrier in her arms, where Snipe remained still, shivering.

"You shall not touch him Larsen!" cried the girl, her eyes blazing. "I say you shall not touch him!"

Larsen hesitated and looked at Van Grisser.

"Mr. Van Grisser," said Beatrice, her voice shaking. "If you want this dog thrown overboard, you'll have to throw me over also, for I will not let go of him for a single second!"

"Let the dog alone," said Van Grisser

sullenly. "But lock up that—fisherman!"

Peter sat on his bunk and contemplated the locked door of his tiny cabin. He was angry at himself for allowing this premature outbreak of hostilities which left him helpless. No further diplomacy or ruse could change the situation, and from now on it must be open war. His forced inactivity made him furious. What were they doing? What were they trying to do? With the facts he knew, he tried to weave a plot, and failed. He must escape! Must be free to act! He smiled anxiously at the thought of Beatrice as she stood defending Snipe. His brave Beatrice! Did danger threaten her also?

He examined the oaken walls of his little prison, and tried the fastenings of the door. Various possibilities of escape began to form in his active brain, and he sat again in puzzled thought. He was so employed when he heard a scratching at the door, and Snipe's little whine. The next moment a low voice reached him that set his heart beating violently.

"It's me Peter, will you talk to me?"

"Can anyone hear us?"

"No, they are all busy on deck . . . Oh Peter! I'm so frightened!"

"What are they doing?"

"Loading heavy boxes from the lazaret into the boat. Van Grisser was so savage with me, Peter. Said he'd teach me a few things before he got through."

Peter grunted, "Can you get me out?"

"I don't see how, Peter, Van Grisser has the key." Then softly, "Peter!"

"Yes?"

"Peter—I've suffered so! And . . . I love you so! Tell me you love me the same."

"I do!" His voice was hoarse with emotion. Then after a pause, "But how did you happen to be here, with these people?"

Her voice was catchy with hysterical excitement as she answered, "Oh Peter darling, old Martin told me you were alive, and I searched and searched for you all these months. Then gave it up—desperate, sick at heart, when suddenly came news from Gloucester, and I learned you had sailed for Turk's Island. I had refused when Van Grisser begged me to make this trip with them, but when they promised to stop at Turk's Island, I agreed to come—it seemed my only chance of finding you—Oh Peter! Here they come!"

Peter did not resist when they seized him roughly and hurried him on deck and into the launch. Resistance was in fact, useless. As they left the yacht, Beatrice gazed with terrified eyes at the departing boat, while Snipe, his little paws on the rail, howled dismally.

When they approached the wreck, Peter noted her name under the scroll work of the stern: "Galloway Maid"—Boston! Carey & Co.; Captain Hinkly—Galloway Maid—lost at sea! The wreck lay hanging on the reef, her stern out of water her bows awash. Apparently she had slid over the rocks tearing open her forward plates and would have sunk on the further side in deep water, except that her keel at its greatest depth had lodged on the bottom. As they drew alongside, they had no difficulty in stepping over the bulwarks.

Peter, his hands now securely bound,

mounted also. Evidently they feared him no longer, and except for an occasional glance in his direction, they left him quite alone. Escape from here was impossible. Peering through the transparent water, Peter could plainly see the bottom; its shallowness made it positive that the ship had struck empty. He went to the open hatch and saw the cargoless hold; then sat on the combing and smiled. To his comprehensive mind the whole proceedings were clear enough.

No wonder Van Grisser wanted to come to Pelican Island! Here was evidence enough of his frolicsome activities. The "Galloway Maid" having unloaded in the lagoon was bound to her suicidal deep water grave, when she hit accidentally on the reef. Instead of an invisible atom lost in one hundred fathoms, she became a mountain of tell-tale evidence. Old Carey would fume at the loss of his ship, and collect the insurance; while Mr. George Van Grisser would pocket the profits from the sale of the cargo. No wonder Captain Hinkly found a better job in the West Indies. But Hinkly had blundered, so the two plotters had to come and finish the affair. He wondered how much Carey was implicated. Probably not at all; Van Grisser's was the master hand, and his working capital was Colonel Newman's.

As he stood wondering, steps sounded on the iron deck, and Van Grisser, followed by Larsen with two sailors, approached. Van Grisser came close to Peter.

"Haselton," he snarled, "I'm through with you, you know too much. You should have died the first time."

Peter glared with contemptuous eyes. "Yes, I know too much, George!" he sneered. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll show you!" cried the other. "Here, Larsen! Handle this man, you three. Put him in there!" Pointing to the door of the superstructure.

"By Yiminy, that's murder!" cried Larsen.

"He'll jail us if we let him go!" shouted Van Grisser. "It's his life or our liberty. Hurry, or we'll be too late, the fuse is burning!"

"Put him in!" roared one of the sailors. "Who'll ever know? We're three to say how he drowned."

They dragged Peter to the iron door and pitched him through. The heavy dogs grated as they slid into place. Peter fell on his knees—stunned. Gradually his eyes penetrated the gloom. As nearly as he could judge, he was in a passageway near the engine room bulkhead.

He rose to his feet and felt his way along the passage—the door at the other end was fastened. The deck was below the surface, for he could hear the washing of the waves. There was no escape! Near the bulkhead was a small opening which led below. He gazed blindly over the edge, the greenish water splashed about in narrow confines. He stood up with a gasp of horror!

Panic seized him, he rushed to the door and beat with his bare hands futile blows on its iron sides. He was left to drown in the iron hole! To drown! Oh God! To die like this after all!

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" he moaned, and in his anguish called on even Snipe for



He sat up dazedly, his legs still dangling over the edge of the skylight

help. Snipe with his dancing eyes, and little stub tail, pawing him and dragging him to safety!

A blinding rending crash vibrated through the solid walls; he heard the water rushing in, and felt the deck sink beneath him. The sea was surging through the ship, dragging her bows lower and lower, until suddenly she would plunge and take him with her to eternity!

He rushed to the opening in the deck and peered through. The water was surging upward—presently it would seethe into the passage and drown him in the trap. He tried to tear his hands apart. In a frenzy he sawed the cord over the rough combing of the manhole, with feverish delight he saw that the hemp strands were tearing, and with a final, superhuman wrench he was free!

As he rose to his feet, the deck fell from under him with a sickening lurch. The green sea churned upward through the opening and with a gurgling roar, splashed around his knees. The horror of it numbed his brain, he screamed in terror and struggled aimlessly as the water surrounded him with an embrace of death. He was rising slowly towards the deck above—soon he would be gasping for breath between the carline. A faint shaft of greyish light struck his glazing eyes and he tried desperately to reach it, stretched his hands imploringly towards it. It danced before him, a cruel winking lure, mocking his pitiful

death struggle. He cursed aloud, suddenly plunging with a terrible crash into eternal blackness. . . .

And so, years later Beatrice Carey did marry George Van Grisser. She must have forgotten poor Peter after all—and he had trusted her so! She had failed him. But Snipe didn't, for he stood over him for hours and barked and whined. Whined for his master and barked and barked. It seemed as though he barked for years. What do you do with dogs that bark for years at a time? Married? And to a man like Van Grisser! No! Not yet! And Snipe barked on.

Peter opened his eyes and smiled; for he had reached the shaft of light at last, and just above him was Snipe's little Irish face looking down with anxious eyes. "So dogs do go to Heaven with you," thought Peter. "I'm glad of that, for I would have missed Snipe."

With difficulty he raised his arms and reached towards the dog, and was shocked with a sudden sensation of slipping back into the sea. He struggled feebly, and firm little hands seized his shoulders dragging him to safety; while in his ears a sweet voice sobbed:

"Oh Peter—my darling Peter! You're safe."

He sat up dazedly, his legs still dangling over the edge of the skylight, blown open by the air pressure, and through which his last desperate struggle had half carried him. Beatrice, on her knees beside him, fondled and mothered him,

sobbing incoherent sweet nothings in his ears.

He let his head rest in her lap; while Snipe, wild with joy, wiggled over and around them with little yelps and whines of delight.

"Tell me about it, dearest," he murmured.

"As soon as you had gone, I talked to the rest of the crew. They listened to me, they were not wicked, only frightened by Larsen and Van Grisser. They wanted to set things right, and only needed me to start them. So we locked Mrs. Newman up—drunk again. Then the explosion on the wreck won over the faint hearted, and when the rest returned, we overpowered them."

"But how did you come here?"

"Snipe made me, he insisted on getting into the boat and almost led me to what was left of the wreck; and he found you half out of this skylight."

"It's a miracle," he murmured softly.

"It's more than that," she whispered. "It's love, Peter, our love which has saved us for each other."

Round about them fell the swift tropical night, and the sun bathed them lovingly with its last brilliance. It is possible that darkness might have come upon them unaware, but Snipe was hungry and plainly told them that in his mind eating came before loving, so they let him have his way.

THE END.



# The Top Soldier ~ ~ ~ By B. J. BARNETT

PICTURE if you can, an Alsatian village in the moonlight of a cold November evening in 1917. A lone sentry is moodily pacing his post up and down the winding street of the sleeping town. On a hill near the upper end of the street stands the ruin of an old castle with its rugged walls jutting out into space. Thrown into sharp relief by the moon it presents a sombre and eerie aspect, projecting into the heart of the sentry the same feeling as he had experienced in his youth when passing the old weed-grown graveyard of his native town.

Due to the strict military orders no lights are visible and the sentry's principal orders are to keep American soldiers off the streets after taps. It is now an hour since the bugles have played "Go to Sleep," and the sentry is instantly alert as he hears the crunch of gravel announcing a pedestrian's approach up the street.

Presently a huge skulking figure rounded the corner and advanced at a peculiar swinging gait along the middle of the road. He was enveloped in a great coat of unmistakable French cut and wore the chapeau of an Alpine Chausseur.

At the customary twenty paces the sentry executed a quick "Port Arms" and sent out his ringing challenge like a true Marine, "Halt! Who's there?" The figure promptly halted and a thin piping voice came back, "Francais! Francais!"

"Advance, Francais," the sentry gruffly replied and shouldering his piece, drew to one side and curiously regarded the "Francais" as he passed. Noticing sundry wine bottles peeping from the Frenchman's pocket, which incited his envy, and being of a naturally surly disposition and safe in the Chausseur's supposed ignorance of the English language, our sentry ventured a pleasant "Aw, get to bed you Frog—," in response to the "Bon soir" which he had received.

The figure continued up the street, but at a safe distance turned, and greatly to the chagrin of the sentry, replied, "Who's a Frog—, you dirty Boot?" and immediately disappeared with incredible quickness into the maze of buildings which opened off a convenient side street.

Now that this little anecdote is told, permit me to throw more light on the subject by introducing the prin-

pal character, Mr. "Babe" Tharau, sixty years of age, a gunnery sergeant in the U. S. Marine Corps, spry as a cat, and loved and respected by all who knew him. He was an "Irrepressible," and this is just one of a hundred escapades which he delighted to indulge in much to the delight of a few of his closest friends. On this occasion he had volunteered to assume the disguise of a Chausseur in order to run the blockade "after hours" and replenish the stock of wine for a little group who were holding forth in a candle lighted cellar. His complete success in this enterprise has already been chronicled.

"Babe" was platoon leader of the crack platoon of the Fighting Fifth Regiment and, of course, details of his little escapades reached the ears of his officers and men alike. The former, while not relaxing discipline, winked at the tales, for they knew that "Babe's" platoon would follow him anywhere and that he, in turn, would lead them anywhere. They knew that the time was fast approaching when they would need more such men, on whom they could place implicit confidence to a dangerous job. As for the men; well, he was their idol and friend. No one from his platoon ever went up for "office hours," no case requiring disciplinary action ever came up but that a few words from "Babe" and perhaps an hour's police duty, made the culprit feel like a whipped dog; and at the close of the affair he would be a better soldier than ever.

Let us move along a few months later and see him on the firing line exhibiting the same whimsical recklessness.

Near Chateau Thierry, one night in June, we were being relieved by a

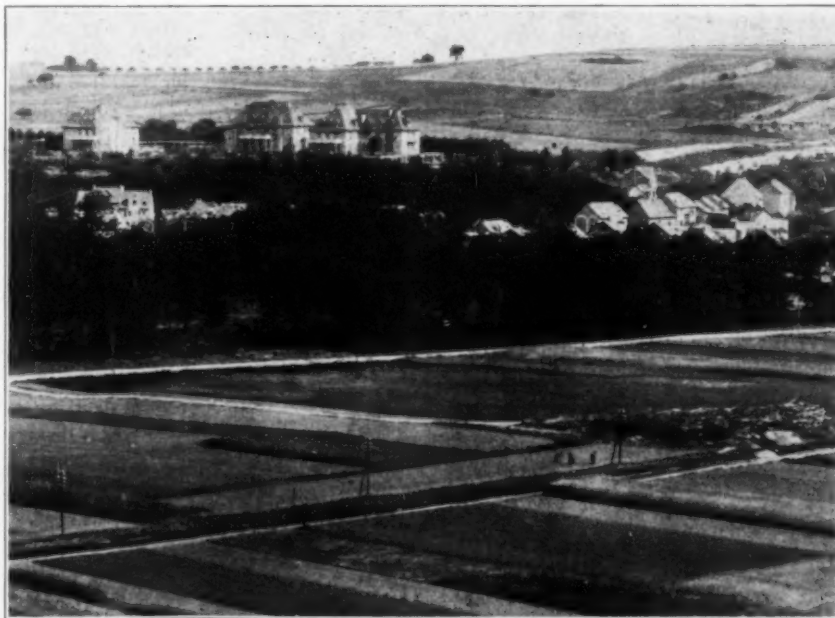
French Company. A few of our men had been placed at dusk some yards out in front of the lines as outposts. As the relief came up, we saw "Babe's" hulking figure go through the fence out into the field, (no man's land) to make sure that all these men were brought in. A couple of Poilus came up and stood beside me unslinging their equipment as I was putting mine on. In as good French as I could muster I was endeavoring to show them the lay of the land, etc. I noticed "Babe's" form appear as he was coming back in and before I could stop him one of the Poilus whipped up his "Etienne" and fired two shots at "Babe" point blank, muttering "Boche! Boche!" I knocked his rifle up, crying "American! American!"

Then came "Babe's" piping voice, serenely floating through the air, "Cut that out, you Frog, before I get sore and drill ye." This closed the incident.

Is it any wonder that this outfit wrote everlasting history with a few top soldiers of this type leading reckless youth? Perhaps with only this limited knowledge and description of the man you will disagree with me as to the desirability of this type as a platoon leader. But withhold your judgment.

In war the supreme necessity is for real fighting outfits and many of them. The finest men in the world cannot be drilled, coaxed or forced into being a real fighting outfit. They first must be drilled and then a "morale" must be carefully built up throughout the smaller units by such a man as this. True, other types can build it up but none more successfully. So we can safely say that "Babe" did not live in vain, for he nursed his men through two complete actions and in half a dozen attacks. He came through these affairs unscratched though he lost forty-six, killed and wounded, of his original platoon of fifty-eight.

"Babe" died shortly after the battle of Soissons. He was hit in the head by a shell fragment while in the lines on the Banks of the Moselle, a "Bon Sector." He was the only man out of six thousand, killed on that front. He died like a soldier and was buried and mourned by the whole regiment. It was he who said at Soissons, "Come on, you birds; we gotta die sometime."



General Neville's 4th Brigade Headquarters at Nieder Bierber, Germany, 1918

# THE SNIPER

[By  
Lieut. Arthur J. Burks]

CAPTAIN PETER SMITH, commanding a certain company in a certain Canadian Regiment, had just taken over his allotted section of front line trench. It was no new experience to Smith; but his men were nervously tense because this was their first experience face to face with Fritz. It was the fourth company Smith had commanded, he himself being the only survivor of the last one he had "taken in." So he tried by personal example and judiciously worded encouragement to keep up the spirits of his new men.

He was talking to them, calming them, when there came an odd crunching sound, as of the breaking of an eggshell; and one of the new men who had lifted his head for a split second to gaze out into No-Man's-Land, sagged against the fire-step and froze there to the immobility of a statue.

Dead instantly, with a neat hole in his forehead, just above the bridge of his nose.

Smith's words died in his throat. Even he, with his years in the front lines, had not entirely become accustomed to seeing men snuffed out like that. It was so damned final! Just that odd sound, as though an invisible hand had pulled a switch, extinguishing an incandescent.

The men who stood along the trench crouched lower, and here and there Smith noted that the foreheads of some of them were bathed with the perspiration of fear.

"It's just a damned sniper, men," he called out, "and by and by we'll get him!"

But he had said that before.

"Keep your heads down! Use your periscopes!"

The devil of it was that one could not tell whence the shots came. Just a sharp crack! The sound as of an eggshell suddenly broken, and a letter that must be written home to carry its burden of sorrow to waiting and expectant parents.

Smith himself went to one of the periscopes and studied the ground in advance of the trench in which his men crouched. His trained eyes searched every bit of the ground, probed every thicket and standing tree for sign of the hidden marksman. It seemed that, out front, there was not a single place where even a rabbit could have hidden. Methodically he had caused his best riflemen to bombard every possible hiding place.

Invariably, after such bombardment, some man would raise his head above the parapet for a fleeting second, only to fall the next moment with that sinister hole in his forehead. It was as though the unseen marksman derided the whole company, laughing at its puny efforts at retaliation.

Where could he be?

There was one place out there—an aged cemetery; but it had been bathed in a baptism of fire so often by the heavy artillery of either side that it seemed foolish to entertain any idea that the sniper had found a hiding place among its ruins.

Ghastly ruins they were, too. For the "heavies" had torn most of the graves asunder, scattering far and wide the evidence of once gruesome occupancy.

More than once had the eyes of Captain Smith wandered over the wastes of this burying ground. Ever, as he watched, he shuddered at an idea that kept obtruding itself upon his mind.

Could those bullets be the phantom bullets from some vengeful, departed being who had had his rest disturbed by the implements of war? Nonsense! Yet whence had the bullets come? They were real enough, as evidenced the dead scattered throughout the trench in which he stood. There was no gainsaying that phantom bullets do not slay.

Only a man who had spent agonizing hour after agonizing hour with his staring eyes looking into the cold orbs of ever-present death could entertain ideas of the supernatural in this wanton slaying.

Yet Smith shuddered and knew not why.

Crack! Crunch!

Smith knew even before his first sergeant came to him with his report that another soul had sped its earthly case-moment of clay.

"It's Corporal Higgins this time, sir," reported the Sergeant, "wanted to show his men that he wasn't afraid, I guess. That makes twelve altogether now, Captain."

Smith faced about, staring, white-lipped into the eyes of his first sergeant.

"Good God, Top!" he cried, "where can that brute be?"

The first sergeant shook his head hopelessly.

"We can't keep our heads down forever," continued Smith, "we have an area to manage. If we don't locate that dashed sniper he'll wipe out our whole

company! He's been there three days now, and we haven't seen hide or hair of him—and it seems that the fellow never misses. How does he get to and from his hiding place? We've kept a periscope trained on every likely spot and haven't seen even a wisp of smoke to give us a clue, or a kick-up of dust to indicate the backblast from the muzzle of the devil's rifle. Does he stay forever in his hiding place? He must get food somehow—must be in communication with his friends. How does he do it? We must either answer that question or quit cold; for we are at the sniper's mercy."

"The men are worried, Captain," said the first sergeant, hesitantly, "and no mistake. The bullets come from that graveyard over there, but still it ain't possible. There ain't a hiding place big enough to cover a flea. And there's one or two chaps in the outfit, sir, ignorant fellows most like, who are talking around that the things that's knockin' us off ain't human. Of course it ain't true, but the men are almost ready to believe anything."

Here a junior sergeant and a trembling private approached the Captain and stood respectfully at attention.

"Sir," began the sergeant when the Captain nodded permission for him to speak, "we'd like a try at bagging that sniper, Captain. It ain't no ways reasonable that he ain't human, and we want to volunteer to turn him up."

The Captain, loath to lose more of his men, hesitated.

"But, sergeant," he temporized, "you don't know where to look for him, and he can see every move we make. It's plain suicide to let you go!"

"We're resigned to that, Captain," replied the sergeant, "if any of his bullets are engraved with our names; but better, say we, that two men commit suicide than that a whole company be murdered in cold blood. It's a chance that we are prepared to take, although it is my firm belief, and intention, that we will be back here safely after we have fulfilled our mission."

"When do you wish to go?"

"Tonight, before the moon gets too bright."

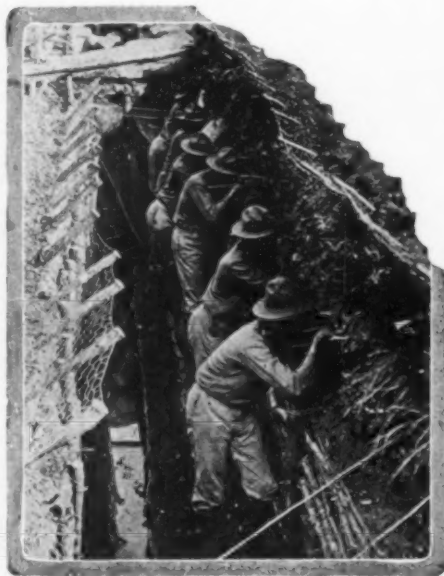
"I give you leave to go, sergeant," said Smith, "and may God be with you both!"

For the remainder of the day the men in this section of trench kept their heads below the level of the parapet's crest.

Once only did anything out of the ordinary occur during the rest of that fateful day.

Across from the cemetery, after a long period during which no head had shown above the parapet, there came an exultant, derisive laugh, oddly muffled.

Captain Smith shivered anew. The sergeant and the private who had volunteered to assist him were safely sleeping in the depths of a dugout, conserving their energies against the night to come. When that derisive laugh came they could not have heard it.



But both of them moved complainingly as they slept, and the sergeant whispered something:

"It ain't no ways reasonable that he ain't human!"

The laugh did not come again.

That night, when the light of the moon was hidden behind a bank of sullen black clouds, the sergeant and the private, after a whispered goodbye to the Captain and the first sergeant, and a silent handshake all around, crept softly to the top of the parapet and glided, like a pair of serpents, into No-Man's-Land.

Many hours passed before they came back.

But come back they did, in the darkest hour before dawn.

The Captain was sleeping and they did not waken him, returning instead to their regular posts.

But when Smith came forth from the dugout in the morning, he asked at once for the two volunteers. His orderly looked queerly at the Captain, and his manner was hesitant as he reported the safe return of the two who had gone forth into No-Man's-Land.

"Send them to me, here," Smith ordered sharply.

The sergeant, with the private at his back, came at once and stood before the commander. Smith studied them carefully before asking questions. In the eyes of each he read horror such as he had never before read in the eyes of one of his soldiers. Beads of sweat rolled unheeded down the rough cheeks of the two men. Ever and anon they looked furtively away from their Captain, their eyes flashing fearfully in the direction of the graveyard in No-Man's-Land.

"Did you get him, sergeant?" asked the Captain hoarsely.

"Captain," replied the sergeant, "there will be no more bullets from that particular sniper. But, for the sake of your own peace of mind, don't ask us what happened in the still watches of last night! Both of us wish to forget the horror of it all—if ever we may. Yet, rest assured, sir, that whatever we did to him, it was not enough to pay him for the death of twelve of our buddies; that had he had twelve lives to give that would still have been insufficient—for the twelve he killed hadn't a Chinaman's

chance. On his part it was cold blooded murder!"

"But I am your Captain, sergeant," cried Smith, "and I demand that you tell me!"

"Then the Captain must court-martial us for disobedience of orders—for we refuse to tell! Believe me, sir, it is best for us all. He will kill no more of us; let that be sufficient."

Further than this the two volunteers refused to say anything.

Smith noted, however, that they kept their hands carefully out of sight behind them.

"Let me see your hands, both of you!" he commanded.

Reluctantly the two men thrust forth their hands for inspection.

The hands of each were covered with dried blood, and there were many punctures upon them, whence the blood had come—as though the two, crawling through No-Man's-Land, had scarred and wounded them while passing through some hidden cactus-bed—or while cutting their way through the wire.

"What did that?" persisted the Captain.

"Rusty wire, sir," replied the sergeant, with a warning glance at the perspiration-bedewed private.

Abruptly Smith dismissed them, and as they walked away he looked after them thoughtfully. Perhaps it were best, he decided, that he did not know all the details. The sergeant had so stated, and he had faith in the sergeant.

That ended the story for the time being.

Years later, in Lusamitan, Dominican Republic, ex-Captain Smith told me the rest of the story.

"Aboard the boat, enroute to Blighty," he said, "the sergeant told me something of what had happened in the old cemetery that night. He could afford to tell me then, for we were both being mustered out and the war was over. What he told me filled me with an irresistible desire to return sometime to that particular section to see for myself. I decided, eventually, to come to America, stopping for a time in France-at-peace enroute. I am sorry now that I did—now that it is too late to do anything."

Ex-Captain Smith heaved a deep sigh, as though reluctant to continue.

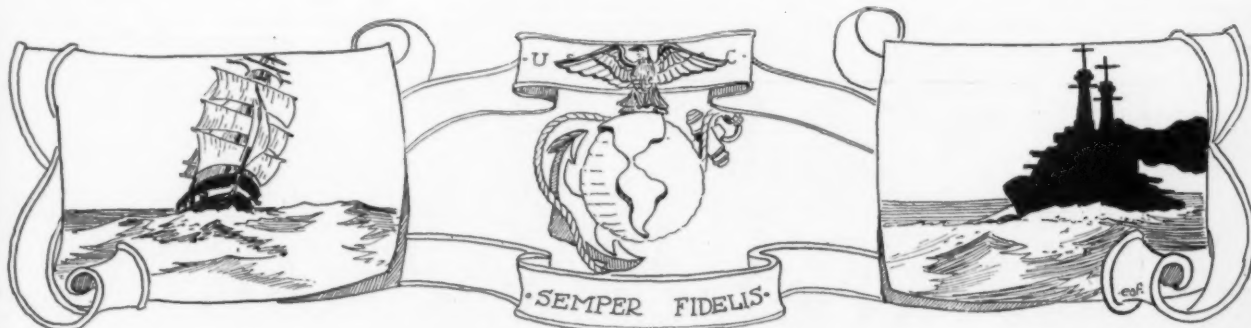
"I found the cemetery with little trouble, for every detail of it was etched unforgettably upon my mind. I found the grave which the sergeant had mentioned. It was one of those aged affairs, the like of which is sometimes encountered here in Santo Domingo, where, in place of the usual mound, the family builds a concrete or metal retaining wall above the surface of the ground—with a broad slab covering the area of the grave beneath. The sniper, so the sergeant had told me, had crept to this grave in the darkness before dawn, lifted the great slab and squeezed himself down inside the retaining wall, where there was just room enough for a man to lie comfortably prone. Then he had but to put a bit of stone or wood under the end of the slab to hold it up far enough for his rifle to protrude. Even with the best field glasses we could not have discovered him from our trench. The sergeant and the private, waiting silently in the cemetery, saw the fellow sneak in and crawl into his hiding place—and knew that, when daylight came, he would be ready once more to take his deadly toll of our men. Here he would remain throughout the day, returning to his friends when darkness settled over No-Man's-Land."

Once more the ex-Captain paused.

"I lifted the slab," he said slowly, "and drew it away. Then, horror seizing me in its grip, I turned hurriedly away and did not look back again. One look had been enough. Within the narrow retaining wall lay a mouldering skeleton, to which clung rotting folds of a grey uniform! Beside the body lay a rusty rifle and the remains of a light pack. What a ghastly revenge!"

Once again he paused.

"For the sergeant and the private," he continued at last, "had crept upon the sniper and made him prisoner. Then they had thrust him back into that horrible retaining wall—ALIVE—after which they returned the slab to its place. But they had made retribution doubly sure. For wrapped about and about that mouldering skeleton, fold upon fold, was a veritable maze of rusty barbed wire, which the two volunteers had torn from the fence that had once kept cattle from pasturing in the cemetery."—Reprinted by permission of WEIRD TALES.





## MARINE INTERLUDES

By John Culnan

I. Regardless of Hoyle.

(Scene: The Old Man's office in Cavite. One of those bright sultry mornings, when only those fresh from the States are able to show any alacrity of motion. The Adjutant, one of the best-liked officers in the Corps, is lounging at a window, looking drowsily across the bay to Canacao. His gaze shifting, he catches sight of Tavenek at the outer doorway. There are unfaded spots on Tavenek's sleeves which indicate that up to recently chevrons had covered them. The period was many years ago.)

Adjutant: What happened to you, Tavenek?

Tavenek: On report, sir.

Adjutant: What's wrong?

Tavenek: Colonel ran me up himself.

Adjutant: Saw you over at the Flo-tilla last night. Was it about that?

Tavenek: That was it.

Adjutant: I'll be d—d.

(The Old Man entered from the inner office, followed by a group of officers and the sergeant-major, who beckons to Tavenek as the latter makes a move to disappear.)

Sergeant-major: Front and center, Tavenek. (Tavenek takes his position "on the carpet.")

The Old Man: I see you've taken your chevrons off.

Tavenek: Yes, sir.

The Old Man: Take them off all your uniforms?

Tavenek: Yes, sir.

The Old Man (to his staff): For your information—I found Tavenek over at Bill Barlow's last night drinking with a private. (The officers stare at Tavenek.)

Sergeant-major: The Colonel has reduced Tavenek?

The Old Man: Yes. From and including yesterday. (He glares at the defendant.) How long have you been at this post, Tavenek?

Tavenek: Eighteen months, sir.

The Old Man: Ever been on report?

Tavenek: No, sir. (The sergeant-major verifies this with a negative nod.)

The Old Man: And yet you deliberately disregarded an important post order. Great Scott! A sergeant drinking with a private!

Tavenek: Yes, sir.

The Adjutant: Tavenek's the most efficient non-com we've had here, sir.

The Old Man: Hmph. Were you drunk last night?

Tavenek: No, sir. I was in perfect command of myself.

The Old Man: A fine example you set for the detail that joined us yesterday. How do you expect these youngsters just out from the States to make good here when a man of your service sets them an example like that? (Tavenek is silent.) Are you going to ask for a court martial or will you accept the Commanding Officer's punishment?

Tavenek: Just as the Colonel says.

The Old Man: I've a notion to award you further punishment, but I'll let it go at reducing you, Tavenek.

Tavenek: Aye, aye, sir.

The Old Man: Have you anything to say for yourself at all?

Tavenek: Well, if the Colonel please, I'd do the same thing again.

The Old Man: You would, eh? Oh, no you wouldn't, Tavenek—because you can't be a sergeant while I'm your commanding officer.

Tavenek: I feel this way about it, sir—if a man can't fraternize with his own brother because of three marks on his sleeves, I can get along without the marks.

The Old Man: Was that your brother I saw you drinking with?

Tavenek: Yes, sir.

The Old Man: Call him in. (An orderly, hovering at the inner door, speeds out to the arcade.) Why didn't you say so?

Tavenek: Well, I didn't suppose that would make any difference.

The Adjutant: But you can depend on it, Colonel, he wouldn't have been drinking with any other private.

Tavenek: Well, it doesn't look right that we can't—I'll say that.

The Old Man: Hmph.

(The younger Tavenek enters and takes his place beside his brother.)

The Younger: Private Tavenek reports, sir.

The Old Man: Are you this man's brother?

The Younger: Yes, sir.

The Old Man: How long have you been at this post?

The Younger: I got here yesterday, sir.

The Old Man: How long since you've seen your brother?

The Younger: Five years, sir.

The Old Man: Well! I suppose that puts a different light on it. (He scans the faces of his staff, and they register sympathy.) Now, I was a little hasty, Tavenek, a little hasty. I guess you'd better run along and sew those chevrons on again.

Tavenek: Well, if the Colonel please, I guess I'll be a buck for a while. My brother and I are pretty chummy, and you'd only have to bust me again.

The Old Man (staring at the Younger's shirt): You've got your brother's shirt on?

The Younger: No, sir; it's my own.

The Old Man: What are those spots on the upper sleeve?

The Younger: That's where my chevrons used to be, sir.

The Old Man: Were you busted?

The Younger: No, sir; I simply had a temporary warrant as drill sergeant at Mare Island.

The Old Man: For how long?

The Younger: About a year, sir.

The Sergeant-Major: I noticed this man's service record, sir. He has very high marks.

The Old Man: Hmph. I suppose I'll have to rate both of them now. How many more brothers have you?

Tavenek: Well, the others are back in Arkansas, sir, on the farm.

The Old Man: All right. (To the sergeant-major). Tavenek will continue as a sergeant. There's a vacancy, isn't there, besides?

The Sergeant-Major: Yes, sir.

The Old Man: Well, make out a warrant for the youngster, then.

Tavenek: About my chevrons, sir.

The Old Man: Sew them on.

Tavenek: I'm a very poor hand with a needle, sir. It seems to me the tailor might do it for me—at the Colonel's expense.

The Old Man: What!

The Adjutant (letting a smile half-way loose): I think Tavenek's point is rather well taken, Colonel.

The Old Man: Hmph. That's coming it pretty strong. Well, all right, then.

Tavenek: Thank the Colonel.

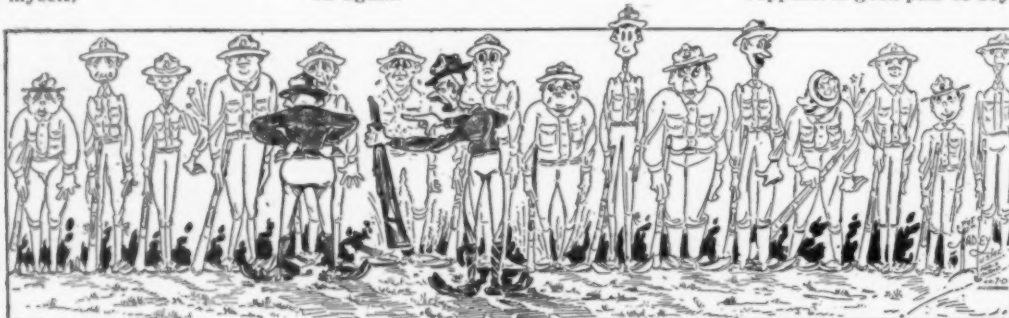
The Younger: Thank the Colonel.

The Sergeant-Major: About, Face. Forward, March. (The brothers stride out.)

The Old Man: About time I sailed for the States. Lately I find myself as hasty as when I was a second lieutenant. (He smiled at the junior members of his staff.) Not meaning to cast any insinuations, gentlemen.

The Adjutant: Ten to one Tavenek will slip his brother's shirts and blouses in with his own when he takes them to the tailor.

The Old Man: Well, that'll mean a few extra schooners at Bill Barlow's, I suppose. A good pair of boys. (Curtain.)







Dear Fellows: It is now five-thirty A. M. (accent on the A. M.) of a very hot Sunday morning. We are chauffing this column at such an early hour, not due to the temperament generally ascribed to genius but to the fact that for the past several Sundays it has been the habit of the other half of this column, along with other recruiters, to arise at three o'clock and hie 'em forth with sundry lines, sandwiches and grouches, to the bayous, and fish. Last Sunday it was the privilege of the writer, along with her aide de camp whom we shall introduce as "Glad," to go along. Any of you fellows who have never fished in Louisiana would have enjoyed a trip above us in an aeroplane last Sunday even if you did not care for the actual fishing. Delacroix Island, which is some few miles from the Gulf of Mexico, was the objective. We started at exactly four o'clock and covered forty-five miles of good but dusty road in a very short time, due to the excellent driving of Sgt. Emil Beier, who can handle a truck as neatly as a lot of fellows do a razor when they are late for reveille. At six o'clock, all hands, with the exception of Glad and the writer, had hired a boat and were rowing out to a lake some miles distant, where the fish were supposed to climb right into the boat at your suggestion. A kindly groceryman (the only one in the place) asked us in broken English if we would like to fish, and having given an affirmative answer, he supplied us with a crabbing net, some string and fresh meat, and the result of our combined efforts, from the side of the bayou equalled the catch of crabs brought in from the lake. The reason no fish were hooked was because the gar were so plentiful in the lake; however, it was understood several large ones got away.

If you have never fished in Louisiana, just imagine yourself in an aeroplane sailing over some perfectly flat country covered with sage brush, willow, and oak trees curtained in gray moss. Rambling off in every direction, joining and separating and joining again before they finally empty into the Gulf, go hundreds of silvery bayous, supposed to have been cut by prehistoric people in order to drain the swamp lands of what is now a state. Now, take one long, dusty gravel road covered with every sort of motor conveyance imaginable in a 45-mile barrage of dust, headed in one direction; line the banks of the bayous with men and women in every possible interpretation of an outing costume, fishing with poles, nets, and crab lines; fill the bayous and the little lakes they form with as many different kinds of boats, skiffs and barges as will float; and on a small island in the middle of it all put a frail little village of gray, weatherbeaten, palm-thatched huts, garish tin can surrounded camps of town folks, and a

ceaseless arriving and departing of cars and trucks, opening of pop bottles, and the loud discordant calls of fishing parties, with underneath a soft, musical current of a Spanish-French dialect spoken by the natives (descendants of old French and Spanish pirates), and you have a pretty good example of a Sunday morning's fishing down this way. Any time any of you fellows are down this way and want to indulge, we shall be glad to officiate.

Having promised some reports of baseballing by the Marines at the local station, wish to report that Sunday before last we witnessed a game in which the Marines might be said to have been hilariously victorious, and over a team that licked the stuffing out of them the week before. They played the Orioles, with a score of something like thirteen to two, or three. Anyhow it was a massacre. One of the notable and unusual features of the game was a foot race round the bases staged by Langendorf and Newman. Both are "niftik" and valuable players on the "Station" team. With Newman on first Langendorf knocked the ball off somewhere near China or the Isle of Yap (then again it may have been Newman who did the knocking, we were so excited by subsequent events we forgot to remember) and they both started round at a pretty clip, Newman in the lead, however, Newman failed to touch second, so back he went, touched second, and he and Langendorf staged a foot race round the plate, first one in the lead, then the other that brought the crowd to its feet. Incidentally, they both scored, and after the ball was found, the cleanup was continued.

Captain Israel is an ardent fan, and under his encouragement the team seems to be getting into excellent shape, and we are accordingly starting a schedule of economies so as to be able to throw the sort of party for the team it will deserve when the season is over.

The following yarn we got from a skipper who once piloted a windjammer through the seven seas for a good many years.

It seems the skipper was loading in a river port up in the Congo, and that he and the king of one of the negro provinces had become quite good friends. In fact the king had arranged to stage a review of his army of some three hundred warriors for the skipper's benefit. The maneuvers as a whole went off pretty well until some guy (maybe a boot like as not), got instructions wrong and bawled up affairs. Leaping from under his palm-covered reviewing stand and brandishing a wicked looking knife the king made for the offending soldier. Plainly he intended to cut off his head. The skipper jumped to his feet and ran after the king. Catching hold of one of the king's ebony arms to detain him, the skipper pled for the life of the soldier. "For God's sake don't murder him," said the skipper. "Why not?" asked the intrepid monarch, "I got some more."

#### Some famous extremes are:

North and South Poles,  
Ladies skirts, 1908 and 1926 models,  
Fords and Cadillacs,  
Mussolini and Jack Dempsey.

"The reason two-thirds of the folks of today kick up such a fuss over the flapper and her cigarette," says the blonde Stenog, "is because two-thirds of their grandmothers sat in the chimney corner every night and smoked a clay pipe."

The most bashful Leatherneck we have heard of was smitten by Dan Cupid (expert rifleman), and applied to a friend for assistance. He had a friend ring up the lucky (?) young lady, make a date to call, and tell her that the bashful guy had fallen for her; and he sent a couple of dozen American Beauties along by his courier. At the last moment he lost his nerve and substituted the card of the officiating friend for his own, in the box of roses. If any of you fellows can nominate a more bashful chap than that, we will award him the pink crepe de chine hash marks.

It's a ten to one shot that the guy who is doing all the whistling while he is slinging the spade out in the garden these warm mornings is digging worms, and not working the radishes.

"Railroads trying to beat the auto," reads a caption in a recent issue of the Literary Digest. According to the daily grade crossing accident reports, they are beating them in the majority of cases.

#### Our Monthly Horroscope

Uranus governs the actions of those born during the month of July. Uranus is the most remote of all planets with the exception of Neptune. Neptune is one billion, eight hundred million miles from the sun, which has nothing whatever to do with the number of appearances he makes upon this planet, as can be testified by any "boot" fortunate enough to cross the equator for the first time on one of your Uncle's battlewagons. All of which has nothing to do with the price of slum. The remoteness of Uranus, however, influences those lucky enough to be born in July in this way: They have a remote, vacant look out of their eyes, are given to parting their hair in the middle and often wear Harold Lloyd spectacles. Many stirring national events have taken place in July, but that doesn't mean that the guys that engineered 'em were born in July. July people are fond of blondes. Five or six of 'em can be found buzzing around any blonde soubrette on her "off" hours. They generally have plenty of cash at some time during their life, but it never stays with them, since a kind of providence tempers the winds to the shorn lambs; however, they generally manage to get along. If money comes to them in their early youth the chorus ladies generally accumulate it; if in more mature years, the wife gets it; if in their dotage, some motion picture ingenue generally pockets it on the strength of a breach of promise suit. Lucky numbers for those born in July are 0, 000 and 000000. They are as lucky in gambling as in love, and they are not so much to write home about it either. Howsomever, they should never let this discourage them as they will always be pleased with good teeth and a good digestion.



# TEN YEARS AGO

By Sergeant  
Major Clarence B. Proctor



An increase in the total authorized commissioned and enlisted strength of the Marine Corps from 10,300 to 15,626 went into effect with the passage of the Naval Appropriation Bill on August 29, 1916. This increase from 348 to 596 commissioned officers, and from 9,947 to 14,981 enlisted men, raised the Corps to a dignity of a division and rendered possible the formation of brigades commanded by officers of proper rank—brigadier generals—while the several staff departments of the Corps were continued under the head of the officers whose tireless endeavors to ease the burden borne by the Major General Commandant were rewarded by promotion to the rank of brigadier general. Twenty Marine Gunners and twenty Quartermaster Clerks were authorized by this bill, and the strength of Pay Clerks was increased from five to nine. The increase in the commissioned personnel brought about a great deal of promotion among officers and created about 250 vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant.

In the non-commissioned officer grades there were large increases in all ranks: 28 more sergeants major, 117 more quartermaster sergeants, 107 additional first sergeants, 107 gunnery sergeants, 500 more sergeants and 835 additional corporals. The increased number of warrant and non-commissioned officers permitted a great deal of merited promotion in the enlisted grades.

The recruiting service, anticipating the passage of this bill and realizing the increased demands on its personnel made necessary by the recruiting of the 5,034 additional enlisted men authorized, had prepared themselves to undertake this task. The procuring of enlistments by postmasters of the second, third, and fourth classes was authorized by this bill, and these postmasters received five dollars for each accepted applicant.

In the Act of August 29, 1916, the President of the United States was authorized, when, in his judgment, it became necessary to place the country in a complete state of preparedness, to further increase the enlisted strength of the Marine Corps to 17,400.

The following is a comparative statement of the authorized

strength of the Marine Corps, by rank, before and after the passage of the 1916 bill which gave us an increase:

	Old Strength	New Strength 1916
Major General Commandant.....	1	1
Brigadier Generals .....	0	7
1—Adjutant and Inspector.		
1—Quartermaster.		
1—Paymaster.		
4—Line.		
Colonels .....	10	16
Lieutenant Colonels .....	7	24
Majors .....	20	68
Captains .....	106	180
First Lieutenants .....	114	150
Second Lieutenants .....	90	150
Total Commissioned .....	348	596
Marine Gunners .....	0	20
Quartermaster Clerks .....	0	20
Pay Clerks .....	5	9
Total Warrant Officers.....	5	49
Sergeants Major .....	12	40
Quartermaster Sergeants .....	84	201
Drum Major .....	1	1
First Sergeants .....	119	226
Gunnery Sergeants .....	111	218
Sergeants .....	511	1,011
Corporals .....	967	1,802
Drummers .....	124	174
Trumpeters .....	124	174
Privates .....	7,832	11,067
Marine Band .....	62	67
Total Enlisted .....	9,947	14,981
TOTAL STRENGTH .....	10,300	15,626

\* \* \* \*

The following named noncommissioned officers qualified for promotion to the grade of second lieutenant in the Marine Corps, during August, 1916: Gunnery Sergeant Walter G. Sheard, Sergeant Thomas E. Watson, and Corporals Paul Brown, Edward S. Chandler, Burwell H. Clarke, Charles A. Howell, Robert S. Hunter, Glenn D. Miller, Roger W. Peard, Herbert Rosenweig, Thad T. Taylor, and Charles A. Wynn.

\* \* \* \*

A comparison of the first enlistment period pay in 1916 with that of today brings to attention the fact that material increases have been made in the monthly pay of all ranks, as well as several new ranks being established. The rates of pay in 1916 went into effect May 11, 1908, and the present pay became effective July 1, 1922. Look over this table



The increase brought large groups of recruits to Parris Island, August, 1916

and dope out what the pay of your rank was ten years ago:

	1916	1926
Sergeants Major .....	\$45.00	\$126.00
Quartermaster Sergeants .....	45.00	126.00
Master Technical Sergeants.....		126.00
First Sergeants .....	45.00	84.00
Gunnery Sergeants .....	45.00	84.00
Supply Sergeants .....		84.00
Drum Majors .....	45.00	84.00
Staff Sergeants .....		72.00
Sergeants .....	30.00	54.00
Corporals .....	21.00	42.00
Privates, First Class .....		30.00
Drummers and Trumpeters .....	15.00	21.00
Privates .....	15.00	21.00

\* \* \* \*

Quick now! In what year was the "Memphis" wrecked? Right you are! Nineteen hundred and sixteen! Just ten years ago on the 29th of August, a most peculiar storm hit Santo Domingo City, suddenly and unexpectedly. The U. S. S. "Memphis" and U. S. S. "Castine" were lying at anchor there at the time. The Marine Detachment of the "Memphis" was on duty ashore, but the "Castine's" Marines were aboard ship. First Sergeant Robert Carrigan was the "top soldier" on the "Castine."

With heavy seas breaking on every side, the "Castine" got under way, with only one boiler in commission. One small boat after another was carried overboard, and the ship began filling with water through the upper deck hatches. Through the hard efforts of the crew, she was finally backed clear of the breaking swells and went to sea, steering by her engines, as the steering gear was carried away. Private J. W. Loyd had his left arm injured and Private H. Ruble's ribs were fractured by falling rigging and debris, but neither was seriously hurt.

The "Memphis" thought herself safe, but she finally began to drag anchor, and after the steam lines broke she drifted slowly upon the rocks and settled. Large lines were made fast to the beach and the crew was quickly gotten ashore, with no casualties. The hulk of the "Memphis" is still lying on the rocks in the harbor at Santo Domingo City.

\* \* \* \*

The Dunlap Cup was won by the U. S. S. "Florida," on August 14, 1916. This is the annual blue ribbon event for which

#### Florida Wins Dunlap Cup

boat crews composed of Marines from ships of the Fleet are eligible to compete. In 1915 the Dunlap Cup was won by the Marine Detachment from the U. S. S. "Virginia."

The "Virginia" detachment was transferred to the U. S. S. "Pennsylvania" when that superdreadnaught went into commission, and the cup went with the detachment.

In 1916, thirteen cutters competed over the two-mile course.

The "Florida" cutter was coxswained by First Sergeant McCann and was going easy at the finish. When the "Florida" tossed oars she was four boat-lengths ahead of the "Vermont," with the "Wyoming," "Arkansas" and "Michigan" following in the order named about thirty boat-lengths behind. The time of the winning crew was 21 minutes, 30 seconds, in spite of the fact that the race was pulled against a strong tide and sea.

\* \* \* \*

The 1916 Marine Baseball Team was disbanded in Washington, D. C., on August

#### Baseball Team Disbanded

15th. Our team finished third that year in the Government League pennant race, after a red hot finish in which three teams, Treasury, Agriculture, and Marines came down the home stretch pretty well bunched, and it was found necessary to play off a triple tie to decide the winner of the series, with the result that the teams finished in the order named.

The Marine Team hung up quite a record for games won, having annexed sixteen

straight (league and outside games). Corporal Everett J. Brewer proved to be the team's most consistent pitcher. Other members of the team were Corporals Hjortsberg and Mims, and Privates Guy M. Williams, Fred L. Parker, William Myers, Alfred H. Long, Burns and Moore.

\* \* \* \*

The Marine Officers' School at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., were on detached duty during August, 1916, at a Marine Corps Camp at Gettysburg, Pa., for the study of topography and practical field exercises. Captain H. C. Snyder was the officer in charge, with Captain P. M. Rixey, Jr., and First Lieutenants Philip H. Torrey and Charles D. Barrett as instructors. The student officers were: Second Lieutenants W. H. Sitz, W. G. Hawthorne, O. R. Cauldwell, E. C. Fuller, A. W. Jacobsen, and E. H. Jenkins.

\* \* \* \*

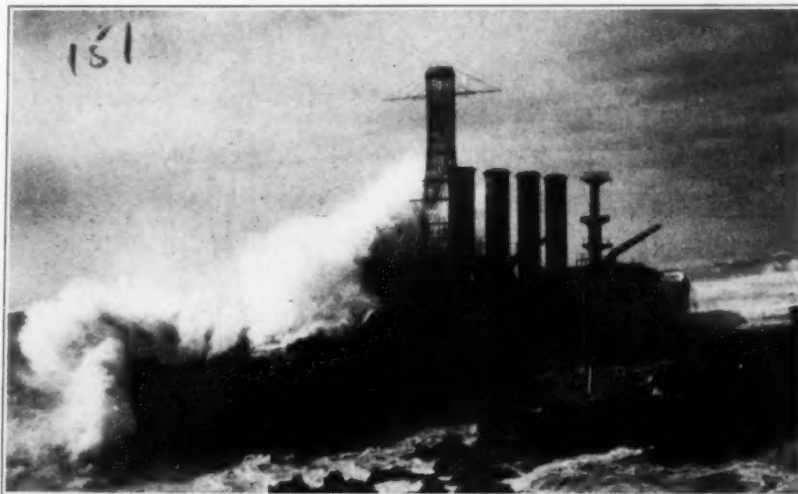
The demands made upon our recruiting service in obtaining the five thousand additional men for the Corps authorized in August, 1916, brought out many new and novel recruiting innovations and had everybody thinking up their best and most persuading recruiting arguments. We learn from the **Recruiters' Bulletin** of those days that the wife of a recruiter set forth the following advantages which her husband had gained by his Marine Corps service:

#### The Wife's Recruiting Arguments

"He takes up very little room in the house, in fact could live comfortably in a clothes closet. His only objection to working in the kitchen is its name. If he is ordered by somebody with rank to do 'mess-cooking' about the 'galley,' he'll peel 'spuds' and wash dishes. He will discipline his children if tasks assigned them because of misbehavior are called 'police work.' He can eat from his lap if there isn't room for him at the table. He learns to get along with a bunch of friends, for a term of years, if necessary, in a space that would make a one-room flat seem the size of a public hall. He does his own washing. He can do wonders with a half-pail of water. He does his own mending. He sews on his buttons. He sweeps. His possessions make the hall bedroom seem like a museum. He shaves himself. He picks up papers around the house. He can sleep anywhere, on anything. And, in fact, he is the best husband ever!"

\* \* \* \*

All of which arguments are very good in themselves. Any Marine who has done enough "solitary" could feel at home in a "clothes closet"; and it surely would take "somebody with rank" to make him work around the galley. He might sweep his own floor, he might do his own mending, he might sleep anywhere, and he might wash his own clothes. But we cannot imagine a prospective wife persuading a prospective husband to do a cruise in the Marine Corps in order to make the "best husband ever" out of him.



Wreck of the U. S. S. "Memphis" at Santo Domingo





## Pay Day Ode

Little bank roll, 'ere we part,  
Let me press you to my heart;  
All the month I've worked for you.  
Little bank roll, in a day,  
You and I will go away,  
To some gay and festive spot;  
I'll return—but you will not.

He: May I call upon you?  
She: Of course not.

He: Oh, I didn't mean tonight. I mean  
some cold, rainy night when I couldn't  
go anywhere else.

"Pardon me. May I have this dance?"  
"No, I'm too danced out."

"You're not darn stout; you're just  
pleasingly plump."—Tit-Bits.

Surgeon (to attendant): "Go and get  
the name of the accident victim so that  
we can inform his mother."

Attendant (three minutes later): "He  
says his mother knows his name."  
Honolulu Times.

"Where are you going, daughter?"

"Downstairs to get some water."

"In your nightgown?"

"No; in this pitcher."

—Training Station News.

Visitor: "Who is the responsible man  
in this firm?"

Office Boy: "I don't know who the re-  
sponsible party is, but I am the one who  
always gets the blame."

—Chicago Tribune.

He: "I always kiss the stamps on your  
letters, because I know that your lips  
have touched them."

She: "Oh, dear! and to think that I  
dampen them on Fido's nose."

—Fort William, Ontario, Times Journal.

Wo—Why did you kiss me before all  
those men last night?

Man—Oh! They weren't in a hurry.  
—Cincinnati Cynic.

Street Singer—"And for Bonnie Annie  
Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

Passer-by (sotto voice)—I'm sorry I  
can't find her for you.—Humorist.

## This Must Have Happened in Boston

Bird-Fancier: "Did I understand you  
to say that the parrot I sold you uses  
improper language?"

Cultured Customer: "Unbearable. Why,  
yesterday I heard him split an infinitive!"  
—Boston Advertiser.

Sweet Young Thing (coming in with  
attentive partner from whist drive)—  
Oh, mother, I've just captured the booby!  
"Well, well! Come here and kiss me,  
both of you."—Answers.

First Golfer: "I say, how do you ad-  
dress the ball?"

Second Golfer: "Do you mean before  
I hit it, or after I lose it?"

—London Telegraph.

You must not use such language.

But Shakespeare used it.

Then, you must not listen to him.

He: "Her niece is rather good look-  
ing, eh?"

Him: "Don't say, Knees is, say Knees  
are."



He: "Is 'good-night' one word or two?"

She: "O-h-h-h."

He: "Whaddya mean, 'O-h-h-h'?"

Her: "So it is a word, then?"

## Dangerous Ground

Mr. Rock was reading statistics in the  
newspaper.

"In New York a child is born every  
two minutes," he announced.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed his wife  
in horror. "And we're planning to stay  
there two weeks."—Hurty-Peck.

Friend (to business man engaging a  
typist)—Why are you so particular about  
her having light red hair?

Business Man—It's the color of my  
wife's—London Opinion.

Diner: "I will have pork chops with  
fried potatoes and I'll have the pork  
chops lean."

Waiter: "Yes, sir. Which way?"

"I'm the Prince of Wales."

"Prove it."

"Get me a horse."

Curb Cruiser: Going my way?

Damsel: No. I get a harp at the end  
of mine.—Toronto Telegram.

Margie: "Gee, honey, but I'm cold."

Jack: "I'm sorry, dear, but I don't  
know what I can do about it."

Margie: (emphatically) "Dumbbell!"  
—Great Lakes Bulletin.

Storekeeper—Dear me, did you fall  
down the steps?

Customer—Yea, but it's all right. I  
was going down anyway.—Ex.

Man (at telephone): Zander! Zander!  
Z! Z! No, not C! ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ!!

—California Pelican.

Native son of Washington trying to  
be smart, came to California, and picked  
up a pumpkin from a vegetable stand.  
"Is this as large as you grow apples  
around here he asked?"

The native son replied, "Hey, you drop  
that Grape."

"Hello, Abe, I understand you married  
one of the twins. Why, man, those girls  
are so much alike, I don't see how you  
tell them apart."

"I don't try to tell them apart. It's  
the business of that other twin to look  
out."

## Courtroom Repartee

Judge: "What did you hit your husband with?"

Mrs.: "Pleasure, your honor."

Judge: "Well, what did you hit him for?"

Mrs.: "For all I was worth."

Judge (impatiently): "What's the complaint?"

Mrs.: "My husband disturbs my peace by getting up at five every morning."

Judge: "Six days in the hoosegow for beating your wife up every morning!"

—Pilot Magazine.



Prisoner to Guard—"You oughtn't to stay around with me."

Guard—"Why?"

Prisoner—"A man is known by the company he keeps."

Indignant Spouse: "How dare you come here at this time of the night?"

Husband: "Every other place is closed, my dear."

"I shall call again tomorrow, when I trust you will be prepared to pay the bill."

"Yes, do drop in. It's a pleasure to entertain an optimist like you."

—New York Times.

"Look at that hula dancer writhe! I wonder what's got into her."

"Maybe there's a snake in the grass."

—Wyoming Fighting Top.

Mournful Mike—I 'aven't 'ad a decent meal for a week, Guv'nor.

Householder—Well, we're cleaning house, too!—Humorist.

Waiter (who has not been tipped)—Has monsieur forgotten me?

Absent-minded Professor—Of course not, my dear fellow, how are you? Let me introduce my wife!—Passing Show.

Great Local Light—Sorry to be late, but I've just been dismissing the third footman.

Somewhat Lesser Light—Really! I've just had to give notice to the sixth parlor maid.

"The sixth parlor maid?"

"Yes, the sixth since Christmas."

—Punch.

Motoring Customer—I'm almost certain I must have run across your face some time or other.

Gloomy Waiter—No, sir, it's always been like this.—Tit-Bits.

"M'yes—you're badly run down—you want a thorough change. What about a long sea voyage—could you manage it, d'you think?"

"Yes, Doctor, I think so—y' see, I'm third mate o' th' Saucy Annie—just in from Australia!"—Bystander.

## No Exceptions

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, camp commander, came to the stage after taps and demanded admission. The sentry objected.

"But, my dear man, you don't understand," expostulated the elder woman. "We are the Berrys."

"I don't care if you are the cat's whiskers," retorted the sentry. "You can't get in at this hour."

—American Legion Weekly.

First Aviator, zooming plane: Fifty per cent of those people thought we would crash.

Second Ditto: Yes, and so did fifty per cent of us.

Rich Widow (joyously)—"I am going to marry Adolph D. Kanvas, the great painter!"

Irish Maid (gigglescoosily)—"And I'm goin' tu marry Pat Finnegan, the great paper hanger!"—America's Humor.

Oh, what a cute little doll! Does she say "Mamma" when you squeeze her?

Naw! My dolly is modern. She says "Oh Boy" when you squeeze her.

*A new moth, discovered last week in the New Forest, is called Eucepopsis Hyperthema Cullunar. But not very often.*

—London Opinion.

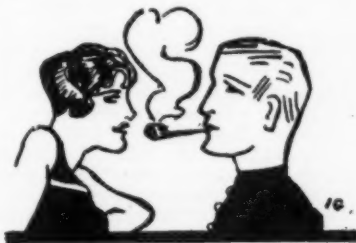
The rookie had been at the Naval Training Station two weeks, and had spent most of that time in digging ditches, chopping trees, leveling hillocks and filling depressions. Finally he sought his immediate superior.

"You see, sir," he complained, "when I joined the Navy they said I'd see the world, and here for two weeks I've done nothing but rearrange it."

The captain of the vessel was an intense prohibitionist and the members of his crew were equally zealous in "putting liquor down" though their idea as to the manner of putting it down differed diametrically.

On one cruise the captain kept the log for the first week, the first mate the next. On nearly every page was written in the skipper's indignant hand, "Mate drunk today" or "Mate very drunk today."

When the mate's week came, he left blank the part of the page reserved for comment until Wednesday when he wrote, "Captain sober today."



Ardent Cadet—And we can get married when I graduate. You know officers are furnished with quarters.

Practical O. A. O.—But, dear, we have to get something besides a gas meter!

## Wrong Number

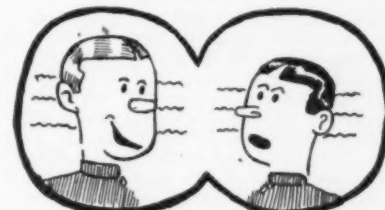
The lawyer had quarreled with his wife before leaving home that morning, but she had repented and called him up to tell him that she was sorry.

Desiring to indulge in a little horse-play, she pretended not to recognize his voice when he answered the phone. "Who is this please?" she asked.

The husband recognized her voice, and to get even with her answered, "The smartest lawyer in the world."

"Beg your pardon, but I've got the wrong number," she said curtly as she banged the receiver back on the hook.

—Hurty-Peck.



1st Marine: I hear there was a big fire at the post office last night.

2nd Marine: Yeh? My sweetie from Waukegan must have written me another letter.

A man who had run out of gas on the outskirts of a New Hampshire town saw a young boy coming along the road carrying a big tin can.

"Say, boy," he yelled. "I hope that's gasoline you have in that can."

"Well, I hope it ain't," returned the boy, with some heat. "It would taste like hell on ma's pancakes."

An American was visiting in Australia, and the "Aussie" was showing him around the ranch. He said "These are our sheep." The American said, "Why, we have sheep twice that big in America." The Aussie then pointed out some cattle that were grazing and said, "These are our cattle." The American replied, "Why, we have cows twice that big in America." They strolled on a little further when the American saw a kangaroo. He asked "What the H— is that?" The Aussie replied, "That's a grasshopper, beat that?"

Son of the House: Tell me, are you invited out this evening, Marie?

Marie (expectantly): No, sir.

"Then perhaps there's a chance of my getting called at seven in the morning."

—Klods-Hans (Copenhagen.)

There was only one piece of pie left over from luncheon, and mother divided it equally between Bobby and Elsie. Bobby looked at his pie and then at his mother's empty plate.

"Mamma," he said earnestly, "I can't enjoy my pie when you haven't any. Take Elsie's."

It was William's wedding morn, but unfortunately he overslept.

When at last he awoke he dressed hurriedly and hastened to the station to find his train had gone.

Frantically he hurried to the telegraph office and wired to the bride: "Detained. Don't marry till I come."

## SHORT STORIES BY EDWIN NORTH McCLELLAN



## THAT REAL CHINESE DRAGON

It was Amoy in the days of the Chinese Dragon. Almost five years before the rainbow, five-striped flag and the republic. The year was 1908, and of it the eleventh month.

Part of the big, white American fleet lay at anchor in the harbor. A cloud of darting, snapping sampans enveloped it. Each painted in gaudy colors with head and big eyes on its bow—"No have eyes, no can see." Ashore—millions of Chinese subjects and as many queens. Sun Yat Sen's day had not arrived. Was I a prophet? In my diary I wrote, "If I were Emperor of China and had the ambition to make a victorious nation at one stroke, I would edict all queues off." Off they are and the Republic is on its way.

Malignant cholera had thrown its repelling wall around the Chinese city of Amoy. But the wonderful Chinese people had constructed a temporary city outside of Amoy City, in which to entertain the American guests of the Empire. Kulangsu was there, too. And what a reception! The welcome at Honolulu in July had been royal, unsurpassable. New Zealand, Australia, Manila, and Japan had in turn taken the Fleet to their hospitable arms. But China! Only half the Fleet was sent there—and yet all the Empire was represented in China's welcome. No effort at entertainment during the entire cruise was appreciated more by the Fleet (including the Marines) than that of the handicapped Chinese Empire.

Breakfasts, Tiffins, Teas, Dinners, Receptions, Bazaars, Vaudeville by Chinese artists, Athletic Contests, and a lot more. Here I met for the first time "Bird's Nest Soup," "Sharks' Fins," "Bamboo Shoots," "Crab Roe," "Shrimp Balls," and "Li Hung-Chang Chop Suey."

The Imperial Prince Ling; the Vice President of the Waiwupu; the Viceroy of Fukien Province; the Governor of Chekiang; the Admiral of the Peiyang Squadron; the Major General of Fukien; the Taotai of Amoy, and two Commissioners appointed by the Waiwupu (Ch'un Yu and Mai Hsin) all assembled at Amoy to do honor to America.

Every time the Prince appeared, which was often, we all stood up; and the Prince seriously shook hands all around in good American style. My journal says that if I shook hands once, with the Prince, I shook hands twenty times. Then on the third of the month came the birthday anniversary of Her Majesty, the Empress Dowager of China; and it was celebrated.

All arrangements for the reception of the American guests had been placed under the direct control of Commissioner

Mai Hsin, whom we all called by his American name—Dr. George Mark. We were seated at the table in the commodious dining hall enjoying tiffin. Dr. Mark was explaining to us the difficulty he had experienced in having everything ready for us. All had been prepared, every detail had been perfected, when the Northeast Monsoon, blowing a small gale, had flattened the new city to the ground! It was restored. But sadder than this was the terrible trouble Dr. Mark had had with the flags. "I had to destroy every one of the first batch of flags," said he, "because the Dragons on them were not like real dragons at all."

"Just what does a real dragon look like?" naively inquired a youthful Second Lieutenant of Marines present.

Dr. Mark opened his mouth to reply, and we all politely laughed as his lips became transfixed in a little, round, red "O;" and then he joined in our merriment as he good naturedly explained that he had never really seen a real dragon.

"But you have an Angel with wings and a Devil with a tail," slyly reparteeed the Doctor, "and have any of you ever seen a real angel or a real devil?"

The honors rested with the Doctor!

## A BABY

It all happened not long ago at an exhibit of nameless babies of the Florence Crittendon Home, in front of a store on "F" Street, Washington, D. C. There were eight or nine babies in the show window. He was a shabbily dressed man of the lower class, unshaven, unkempt; his hands, and particularly his finger nails, unattended to that day; his straggly hair seemed to be trying to escape from beneath a weather-beaten derby. His face carried a suggestion of what might have been remorse.

As he came abreast the window, his glance was arrested by the sight of one of the babies lying in the window chewing away at three-months-old fingers. His amble jerked to a standstill. He found himself staring wonderingly at that one infant. His eyes were not for the other seven or eight.

Deep or shallow as might be the wells of his heart or memory, one or the other was stirred. A strange and puzzled expression replaced the look of remorse. Did that infant recall memories of some lost or long-forgotten one? Did it suggest wrongs perpetrated or love betrayed?

Into his pocket went his hand. Out it came with several bills. "For that baby," he mumbled, pointing a soiled finger at the particular infant, and then passed back into the throng.

## MYNAH CONGRESS DEBATES WAR ON WILLY WAG TAILS

Not for years had the Mynah Nation, in Congress assembled, been so perturbed. The War Party was rampant. It demanded that war be declared immediately against the invading Willy Wag Tails. The Conservative Mynahs merely wanted to regulate the immigration of the Willy Wag Tails into the Hawaiian Islands. The foes of universal military training lined up with the Conservatives. The friends of the Mynah R. O. T. C. encouraged the martial Mynahs.

The power to declare war and to regulate immigration was in Congress according to the Mynah constitution. That constitution also made it a capital punishment, under certain conditions, to oppose civilized war.

The Mynah Nation had long since discarded methods of prosecuting war by lands and water. Their offense and defense was via the air.

The Mynah National Defense Committee finally introduced a resolution declaring war on the Willy Wag Tails. Flight Commander Billy Mynah of Wai-kiki, was the leader of the Martial Mynah Party in Congress. He spoke. "Blush with shame," exclaimed he, "as you look down on the English sparrow." Congress became furtive and blushed. "Our Mynah civilization must not be contaminated by even one Willy Wag Tail, and yet nine of them are already in our midst. We cannot assimilate them. They must be destroyed! The Rising Tide of Color will engulf us if we do not dam it!" Billy Mynah was almost frothing. He would have gnashed his teeth, but—! His quills stuck out like bayonets.

The leader continued. "Nine of this alien race and creed have entered our domain recently, arrogantly, and without passports. They are not of our race and color. They are not citizens, nor will they ever be citizens. We cannot assimilate them. Both male and female lay eggs, that hatch in one hour in the sun. Let us create shade. Each of these foreign menaces lays one hundred eggs per week. So, in one month we shall have at least 3,600 new Willy Wag Tails; and in one year, at least a million of this detested foe in these Islands. Let us decree a general mobilization of the Mynah Bird Nation on the Marine Corps parade ground at Pearl Harbor.

"Self preservation is the first law of Nature, and of our Nation. They are called the Shepherd's Friends; but they are not our friends. We have no alliance with the shepherds. No gentleman's agreement will stop them. They eradicate the horn fly and bring happiness to the cattle, but we have no treaty of amity with cattle! Let us not wiggle



and wobble over these Willy Wag Tails Birds. Let there be war!"

The discussion was interrupted by the Ambassador from the Chinese Turtle Doves carrying an olive leaf on which was written a demand that the Mynah Nation salute the Turtle Dove flag as an apology for an alleged insult to it. The Ambassador was carried out on his olive leaf—all that was left of it and him.

#### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN RECOMMENDED "BOWS AND ARROWS"

Recently there was a severe criticism of the "Bow and Arrow" defense theory of the United States. That criticism was made by a disappointed one whom the Gods first made mad and then destroyed. Strangely enough though it was Benjamin Franklin who first suggested that the United Colonies of America adopt a "Bow and Arrow" defense.

On February 11, 1776, before there was a United States, Dr. Franklin wrote that to the use of muskets he wished that "pikes could be introduced," and to these he "would add bows and arrows." Franklin was convinced that "these were good weapons, not wisely laid aside, and he gave six reasons for this conclusion:

"1. Because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket.

"2. He can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet.

"3. His object is not taken from his view by the smoke of his own side.

"4. A flight of arrows seen coming upon them terrifies and disturbs the enemies' attention to their business.

"5. An arrow sticking in any part of a man puts him hors de combat till it is extracted.

"6. Bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition."

Franklin further supported his "Bow and Arrow" theory with examples from ancient history. "Polydore Virgil, speaking of one of our battles against the French in Edward the Third's reign, mentions the great confusion into which the enemy was thrown *sagittarum nube* from the English; and concludes: *Est res profecto dictu mirabilis, ut tantus ac potens exercitus a solis fere Anglicis sagittis victus fuerit; adeo Anglus est sagittipotens, et id genus armorum valet.*

"If so much execution was done by arrows when men wore some defensive armor," concluded Franklin, "how much more might be done now that it is out of use."

#### SANDALS ON THE MANTELPiece

The Japanese Masseuse entered the room. It was one of her routine calls to perform acts of beautifying and relieving. She stopped abruptly with eyes riveted on the mantelpiece. With puzzled glance she shifted her gaze from the mantelpiece to her shoes and back again to the mantelpiece. The expressionless countenance of the Japanese woman lost for a moment its blandness. Her stoic face flushed for a tiny moment with a sort of wonderment.

On that mantelpiece were shoes. Wooden "rainy-day" shoes from Japan—high Chinese women's shoes—fancy lacquered shoes. And one pair of sandals were identical with those that the little lady from Japan had on her own feet.

No one but the Japanese visitor knew her thoughts; for, of course, she was too polite to express them. Just a mere change of expression hardly observable and scarcely discernible. But her face was unmasked for a fleeting atom of time. It did express a thought that must have been:

"What funny people, these Americans are! Look at those work-shoes. Those party-shoes. Mere articles of necessary wear. Called for by convention and need in all countries. These Americans! They put shoes on the mantelpiece as ornaments! How ridiculously comical!"

#### THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

##### Rifles vs. Smoothbores Air vs. Land and Water

A century and a quarter ago it was not aviation vs. armies and navies that brought argumentative bitterness in naval, military, and politician circles, but rifles vs. smoothbores. A musket is a smoothbore.

History does not have to repeat itself if we have vision and the courage of our convictions. Historical knowledge put to intelligent use will forecast the future. It will prevent repetition of error. That is one of the main missions of recorded history. But to some, history is but a fable agreed upon. To our political, naval, and military leaders, however, it should mean more than that.

There was a Foolish Virgin. There was also a Prodigal Son. And the One who buried his Talent. And many more Visionless. There also was a British Army shouldering muskets that marched into battle against an American Army armed with many rifles. That battle was the Battle of New Orleans, fought January 8, 1815. After the smoke had cleared away there were about two thousand Britishers dead and wounded and only about thirteen Americans similarly situated. Those two thousand British casualties were caused by rifles in about twenty-five minutes during which period British muskets bumped off only thirteen Americans.

Listen, friends! On the date of that battle the superiority of the rifle over the musket was conceded. But, despite that fact, many of the American Regulars, Marines, and Bluejackets who fought in that battle were armed with muskets, not rifles. There were, however, sufficient rifles in American hands to defeat the British muskets.

Life always seems that way. It's too much trouble to change. Heat and friction when sail supplants oar; steam, sail; screw, the paddle wheel; machinery, hand labor. And if Aircraft ever does replace water craft and armies, the change will be preceded by volcanoes, earthquakes, and showers of shooting-stars. But—Oh, pshaw!—what's the difference anyway; "there ain't gonna be no more war!"

#### SAM PATCH

Some called him Sentaro. Others knew him by his American nickname, Sam Patch. He was one of several Japanese who, in a Japanese junk, became lost at sea, blown far off the course. Rescued by an American merchant ship, they were landed in California. Sentaro eventually went to China on the U. S. S. St. Mary's, the U. S. S. Morrison, or some other American ship.

Enlisting in the United States Navy, Sam Patch found himself on one of Commodore Perry's warships, which was destined to visit Japan in 1853. In those early days, for Japanese to leave the shores of their birth land was to court trouble. Isolated and mysterious, Japan might not welcome a prodigal's return with joy. Sentaro's Japanese comrades decided not to return.

Sam's shipmates teasingly frightened him by telling him that he would lose his head if he went ashore in Japan. He was frightened. "All the while they sailed, he was apprehending that some ill would befall his neck and was constantly repeating 'Shimpai! Shimpai!' (Japanese word for 'troubled in mind'), showing with what fear and trembling he came once more to take a glance at his native land." Upon arriving in Japanese waters "he was asked by the Japanese officials to stay in the country and engage in building 'black ships;' but nothing could free him of his 'shimpai,' which became almost a part of his constitution, inasmuch as it gave him the sobriquet of Sam Patch."

All "pitied his misfortune," and Private Jonathan Goble, of the Marines, a religious man, took a special interest in him. Sam Patch returned to America in the "Mississippi" and accompanied Goble to his home in New York State. In 1860, when Mr. Goble went to Japan as a missionary, he took Sam with him. With all his advantages, however, Sam Patch "lived and died a poor house-servant."

#### SISAL

Algaroba, coral and sisal. Wild sisal, the offspring of the cultivated sisal that once bred high hopes now shattered. Tall, bamboo-looking stalks bearing a halo of leaves at the tip-top. Reaching straight up to the blue skies above from the bayonet-like crowns of spikes rooting in the coral. Cattle; Charcoal makers; Lime rock; Apiaries! That is sisal.

A dismal, dreary waste of about four-teen square miles approximately thirty feet above the sea. Near the Pearl Lochs in the Hawaiian Islands, and reaching to the sandy shore of the Pacific. Pukas, large, small and jagged-shaped, in the coral, into which the ocean forces its way to form little salt lakes. In which fish disport themselves, which piscatorial animals the Marines of the Rifle Range angle for. Treacherous terrain!

A dejected sign "SISAL" to indicate a railway stop. Nearby the Navy Mooring Mast. There it stands lone and unafraid in a space cleared of sisal and somewhat smoothed. A Hawaiian monument to the ill-fated Shenandoah.

# The BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

## MARINE CORPS HEADQUARTERS

By TaBob

The change in the policy of the Leatherneck whereby it became a beautifully arranged, thick, interesting publication, and its incidental requirements that copy be submitted earlier caught "TaBob" napping last month, and as a result we were panned for neglect of duty. Please excuse us this time.

The staff of the Adjutant and Inspector's Department presents new faces with the return to Headquarters of Lieutenant Colonel R. B. Creecy, assistant Adjutant and Inspector, who is taking over the duties of Lieutenant Colonel E. R. Beadle, our most popular executive officer. Everyone at Headquarters will miss Colonel Beadle who has veritably gone into the highways and byways in searching for anything under the sun that would tend to increase the efficiency of the A. & I. Department and more particularly add to the comforts and conveniences of the personnel. He has been a friend who will not soon be forgotten by the clerical personnel though his assignment be at the most distant point where an officer of his rank is needed to put pep into a bunch of Leathernecks.

Lieutenant Colonel Creecy is known to us all, having been at Headquarters a few years ago while he was a mere Major. We welcome him back in his new and deserved higher rank and pledge him our support.

Major John Dixon is a new member of the A. & I. staff relieving Major C. E. Nutting who has been detached from Headquarters. Major Nutting is to attend the Officers School at Quantico.

There have been several changes in the civil personnel recently. Marie Houlihan, who has been at Headquarters for several years, resigned because of ill health and returned to her home in Chicago. Our "big sister" Margaret McGoldrick, who is always ready to help anybody, took Houlie to her home and turned her safely over to her mother. The vacancy thus caused has been filled by the appointment of Miss Charlotte E. Bacot, recently of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. She is assigned to the Officers Records Section, and Francis Pepper and Noble Wilson are now busy showing her how to make and break Lieutenants, Generals, and what have you.

The Bonus Section or what is left of it was riddled by the decrease in appropriation as well as lessening in the amount of work, accordingly Mary Jane Jackson and Mrs. Edna Roche resumed the duties described by the Census Operators as "housewife" as of July 1. As these two members of the organization have been with the section for almost two years their presence is noticeable by their absence. Maude Atwill and Chris Bartley are holding down the force all by their lonesome and yelling for everybody who has not yet applied

to shoot in their applications for adjusted compensation.

Staff Sergeant Wes Thomas is stepping out in a new Ford car, Sedan if you please; how come all the prosperity, Wes?

Sergeant Carley (didn't you know he was a sergeant?) had a bad dream lately, and woke up in front of his apartment, dressed only in his pajamas and bathrobe. But the worst was yet to come—he discovered he had locked himself out and had to awaken the good wife. "And so far into the night the battle raged."

It is a good thing "Leatherneck Becker" is not a drinking man, or we would question that hurried trip to Canada.

Will wonders never cease? Sharpnack is trying to purchase a few left-handed golf clubs. If you would like to see the next open champion, take a trip to Headquarters. "Inspection by appointment only."

At present "Ez" Snyder is the champion "Portside" golf shooter in the A. & I.

A. A. Moore still holds the honor among the fishermen of the department.

Did you see old man Charlie Brown the day following his trip to the beach where the benevolent sun made his countenance a most beautiful and profuse shade of red. Rumor has it that he was under suspicion the next day because of this aforementioned enviable though uncomfortable complexion.

Another example of the impossibility of getting the best of a Marine. A clever street car conductor slipped Sherlocko Lockout a silver three-cent piece just the size of a dime in change the other day. What did he do but call up one of these coin specialists and find out that the darned thing was worth \$1.35. Can you beat it?

Chris Bartley got a long letter from Everett Hardell recently describing his interesting experiences in and about Florence, Italy. Everybody who ever heard his splendid tenor voice over the radio will know who we are talking about. He is getting along fine and sends his regards to all his friends in the Marine Corps.

We certainly miss that dependable old scout, Horace Heaton, who has been absent for several months because of ill health, and hope he may soon be able to rejoin his friends in the office.

The latest from Vi Van Wagner up in New York is that trips up the Hudson and real rest are making a new girl out of her and she will be heartily welcomed when she returns in the fall.

The records do not show that Claude Thigpen has ever received a diploma from the M. C. I. in horticulture, but that boy can certainly produce fancy specimens of roses, all colors and names. Our headquarters sergeant-major, Charlie Hunter, is trying to run him a race, but so far Thigpen gets the blue ribbon.

The girls Tennis League is struggling for existence just now; there is good material among such members as Lillian O'Malley, Edith Brown, Geneva Martin, Kitty Kinnear, and Chris Bartley, all of whom have spent considerable time in teaching the newer girls, but for some reason or other scheduled matches seem to be continuously postponed. We hope by the end of another month the league will be in a more substantial condition as several good matches have already been staged both in singles and doubles.

Two more members of the outfit have become taxpayers since the last report; Winnie Brannon has bought a pretty home in Tacoma Park, Md., and Maude Atwill has purchased in Hyattsville Hills, Md. They both say theirs is the cutest house in the world; we don't know and you don't know so we'll have to believe them both.

Wedding anniversaries are coming around regularly, those of Lucile Burner (No. 8) and Mary Edenton (No. 5) having been brought to our special notice. Mary Edenton had a number of the Headquarters girls at her home and the wooden shower, it is understood, much exceeded her expectations. Were it not for Mary's well-known good nature we would entertain fears for her husband's welfare, having in mind a most formidable pick handle and rolling pin which were among those present.

Captain Ketcham, M. C. R., took active training at Quantico recently. Wielding a wicked bayonet on a 45 second schedule ruined his perfect 36; but he's about sixteen pounds lighter, and his complexion the same number of points darker; so it's an even break.

Robert McKay has returned with Commander Byrd's North Pole Expedition. While the ship stopped at Spitzbergen, Mac can tell you just how many red, white and blue stripes the pole had, and just how it looked. He said he enjoyed the trip but the next time he goes pole hunting it will be to "Pole-land." His gum-drops held out until the third week of the cruise.

## WHERE IS?

Walter W. Sanders is asked to write to his brother, C. A. Sanders, U. S. S. Bridge, care Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

## SCOUTING FLEET NEWS

First Sergeant "Scottie" MacLellan of the U. S. S. "Utah" dropped in at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., a few days ago to visit his old friend Sergeant Danziger. "Scottie" claims that we are certainly fortunate in having the services of "Dan" as Mess Sergeant.

Before leaving, he promised to send us all the dope on the activities of the U. S. Scouting Fleet, Marine Battalion, which is in camp at Glen Burnie, Md. We hope to have this in time for our next issue.

## STATION RMD—U. S. S. ROCHESTER

Although a sense of modesty has hitherto prevented us from signing in, we grow a little weary of listening, hence the static.

We now lie tied up to the dock at Balboa. As we have just finished battle practice and Admiral's inspection, we have more time for sports and recreation. At this particular writing, we have more time for athletics than usual. We sorely regret the transfer of Second Lieutenant W. R. Hughes to aviation duty at Quantico. He was an exceptionally good coach and team-mate in a great number of sports, especially football and baseball. As transfers in the service cannot be helped and as his transfer is to a branch of the service where his talent for sports can be used to a better advantage in playing the big game of flying, we will have to carry on without him. His successor, Second Lieutenant K. B. Chappell, shows great promise of filling his place.

We have been cruising about quite a bit lately so in order to give every one a chance at baseball, we have had to omit intership ball and combine the various teams into one ship's team. Our detachment has contributed so far the batteries, Sergeant M. S. Shaffer and Private "Buck" Waldron. Another member of this team is Sergeant R. L. Young, a famous Quantico and Parris Island slugger of a few years past who is batting up in three hundred. Private S. J. Rickker is playing errorless ball at short-stop.

To date, out of three games played, we have won two and lost the other to the U. S. S. "Henderson." Our next scheduled game is with the Balboa All Stars, which team holds the championship of the Canal Zone.

We have also entered the aquatic meet at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. at Balboa, the winners of which will be the champions of the Canal Zone. Among the contestants in this meet are some of the most famous swimmers of the service; but as we have equaled their entry records, we are looking forward to coming out with flying colors.

Before we sign off, we should like to announce over the "Mike" the loss of our "Mike." Sergeant Mike, as he is affectionately known aboard ship, is a little black dog who has had a remarkable career. He is the hero of Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.'s "Conquest of Mike," a story that has become very popular in the service and brought fame to our beloved mascot, humble little dog though he is. Mike is a dog of unusual intelligence and a wonder at performing tricks. Sergeant Mike disappeared while on authorized liberty with the baseball party, and was reported A. O. L. the following morning.

As Sergeant Mike is quite a "Liberty Hound," we believe he visited the U. S. S. "Henderson" and sailed with her for the Orient the following morning. If any Marine in the draft aboard the "Henderson" knows of his whereabouts, we would appreciate his informing us of this fact, as all members of this detachment miss him exceedingly.

Station RMD signing off. We hope to be on the air again.

—W.E.M.-R.F.H.

## HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS

Washington, 29 June, 1926.

## Circular Letter No. 26

From—The Major General Commandant.

To—All Officers.

Subject—Economy in expenditures for maintenance of Marine Corps during the fiscal year 1927.

1. On July 1, 1926, appropriations to maintain the Corps for the fiscal year 1927 will become available for expenditure. The amount granted by the Congress under "General Expenses, Marine Corps," is \$8,090,000. This sum is nearly \$300,000 less than was provided for the current fiscal year (1926). With the increased cost of all supplies and services, the necessity for further economy in expenditures is obvious, as a deficiency will under no circumstances be created.

2. Expenditures must be brought down, and kept down. It should be a matter of principle with officers to economize to the utmost in public expenditures; to safeguard in every possible manner the financial interests of the Government, and to avoid scrupulously the submission of requests for funds or supplies for purposes, plans and objects that have not full justification from the standpoint of essentiality.

3. The addresses made by the President of the United States and Director of the Bureau of the Budget at the 11th regular meeting of the Business Organization of the Government held in Washington on June 21, 1926, on the subject of constructive economy in governmental expenditures, which were broadcast by radio and published in the press throughout the country, should serve as an inspiration and guide for all officers concerned in the financial affairs of the Corps.

4. The appropriations for the Quartermaster's Department are handled as a single fund, and if there be extravagance or undue expenditures, the amount required for rations, clothing, recruiting, etc., for 18,000 men will be insufficient for the purpose intended, and it will become necessary to reduce the number of enlisted men below the strength mentioned, the actual number being determined by the funds available for their maintenance. I ask your whole-hearted cooperation in preventing the necessity of reducing the number of enlisted men.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE.

## BROWN BUGUIS

## By a Plane Observer

In this, the first appearance of the "Brown Buguis" in The Leatherneck, the observer will make an explanation of the name selected for his column. All of you readers who have served in Haiti are familiar with the word "bugui" (pronounced bugeye). If not mistaken, the observer translates it to apply to anything that we are slow in finding a name for. It is the synonym for "gadget," "whatis," "thingabob," and many other idioms of the language that are employed by everybody in their everyday speech when we see a thing that is new or which we have no name for. We ejaculate, "Let's see the 'bugui.'" Here at the field (Brown Field, First Aviation Group, Quantico, Va.) we venture that half the nomenclature of airplane motors, machine guns, and other technical apparatus is "bugui" to many in their reference to it. Hence, we wish to caption our column "Brown Buguis," as the observations taken and transcribed for the readers of The Leatherneck will be something, anything, or perhaps nothing—in the minds of the readers—about the doings of the First Aviation Group.

In reading a recent issue of the Camden, New Jersey Courier, we observed an article in a black-faced typed box that told of two Marines having a forced landing in a widow's onion patch near Riverside,

New Jersey. The pilot, Corporal John H. Price, and his mechanic, Corporal Leon Bryant, of the First Aviation Group. The men were on their return flight from the Miller Field Air Races at New York when their radiator over-heated causing a forced landing in the lady's onion patch. The story related that the fire department of Riverside had to be called out to rope off the curious sight-seers from the stranded plane.

Now, the results of our observations are these: The "Jenny" plane which Price was flying is one of the oldest type planes in aviation and is no more a novelty to even a back-woodsman of the darkest valley of Kentucky. Secondly, who can weather the odiferous stench that arises from freshly crushed onions? It settles, it seems to the two intrepid fliers. To the plane observer it is truly a "bugui."

"By their neckerchiefs ye shall know them." As the knights of old in their jousts wore the most gaudy plumes on their helmets and wore their lady's favor on their sleeve, so it is with the pilots and the crews of the First Aviation Group's two pursuit flights, "C" and "D." The flaming red neckerchief worn by pilot and passenger alike when the flights go on cross-country designates "D" flight, while the fliers of "C" flight wear a most flashy yellow. The origin of this set custom is of interest to the observer.



Lieutenant L. H. Sanderson, commander of "D" flight, being a native of Montana and an alumni of Montana University, wears the bandanna of the sheep herder around his neck at all times while flying to protect his neck from chafing. While at Langley Field on aerial gunnery maneuvers with the army, red pennants were used and tied on the firing planes to designate the targets to be fired upon. Mimicing their illustrious pilot, the crew chiefs, pilots and armament men all absconded enough of the red bunting to make neckerchiefs to be worn on the return flight to the field. Thus the custom—and another "bugui."

In "sighting in" the observer has noted with glee the goodfellowship displayed by our new pilots who have been recently designated N. A. P.'s at Pensacola and have been transferred to Brown Field for duty. They are Second Lieutenants Manley, Walker, Harris, Trundle and Rhodes. It is seldom in the conversation that passes about the bunkhouse that such good opinions are expressed about new pilots. There is always the standard "He'll never be the flyer that 'Sandy' is," and many other voicings are heard at random. But it is all just like the Q. E. D. in geometry (that which has been demonstrated) all these officers have demonstrated their ability as pilots and above all they have proved themselves model officers in the estimations of their subordinates. Such personalities add to the good morale, esprit de corps of the "outfit," and it's bon "bugui."

On their return from their cross-country to Great Falls, Montana, Lieutenant L. H. Sanderson, pilot, and Gunnery Sergeant Tommy Whitman, wore beards that would bat them a thousand in the Zion City aggregation. Mr. Sanderson reported a great time at the Custer celebration and according to Tommy, "Sandy" did his stuff with the old DeHaviland plane that they flew just like he did on the Montana football team while a student in the State University some years past. Mr. Sanderson oftentimes relates that it was the pretty blue uniform that caused his first enlistment in the Marines and the observer opines that his show at Great Falls will cause many other young Americans to enter the Corps.

On their recent aerial survey of Parris Island, Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt and Gunnery Sergeant Frank Burkhardt lauded the hospitable treatment that they received while guests of the Island. Sergeant Burkhardt along with Gunnery Sergeant Hopwood Kildow, who, with Captain James T. Moore, went along with the alternate plane, spoke highly of the good treatment that they got at the hands of the Parris Island N. C. O. Club. One trip by one plane to any other post establishes the feeling between the two stations. Sergeants Kildow and Burkhardt were loud in their praise of the Parris Island N. C. O. Club. N. C. O. clubs are in position to do much if properly organized with good objectives.

This one is for conversation in "high-

up" society in aeronautical terms—"I don't like that girl's 'altitude' and she could tell it by the 'compression' on my face."

#### WHERE IS?

Dr. Frank T. Brough of Basking Ridge, N. J., recently communicated with Headquarters, seeking information regarding the burial place of his son, the late Private Frank C. Brough, U. S. Marine Corps, who died July 23, 1918 of wounds received in action while serving with the 82nd Company, 6th Regiment in France.

In his letter Dr. Brough made a personal appeal to those members of the Corps who remember anything about his son to write to him at the above address. Private Brough is alleged to have been an all-around athlete, particularly interested in baseball, football, swimming, fancy diving, and boxing and to have been prominent in athletic tournaments.

#### CONVERSION OF INSURANCE

Through action of Congress, service men and ex-veterans who have been carrying government insurance on the "Term" plan, that is, without converting it to one of the various more expensive types, such as endowment, 20 payment life, etc., now have another year of grace before they must take final action, to either convert it or let it lapse.

With many, this extra period will be a blessing, as the term insurance rate is very cheap, and with the advance notice all involved have plenty of time to decide just what kind of insurance to carry when the time comes.

The insurance may now be converted on or before July 2, 1927.

#### U. S. M. C. R. OFFICERS GIVE DINNER

On June 24, the Marine Corps Reserve Officers who were on duty at Quantico gave a dinner for the officers of Quantico. There were fifty present; twenty-seven reserves and twenty-three guests.

The opening address was given by Major General Cole. Lieutenant Derbin followed with humorous tales of his part in the World War. He wanted it distinctly understood that he had fought the war in the Azores Islands, eight hundred miles from France and three hundred miles from Congress. Lieutenant Derbin is well-known as the "Bunkhouse Poet."

Lieutenant Colonel Timmerman talked on the present and the future of the reserve, taking all sides of what the reserve means to the Corps and what it is expected to accomplish.

Captains Bleasdale, Geer, Fay, and Flinn also gave very interesting talks to the dinner guests.

Music was furnished by the Post Band, and all spent a very enjoyable evening.

#### EXAMS FOR U.S.M.C. WARRANTS

Examinations for appointment to chief warrant rank, under the act of Congress approved June 10, 1926, creating such rank in the Marine Corps, are to be held in the near future by the Marine Corps Examining Board.

#### STATION FAG BROADCASTING

By Cpl. I. Schneider

Good evening, folks! Care to listen in on the doings of some aviatin' gyrenes, then harken? We claim that we have the best little outfit in Quantico, and perhaps we may boast, in the entire Corps. Oh, we know you are not going to believe it so soon, but just keep alistenin'.

An old saying goes something like this, "The way to a man's heart is via his stomach." Right! And our Mess Sergeant is right there to see that our hearts are touched! With Mr. Roeller as Mess Officer and "Jake" Stahl as our Mess Sergeant the boys get their fill three times a day, and the truth is that the chow is so good that many times the boys sneak in for seconds. And you can't blame a single man for wanting seconds on the dumplings that "Jake" puts out.

We have having erected a recreation hall and gymnasium in one of our sea-plane hangars. It will be quite a large hall with bowling alleys, pool tables, an up-to-date athletic training outfit for boxers, wrestlers, and the like; a reading room and library, and for those who care to listen in on the ether a five-tube super-heterodyne Radiola set.

Our Post Exchange is large and fully stocked with every sort of article found in any large city emporium. We have our barbers and tailors, and between the two, we have a clean-shaven and well-dressed outfit.

We have as Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel T. C. Turner, and the destinies of the Co.'s office lay in the hands of First Sergeant Hartkopf, as acting sergeant-major while Sergeant-major Lang is away on furlough. And our Group Headquarters outfit contains some of the best pen pushers you can find in the Corps.

And listeners in, we have, yes, we have indeed, the most crackerjack baseball outfit in the entire post, if not in the Corps. At this very writing our team is leading the post league.

Just listen in on this array of talent and you shall not wonder why we have the best baseball nine:

Van Buren, the manager, a man who knows his baseball and for whom the fellows would work their heads off.

It is hard to pick them according to their value to the team so we'll just pick them as they come to mind.

Haddock, the elongated first sacker. He can stretch himself along fifteen feet of fertile baseball diamond soil, and put out his man, 99 times out of every hundred. He played in the game with the 10th Regiment when he was supposed to be a patient in the hospital. No sirree, you can't beat such men!

"Georgie" Williams plays so hard at the keystone bag that every now and then you will find an error chalked up against him.

Starr, the star of the baseball pitchers, who along with Van Buren has been holding down the pitching tasks, is a man who studies the game as it goes along. He has complete control of every situation that presents itself and many's the time that he has gotten himself out of a hole when things looked black for our team.

Half-pint Grivers, the backstop, can't get too much praise. Like "Bones" Had-

dock he has been playing with an ailment. His legs are badly bruised and yet you can't keep him out of the game. One of Grivers w. k. tricks are whenever a batter whiffs at the ball and misses he ups and shows the batter the ball, which may and sometimes does, draw the ire of the batter, yet, that's baseball. Running bases is Half-pint's meat, and when the squeeze play is ordered you can always depend for shorty to do his bit.

Van Buren again. He plays short when he isn't pitching. The strategy that is pulled off on the diamond by the aviation team makes one believe he were witnessing a major league game. And Van is right there when it comes to using his wits.

At third, Grayson and Wanamaker have been having their turns. Both of these men are good ball players. The hot corner is a hard one to play and when a team has two good men to cover this bag they're in luck.

In the outfield are Curry, Buccina, and Piner; every one of them dandy outfielders. Curry is a cracker-jack when up at bat, the most consistent and one of the hardest hitters on the team. Buccina is noted for his arm. It is comparable to the much-talked of arm of Bob Meusel of the New York Yankees. Anyone who witnessed the aviation-10th Regiment game will testify to Mike's arm. He threw a man out at home by making a perfect peg to the catcher from deep center. It is playing such as this that makes major league ball interesting and we had a taste of it right on our own field. Both Buccina and Piner are strong with the willow.

The substitutes would make a dandy first string team on another outfit. An old baseball idiom has been that a team is as strong as its substitutes. And we were fortunate indeed, in having first class material for substitutes. These include Beebe Rhodes and Cy Perkins, who helped the pitchers along; Paskiviec, who caught a game every now and then; old reliable "Hoppe" Kildow, he who played in the field, in the box, or on the side-lines, it made no difference, he was on the team. And there are others.

Such an array of baseball material, a balanced organization of veterans with the proper amount of new blood, the co-ordination of the men, their willingness to fight for every point, that was the spirit that has taken them along to the top of the league, and with but one or two more games to go, we are rooting our heads off for them to bring home the bacon. And the boys know that we are right in back of them to win!

While on the subject of baseball we must not omit some of the features of that 10th Regiment game. It would be a shame to omit that game. Every one who was not on duty from the 10th Regiment and aviation outfits and many other organizations came up to the aviation field to see the game. The Commanding General, Brigadier General and Mrs. Feland, Colonel Lay, the Commanding Officer of the 10th Regiment, and many other high ranking officers witnessed the day's baseball classic. The 10th Regiment band broke out in strains of music when they were not razzing some of the plays. Yet the music was entertaining and we must not complain.

## MARINE CORPS RIFLE AND PISTOL COMPETITIONS

Held at: MB, Quantico, Va.

June 22-24, 1926

Standing	Medal Winners	Rank	Score	Medal
1	Gilman, Frank S.....	1st-Lt.	775	Gold
2	Hamas, John .....	Sgt.	774	Gold
3	Cutts, Richard M., Jr.....	2nd-Lt.	773	Gold
4	Waggoner, Seth.....	Cpl.	772	Gold
5	Hankins, Joseph F.....	Cpl.	771	Silver
6	Cagle, Carl J.....	Sgt.	769	Silver
7	Hunt, Alan T.....	2nd-Lt.	767	Bronze
8	Mietzell, Oscar E.....	Sgt.	765	Bronze
9	Schnack, Walter.....	Cpl.	764	Bronze
10	Hohn, Lewis A.....	2nd-Lt.	764	Bronze
11	Zsiga, Stephen J.....	Sgt.	764	Bronze
12	Wade, Ira S.....	Pvt.	763	Bronze
13	Jakstovich, Joseph J.....	Cpl.	762	Bronze
14	Boothe, Raymond G.....	PFC.	761	Bronze

### PISTOL

1	Devito, Christy .....	PFC.	1529	Gold
2	Russell, Edward .....	Cpl.	1499	Silver
3	Tappa, Clifford J.....	Pvt.	1486	Bronze
4	French, Albert S.....	Sgt.	1466	Bronze
5	Holzhauser, Edwin F.....	Sgt.	1464	Bronze

### LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY

1	Edward Russell .....	Cpl.	1011.518	Gold
2	Raymond T. Presnell.....	1st-Lt.	1009.228	Silver
3	John M. Thomas.....	Gy-Sgt.	1004.942	Bronze

By reason of their participation in the Divisional and Marine Corps competitions this year, the following-named will be awarded distinguished medals:

#### Distinguished Marksman

2nd-Lt Lewis A. Hohn  
Sgt. Leo M. Jennings  
Sgt. Oscar E. Mietzell  
Sgt. Robert F. McCoy  
Cpl. Joseph F. Hankins  
Cpl. Edward H. Schmierer

#### Distinguished Pistol Shots

1st-Lt. Herbert S. Keimling  
1st-Sgt. George W. Kase  
Sgt. Earle E. Daniel  
Sgt. Albert S. French  
Sgt. Edwin F. Holzhauser  
Cpl. Howard V. Watson  
Cpl. Edward Russell.

Pop Berry, perhaps the most enthusiastic of all aviation's enthusiastic men, was there leading "our band" with a bass drum. Many were the G. I. can covers that did duty for the band that afternoon. And oh, what a send-off those 10th Regiment men received, thanks to Pop Berry. They will never forget it; as each truck-load of their men went by they were ballyhooed off the field. And we can't forget it ourselves, for we won the game and in this manner took undisputed leadership of the post league. And this ballyhooing was taken in the proper spirit and we are glad now that it is all over that they did take it as a matter of fun. They're pretty good sports, these 10th Regiment men, and we can't help but appreciate their willingness to win baseball games for Colonel Lay.

Lieutenant Sanderson, our Athletic Officer, is back from his trip to Montana. Gunnery Sergeant Whitman accompanied "Sandy" on this cross-country trip. Tommy says he is through taking these trips, for a while anyway. Guess he must have been lonesome for his wife, and you can't get angry at a man for that. Lieutenant Sanderson has been kept so busy since his return that he has been unable to write up the story he promised us for the August issue. However he has a whole month now in which to prepare his story and you can be as-

sured that it will appear in the subsequent issue.

The smoker Lieutenant Sanderson has promised the boys was put off until the weather gets a bit cooler. It has been exceedingly warm in these parts and being that we want to put this smoker over big, we have decided to wait until such time as the weather will be more favorable.

There are a number of men at the field who are going to become good mittmen. Centner is perhaps the leader of the fighters in that he puts on the gloves more often than the others. Teddy Gooding should be coaxed into getting into the ring. Braun, a middleweight, should be able to give a good account of himself if he will train carefully. Leonard has been laying off the leather mittens but that is no sign that he is quitting. We are going to have them all in shape for the smoker and you can bet your bottom dollar that any men they meet will know, after it is all over, that they have been in a battle.

Station FAG is now signing off to give some other broadcast a chance.

At the close of the first training period for officers of the Marine Corps Reserve, which was held at Quantico, Va., June 13-27, 1926, the Reserve Officers gave a dinner at the Officers Club at Quantico, in honor of Major General Eli

(Continued on page 46)



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### New Courses in Marine Corps Institute

The Marine Corps Institute desires to announce to the service the establishment of thirteen (13) new courses, which are now available to all Marines.

These courses are as follows:

- Commercial Art.
- Concrete Construction.
- Gas Fitter's.
- Automobile Salesmanship.
- Diesel Engines.
- Stationary Internal Combustion Engines.
- Marine Internal Combustion Engines.
- General Business Management.
- High School English.
- College Preparatory.
- High School Commercial.
- High School Vocational.
- High School Agricultural.

The above courses contain the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain and are highly recommended to those interested in these subjects.

With the addition of these courses the Marine Corps Institute now has 263 courses available and it is thought that all Marines who are interested in spare time study in order to better themselves should be able to select a course in which they are interested.

For further information write to: The Director, Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

### The Disaster at Dover

VERY FEW requests have been sent in to Headquarters during the past ten days for transfer to Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Dover, N. J. The recent disaster at that place has just about obliterated all desirable features that Dover might have held for the adventurous Marine. But those who had been serving at that post have indeed encountered "the greatest adventure of an adventurous and eventful life."

It is folly for us Marines of the swivel chair variety to attempt to convey to the reader the enormous significance of what happened there, or to put into words a fitting tribute to those brave men who would not "give up the ship"; for, at best, we have but a nebulous conception of what actually took place during those few disastrous days.

A flash of lightning; an alert sentry; fire call; the usual response; and then—what? The sinister forces of powder

and fire set loose to play havoc at their own volition, interrupted only by the futile efforts of a few Marines! In France, Marines had coped successfully with the same forces; but there these forces were directed by a well-trained enemy, and a strategic move might be efficacious in avoiding the direct fire of the enemy. But here at Lake Denmark those forces, which have for so long been under the control of man, were freed in a bedlam of terror, carrying death and destruction to everything within range. Great shells hurled themselves in ALL directions; the entire area was continually swept by powder and fire, so that the battlefields of France present a mild appearance beside the desolate country about Lake Denmark—devoid of all vegetation, with no buildings standing, and nothing to break the deplorable monotony but a few shattered tree trunks pointing their splinters to the sky.

There is no doubt that those who were wiped out in the first and second explosions died "with their boots on." In a true spirit of loyalty and devotion to duty, these brave men, having been knocked down, hurled into the air, and wounded by the first explosion, nevertheless continued to lay their hose lines in a vain attempt to prevent the holocaust that did occur despite the best that they could do. Without gas masks they worked, in dense clouds of sulphurous smoke that billowed up from the burning magazine, to prevent the spread of the fire. Charred bodies, torn, unrecognizable, were found where they fell while running not away from the blazing powder magazine, but toward it in response to the alarm of fire.

More heroic still is the noble work of those men who penetrated the danger zone with stretchers (while projectiles banged and whistled and shrieked, and rained about them into a burning, smouldering, stifling hell) to bring out the dead and to rescue any who may have lived through the inferno. They crawled on their bellies through this No-Man's-Land, and took shelter as they could, flattening out when the big projectiles came whining overhead, leaping into hideous shell holes when shell holes were nearby. Through a treacherous debris of parts of trees and telegraph poles, piles of brick and lumber, snarls of wire, and red and white ashes stirred spasmodically by some new blast of powder or the explosion of a projectile, where tier beside tier of huge shells lay ready to go off at any moment. Marines carried on. Chunks of steel and concrete, liquid fire from oil tanks, and burning timbers rained down upon them.

This exhibition of courage and strength is characteristic of a well-disciplined soldier who is loyal to his country, his comrades, and his leaders, and who can be depended upon to do his duty in an emergency. Marines often brave danger and like it. They endure hardships in good spirit. They are not emotional; and are prone to underestimate the quality and the value of the deeds they have done—their noble ideals of service cause them to give but passing notice to heroic performances in line of duty.

Devoid of selfishness and without regard for their individual human existence, the Dover Marines have upheld the glorious traditions and high ideals of the Corps; and are to be commended for their excellent spirit.

Those, who, according to last reports, lost their lives are as follows: Captain Burwell H. Clarke, Private Maurice Robert Hardaker, Private Orlando Milachton Alfon, Private Virgle Chalmer Barker, Private Ralph Van Pelt Graham, Private Henry Damain Mackert, Jr., Private John Wilson Monroe, Private Earnest Powell, Private Frank Carl Weber, and Trumpeter Mason DeWilton Edison.

Those still reported as missing are: Corporal Frederick Joseph Rachford, Private Oliver Charles Bliss, Private John Alfred Little, and Private Paul William Moreau.

President Coolidge, upon hearing of the explosions, expressed his sentiments in the following words:

"The destruction of the naval ammunition depot at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, is a most deplorable catastrophe. I extend my sincere sympathy and that of the country to the relatives of those who have been injured.

"The details received by me emphasize clearly that devotion to duty and heroism are not confined to the battlefield."

### The Game of Lacrosse

NEXT SPRING lacrosse will be taken up at Quantico. We now have a sufficient number of lacrosse players, both to coach and play, this new sport, which is in some cases and to some degree, displacing college baseball.

Among the officers who have had considerable experience in lacrosse are: Lieutenants McQuade, Berger and Hough from the University of Maryland, and Lieutenants Good and Larsen from the U. S. Naval Academy. We expect to have several new Second Lieutenants, about to be commissioned upon graduating from college, who are qualified to join this list.



## AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

Arthur Hogan, Chas. Noble, Sidney Childriss, Leslie Vancil and W. Huchaby recently left Parris Island for Key West. They were in splendid spirits and were wondering if they would find it as warm there as the Island had been. I wonder? Personally I have found it even more than warm during their tour of duty in this beautiful station. Perhaps the above quintette may enlighten us at a later date.

It is always a wonderful and real treat to listen to our own Marine Band. Whether at rehearsal or in concert there is an enthralling feeling that simply can't be shaken off. I had the privilege of listening when the seventy-five Marines combined with the army's ninety for a rehearsal of the exercises in which unitedly they took part on July 5. Were I able to quote all the adjectives possible to use in description of what I heard they would fall far short in enabling me to express all the thrilling pleasure I experienced. The band leader has unfortunately been very sick of late and thus the leadership on that occasion fell on the shoulders of that splendidly able and efficient second, Taylor Branson.

Branson came to the Band in September, 1898, and after twenty-eight years, his enthusiasm is of the same loyal and intense character as when he first wore the uniform. It's a great pleasure to meet and talk with him on Marine musical matters. The Army leader is Wm. Jennings Stannard, who has also enjoyed twenty-six years of service and three years ago was selected by competition to take the high and important position he now occupies.

As a boy did you ever get against the board fence and strain your eyes to get a glimpse of the baseball game through the convenient knot-hole? The men of the Kiwanis Club of Charleston, S. C., amongst whom are several ex-Marines, have conducted a knot-hole club this season in connection with the Industrial League of their city, thus giving every boy and girl who might be at the knot-hole a chance to see the game as they should.

Nothing could be finer than the appearance of the Marines chosen as the Guard of Honor to the President and Mrs. Coolidge on the fifth on their visit to the stadium of the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. The applause of the crowd was unstinted and the dog who accompanied the forty-third company certainly received a big ovation himself from the three thousand members of the chorus who were solidly banked behind the President's stand.

Fifty years from this the masterpiece of the President will have become classic to be quoted and used by the orators of that day. No Marine should rest until he has not only read but thoroughly

digested and fixed in his memory as much of that magnificent address as he can possibly carry.

Major Biddle's excellent drill team are in really the finest shape. The bayonet drill is almost perfect, even to the eyes of the professional, while to the uninitiated who are in my class it is the most perfect piece of work that could possibly be placed before the public. The Major reminds one of the best of masters and to all appearance would pass on the field as a young officer of about twenty-six. No person visiting Philadelphia this summer should fail to witness this marvelous piece of work.

"I knew your father and grandfather. Your grandfather was a deputy sheriff and sheriff of this county for several years, and in '78 was elected county judge of the county. He served until his death occurred in '83 before his term of office had expired. He was one of the most honored and respected citizens of Davies County; had been in public life for a number of years, and no one stood higher than he for honesty and good citizenship. Your father was in the grocery business and was a member of the City Council. He also was a man who enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens."

The above is a copy of part of a letter from Owensboro, Ky., received by QM Sergeant Robert B. Scott of Washington in response to another query he had recently made of a city official. Scott has seen twenty-one years of excellent service and on receiving this splendid testimony concerning his parents it is no wonder that he felt taller and even looked larger than the average QM Noncom.

After twenty years in the Corps, William H. Lape has gone to Annapolis. Six years in Washington he felt prepared him for this and all his friends hope under Major Torrey friend William will graduate to future appointments with honors.

## Torn from My Scrapbook



## PLAY THE GAME

Life is a game with a glorious prize,  
If we only play it right,  
It is give and take, build and break,  
And often it ends in a fight.  
But he surely wins who honestly tries  
Regardless of wealth or fame,  
He can never despair who plays it fair,  
How are you playing the game?  
Do you wilt or whine if you fail to win?  
In the manner you think your due?  
Do you sneer at the man in case that he  
can,  
And does, do better than you?  
Do you take your rebuffs with a grinning  
grin,  
Do you laugh though you pull up lame,  
Does your faith hold true when the whole  
world's blue?  
How are you playing the game?

Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys,  
Whatever your cherished goal;  
Brace up your will 'til your pulses thrill,  
And you dare, to your very Soul!  
Do something more than make a noise;  
Let your purpose leap into flame,  
As you plunge with a cry, "I shall do or  
die!"

Then you will be playing the game.

Another writer says:  
"We can't all play a winning game,  
Someone is sure to lose;  
Yet, we can play so that our name  
No one may dare accuse.  
That when the Master Referee  
Scores against our name;  
It won't be whether we've won or lost  
But how we've played the game."

A South Carolina editor has written a toast to laughter, which I pass on:

The subject is big and the sentiment is fittingly eloquent. It is a tuneful toast to one of the world's mightiest forces—laughter, which cheers the heart and lightens life's pathway, which destroys falsehood and tears the mask off the pretender, which kills gloom and sweeps the demagogue off the stage in a gale of mirth.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the leaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead of the cup of pleasure, it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy; for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief, it is what makes kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent; it is the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the waters of delight; the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel; for it's the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan-song of sadness.

"My business is not to remake myself, but make the absolute best of what God made."—Robert Browning.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of someone else.—Dickens.

Be true to your best.

You ought to be fine for the sake of the folks

Who think you are fine.  
If others have faith in you doubly you're bound

To stick to the line.  
It's not only on you that dishonor descends.

You can't hurt yourself without hurting your friends.

You ought to be true for the sake of the folks

Who believe you are true;  
You never should stoop to a deed that your friends

Think you wouldn't do.  
If you're false to yourself, be the blemish but small,

(Continued on page 64)

# Marine Aviators add Glory to Corps

Place in Every Event Entered in the Third Annual Air Meet of the 27th Division Air Service, N. Y. National Guard at New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y.

The work of the Marine aviators participating in the 3rd annual air meet of the 27th Division Air Service, New York National Guard, at Miller Field, New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y., on Saturday, June 26th, 1926, added more laurels to Marine aviation and greater glory to the Corps.

The Marine Corps team under the able leadership of Captain James T. Moore placed in every event entered in the meet. Out of four cups offered for prizes the Marine aviators attached to the First Aviation Group, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., won three. They also took home with them several leather hand bags and two or three watches offered as prizes in the various events.

The giant Fokker, the Josephine Ford, the airplane in which Lieutenant Commander Evelyn Byrd, U. S. N., flew over the North Pole made its first flight since that staunch aircraft wrote new history. It made several flights during the afternoon and at one time was piloted by Lieutenant Alton J. Parker, of the Marine Corps Reserve, who accompanied Commander Byrd on his now famous flight over the Pole.

More than 20,000 persons gathered at the field before noon, and about half that number remained throughout the rain, which failed to stop the show or dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd as they watched almost 100 airplanes maneuver in the air.

As should be expected the Marine planes led off in the list of events. A formation of Voughts in command of Lieutenant John T. Harris, U. S. Marine Corps, was the first to take the air. After flying around for some fifteen minutes this formation landed and another formation of fast Boeing pursuit planes led by Lieutenant Norton took off. While this formation was in the air the Josephine Ford went up for her first flight since she was brought back from the North Pole trip.

Next came the D. H. Speed race. Five ships, in all, were entered in this event: two Marine ships, two Navy, and a National Guard plane. One of the incidents of this race was when the Marine D. H., piloted by Captain Thomas R. Shearer, was about ready to take-off, the National Guard plane's propeller hit the rudder of Captain Shearer's ship and bent it. Captain Shearer did not know of this when he took the air and yet with the bent rudder he came in second. After he had landed and was told of the

By Cpl. I. Schneider, U. S. M. C.

rudder of his ship being bent he looked at it with awe. Master Technical Sergeant Paschal, also of the Marines, came in third.

The event that had the crowd on edge throughout its performance was the stunt flying in Boeing pursuit planes. Lieutenant Norton of the Marines was the first to take the air in the stunt flying. His variety of stunts and skill in maneuvering his ship won the plaudits of the spectators and when he landed he was given a mighty applause. Lieutenant Schilt, a brother officer of Lieutenant Norton, also took part in this event and he did about everything that could be done to a ship.

One of the outstanding features of the day's program was the parachute jumping. Standing on each of the wings two parachute jumpers went up in a Martin Bomber piloted by Lieutenant Schilt but were unable to make the jumps due to poor visibility. After a second attempt the Bomber had reached an altitude of eleven hundred feet and the men made their jumps at this height. In an attempt to break the parachute jumping record of Sergeant Rand Bose, of Mitchell Field, Long Island, who fell 1,500 feet before pulling the ring and opening his parachute, Aviation Chief Rigger Clark and Aviation Machinist's Mate Hanks, both of the Navy, failed, due only to the inability of the plane to reach an altitude of sufficient height that the breaking of this record could be attempted, and this was due to the dense fog and poor visibility that was prevalent throughout the afternoon. In a third try at landing to the mark both parachute men dropped well over the limits of the field.

Perhaps the most impressive race was the mixed relay race. The Marine Corps team was composed of Captain T. R. Shearer, and Lieutenants H. J. Norton and C. F. Schilt. They were piloting a D. H., J. N. and Boeing pursuit, respectively. This team won the race in handy fashion.

A Marine airplane, a Martin Bomber, won second place in the blue ribbon airplane contest. This Martin Bomber has been in service for a period of seven years and was beaten only by a navy ship that was recently completed.

A total of twenty Marine planes, sixteen officers, and twenty enlisted men,

made possible the success of the Marine Corps winning a place in every event entered. Following are the events in which Marine aviators placed:

**ON TO MILLER FIELD**—Organization sending the greatest number of planes, silver loving cup, won by First Aviation Group, Brown Field, Quantico, Va.

**ON TO MILLER FIELD**—Field flying the greatest number of airplane miles, silver loving cup, won by First Aviation Group, Brown Field, Quantico, Va. The following pilots made possible the winning of these cups: Major E. H. Brainard, Captains L. M. Bourne, Jr., R. J. Mitchell, J. T. Moore, T. R. Shearer, Lieutenants W. G. Farrell, H. J. Norton, W. L. McKittrick, C. F. Schilt, S. A. McClellan, J. T. Harris, W. B. Trundle, T. J. Walker, R. H. Rhoads, and W. G. Manley; Master Technical Sergeants B. F. Belcher, Jr., R. G. Fry and A. Paschal, and Corporal J. H. Price.

**FORMATION FLIGHT**—Won second place—VF Squadron No. 1, F. A. G. Pilots: Lieutenants H. J. Norton and W. L. McKittrick and Master Technical Sergeant R. G. Fry.

**BLUE RIBBON AIRPLANE**—Won second place—MT No. 5919. Crew Chief: Sergeant Louis Jesuale. 1st Mechanic, Corporal Ray M. Robbenolt.

**D. H. SPEED RACE**—Second place—Captain T. R. Shearer. Third place—Master Technical Sergeant Archie Paschal.

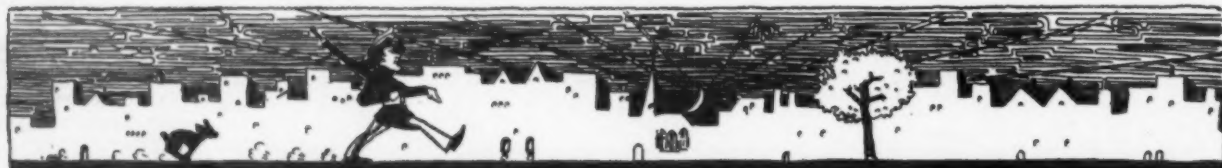
**STUNT FLYING**—Third place—Lieutenant H. J. Norton.

**OPEN SPEED RACE**—Second place—Lieutenant H. J. Norton. Third place—Master Technical Sergeant R. G. Fry. Fourth place—Captain James T. Moore.

**RELAY RACE, MIXED TYPES**—First place—Marine Corps Team. Pilots: Captain Thomas R. Shearer, Lieutenant Harmon J. Norton, Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt.

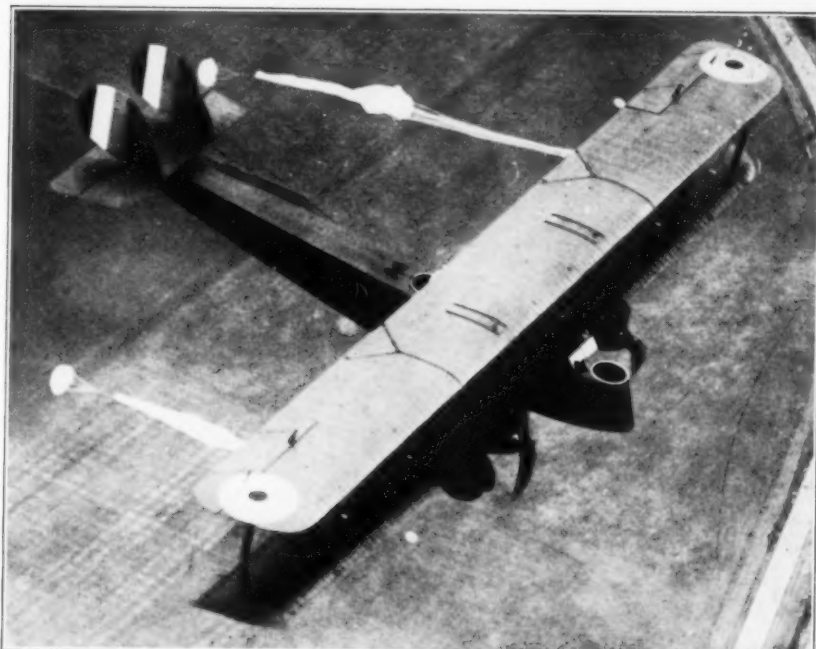
Aside from the pilots already mentioned the following is a retinue of men who attended the meet from Brown Field, Quantico, Va.:

Sergeants Louis Jesuale, Frederick O'Connor; Corporals John E. Bowen, Leon W. Bryant, Albert H. Clough, George M. Coddington, Oscar A. Knopf, William M. Rhodes, Ray M. Robbenolt, and Anthony Rogalinski, and Private Carl E. Coder, as mechanic; Sergeant Charles A. Cameron who operated a radio set in the Martin Bomber while on its way to and from Miller Field, and the writer.



VIEWS  
of the  
Third Annual  
Air Meet  
at  
New Dorp, Staten  
Island, New York

(Story on opposite page)

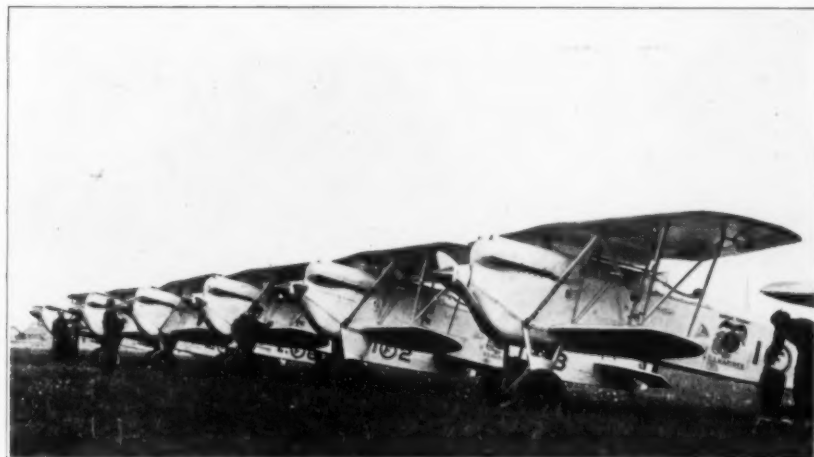


U. S. Air Service Photo.

These parachutes are just opening up after the men jumped from the plane and pulled the ring.

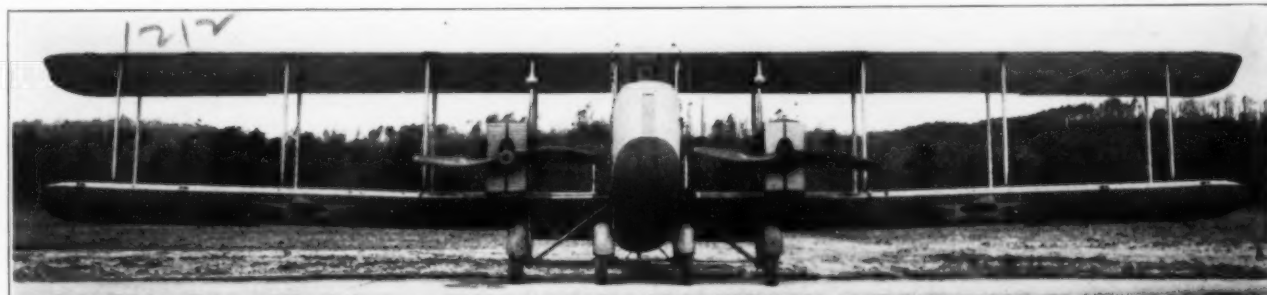


A perfect landing.



U. S. Air Service Photo.

Group of Boeing Pursuit Planes of the Marine Corps



One of the Marine Corps' Martin Bombers at the First Aviation Group, Quantico, Va.



## THE LEATHERNECK



Major Wilcox presents flag to be flown during making of "Tell It to the Marines."



Mr. Louis B. Mayer presents the colors to the color guard prior to hoisting.

## THE LEATHERNECK

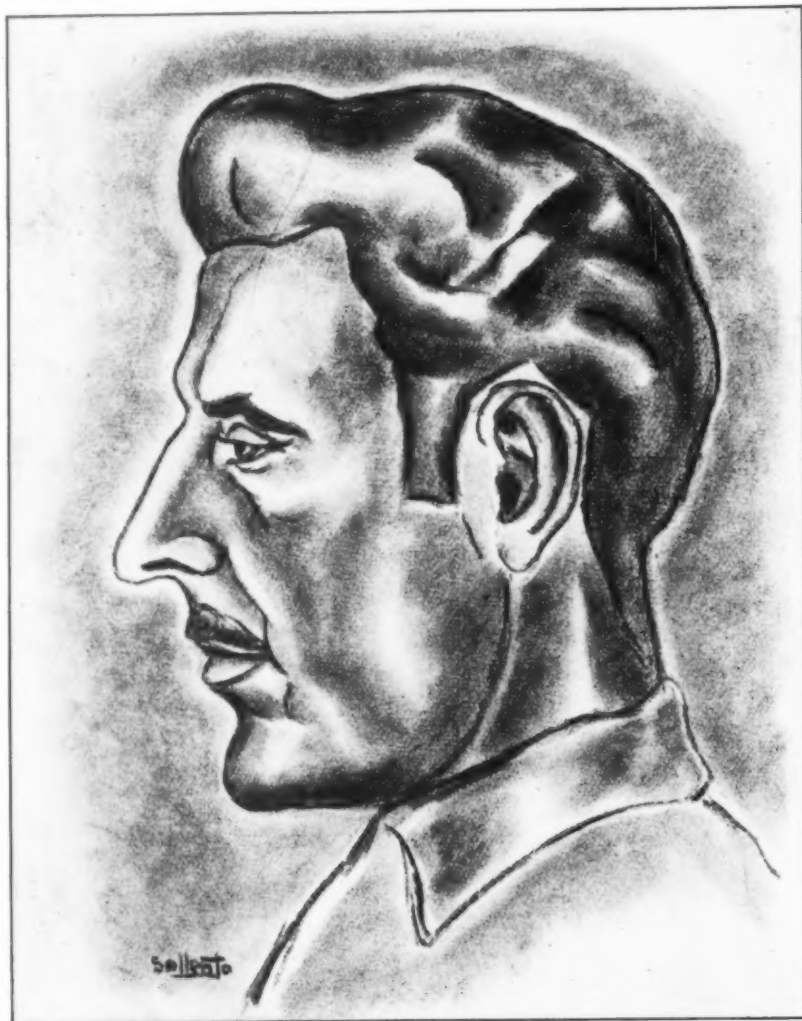


Reproduction of Tun Tavern at the Sesqui-Centennial Grounds in Philadelphia.



Marines guarding the Liberty Bell during the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition.

## Famous Marines



FIRST LIEUTENANT HAYNE D. BOYDEN

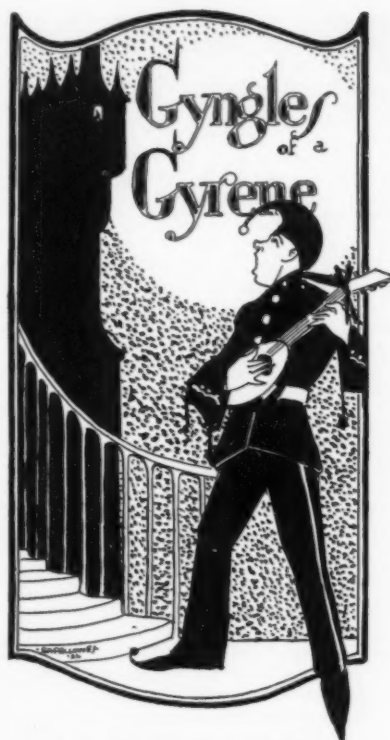
The name of Lieutenant Boyden is already engraved in the annals of the U. S. Marine Corps as one of its foremost air pilots. Only recently he acquainted us with some of his experiences in his "Adventures in Hispanola."

But there is another side to the man which is also revealing. Although we cannot say that we have read any verse from the pen of Lieutenant Boyden, we can safely say that he is a poet in his outlook on life.

His outstanding vigor and the interest he takes in all men and their tasks, have gained for him not only many friends but also the esteem of all the men of his outfit.

M. S.





### THE STENOG SUCCUMBS TO PEGASUS

By Lou Wylie

All this talk of trade, and cunning,  
When one's thoughts must needs be running

Towards the Muse  
Gets one in ill with their betters,  
Tangles up dictated letters  
So they do confuse.

Since the Muses jealous are,  
And with Commerce oft at war,  
Let it be declared  
That the eight hours of dictation  
In pursuit of daily ration  
I've debarred.

One to really be a bard  
Must forget the price of lard,  
Wheat and corn advances.  
"Yours of recent date received"  
Has too oft the writer grieved  
With unmusical cadences;  
Hence, she's off the payroll, never  
Will her old typewriter ever  
Utter ought but classic verse.

From her desk divorced, behold her,  
Though an attic room is colder  
Not much worse  
Than the rooms that, day by day  
Salaried stenogs buy and pay  
For at the "Y."  
Gin can be had for the making,  
Themes of poems for the taking;  
Fellowship's not high  
When one lives "a la Bohemia,"  
And the nights are left for dreamier  
Ones who think its made for sleep.

"Light the candle at both ends!  
Here comes one who'd make amends  
For her dalliance,  
Who too long with dash and dot  
Lingered where all's tommy rot  
But a salesman's cans and can'ts.  
Fill the cup with purple wine!  
(Though it's never seen the vine,

Made from apples and from yeast)

#### Part II

Ensconced within an attic high  
With blue slate roofs, a strip of sky,  
And chimney pots galore,  
Behold our stenog, free at night  
To give her budding genius right  
Of way, and let it soar.  
Banished the clock, whose wild alarm  
Was wont to take her brain by storm  
Each morn, at half past six.  
No longer need she grumbling rise,  
To dab mascara on her eyes,  
And shirtwaist buttons fix.  
Now late indeed our stenog lays,  
Sleeping the best part of the days  
Which she was wont to work;  
And, far into the sultry night  
Burning the bald electric light,  
For genius must lurk  
In tenement and cabin, where  
It breathes a free, untainted air  
That money never brings,  
But scorns the beaten haunts where go  
Folks to and from a bungalow,  
It hates new purchased things,  
Nor breathes serenely with fresh paint,  
Linoleumed floors, where cooker's faint  
Odors rise up from pot and pan,  
It shuns the hackneyed talk of folk  
And gets a paralytic stroke  
From an installment man.  
To write, of this one must be free,  
Therefore our stenog you'll agree  
Has taken the right course,  
And in New Orleans Vieux Carre  
Will give the wings of poetry sway  
Far from the office force.

#### Part III

She daily views the very house  
Where gentlemen could once carouse  
On absinthe, in frappe,  
(Despite its dark, cobwebby roof  
The absinthe that they serve, forsooth,  
Is far from old, today).  
The Trinket Shop, the Gumbo Den,  
And tea shops where for fifteen yen  
Some dame will take a pan  
And fix you Creole cookery up,  
So with the elite you can sup,  
On food from a tin can.  
In places such as these we fear  
Folks crowd, to get the atmosphere  
Of ultra-Bohemia.  
Here, matrons plump in purse and face  
Set out for thrills, and win first place  
From sub-debs with anaemia.  
With serviettes yellow, red and blue  
And tea sets of a wondrous hue  
One has 'em tea, and cheese,  
Whilst matronly mamas can pose  
With cigarettes beneath their nose,  
And smoke and choke and sneeze.  
Here too, the tourist flock all hie  
To swallow up most glibly  
What taxi-drivers tell 'em,  
And cart home ready made antiques  
O'er which they rave and rave for weeks  
Because some guy could sell 'em.  
Here's Morphy's house, with winding  
stair,  
Down which Paul came to take the air  
When he was king of chess,  
And played the Czar, via cablegram  
And never seemed to give a damn  
At all about his dress.  
The Haunted House, the Arsenal old,  
The lane where Lafitte trekked with gold  
He fished on the high seas,  
And the Cathedral, grim and fine  
Despite the many a wobbly line  
With which the artists please

It on their canvass to produce,  
And with its colors raise the deuce,  
And lay the blame on art.

Here's Andy Jackson's statue too,  
Who over socks made much ado,  
In fact he never wore 'em,  
And yet, as history is writ,  
His bravery was not hurt a whit  
So let the vandals score him,  
The yapping, coyote packs that run  
Behind men, when good work is done,  
We'd like to take and tar 'em;  
A soldier who his country's served  
And from his duty never swerved,  
A drink or socks won't mar 'em,  
Long after babbling tongues grow still  
Real people generally will  
Him greater honor give.  
This part of town, as we have said,  
The stenog picked to earn her bread  
Now she must write to live.

#### Part IV

The tailored suit, all neatly pressed  
In which our stenog once had dressed  
She now no longer wears,  
But in crimson negligee  
Comes for the mail, at the mid-day,  
Trailing along the stairs,  
To get each Manuscript returned  
O'er which the mid-night oil she burned,  
(We mean electric juice).  
Lower and lower, every day,  
Her bank roll melts and melts away,  
She's spent it fast and loose  
For incense pots, and silver beads  
And other junk a person needs  
When they would court the muse,  
And sardine suppers, tin on tin,  
And quarts and quarts of home made  
gin  
When most she needed shoes.  
A room mate too, she's taken, so  
Her rent's cut down a peg more low,  
A peppy, blondined jane,  
Who writes this modern stuff to sell,  
(Confession papers pay quite well  
For dope in such a vein).  
And jokes she writes, and has a hunch  
Some day she'll sell a lot to Punch  
And pose, then, as a wit;  
Generous she is, and to a fault,  
Can do a handspring, somersault,  
And generally stays lit.

#### Part V

So, day by day our stenog tries  
Some plot and meter to devise  
That finally will sell,  
She draws 'em many a haunted room,  
Court yards all swathed in mold and  
gloom,  
And men dead in a well,  
The Spanish Barracks she assays  
To write about, its nobler days  
When Spain ruled on this shore,  
And many a dark and Spanish don  
With corselet and helmet on  
Strode past where is her door.  
And Carmick, with his brave Marines  
Fighting the Battle of N' Orleans  
Against the British host,  
And Pakenham, in tub of gin  
The where his warriors tumbled him  
After the fight was lost,  
So that his body thus would keep,  
In Britain's soil they'd have him sleep  
When they the sea had crossed.  
Such things she put in somber verse,  
Each one was gloomier and worse,  
But yet she'd always pen  
Tragedies, heavy and stern,  
Which she would generally burn  
When they came back again.  
With lowered brow and downcast eye  
(Continued on page 62)



A.T.M.

**BRIDGEPORT GETS CHARTER**

Ex-Marines in and around Bridgeport, Connecticut, have organized a local detachment of the Marine Corps League, to be known as the "Fairfield County Detachment."

The first meeting—a very enthusiastic one—was held at the American Legion Clubhouse, Bridgeport, on June 30. Fourteen men were present. It was voted to assess local dues at three dollars a year; to hold at least biweekly meetings at the summer cottage of the Naval Reserves Cottage at Pleasure Beach throughout the summer months, and to make arrangements with the American Legion for the use of its Club House during the winter. Application blanks were distributed and the entire detachment constituted itself a membership committee to increase the enrollment.

The roster at the present time is as follows:

Commandant—Philo C. Calhoun, 886 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.; Vice Commandant—Clifton H. Marco, 94 Alpine Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Adjutant—Arthur Clifford, 68 Livingston Pl., Bridgeport, Conn.; Paymaster—Joseph C. McLoughlin, 1032 Connecticut Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Chaplain—M. Morris Maple, Rowland Road, Fairfield, Conn.

Erwin Robinson, 188 Livingston Pl., Bridgeport, Conn.; Joseph Hertz, 68 Winfield St., E. Norwalk, Conn.; Geo. O. Graves, 116 Linwood Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Lewis Baylies, 165 Madison Terrace, Bridgeport, Conn.; John A. Ateek, 1457 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Thomas F. Wall, 505 Colorado Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; John A. Nettleton, 48 Blakeman St., Stratford, Conn.; Carl L. Gayner, 120 Banks St., Bridgeport, Conn.; Joseph B. Colgan, 306 Pecquonock St., Bridgeport, Conn.; William P. Rourke, 176 Federal St., Bridgeport, Conn.; Charles W. Davis, 315 Palisade Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Geo. Armonito, Ruana St., Box 171, Fairfield, Conn.; Carl F. Anderson, 102 Beardsley St., Bridgeport, Conn.; James S. Pillsworth, 358 Grand St., Bridgeport, Conn.; Isadore L. Sher, 1337 Stratford Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Lawrence J. Concannon, 1074 State St., Bridgeport, Conn.; Charles Hurliman, Van St., Stratford, Conn.; Theodore R. Platt, 31 Harrall Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

The same officers who were appointed have been elected by unanimous vote to serve the unexpired time of the term as prescribed by national rules.

In the matter of the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund, the detachment decided that eventually the assessment should be paid out of the detachment funds. The matter was, however, laid on the table for the present inasmuch as the detachment was newly organized and no funds were now available. The meeting,

nevertheless, asked the commandant to convey to National Headquarters its enthusiastic approval of the project.

**"THEODORE ROOSEVELT" NEWS**

The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston have sent in a twenty-five dollar subscription to the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund. This is the second detachment to send in a part of its assessment.

This detachment has also taken in several new members since the last issue of The Leatherneck.

**TONAWANDA DETACHMENT**

The Roth-Barron Detachment of North Tonawanda, N. Y., have secured from Headquarters the service records of William Barron and John Roth, deceased members of the Marine Corps, after whom the detachment was named. It is their intention to frame the service records and pictures of these two men along with their charter.

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Colonel Robert L. Meade Detachment have inquired about the granting of a charter to the Auxiliary. A charter will be granted to such outfits, and memberships will be handled in the same manner as regular detachments of the League.

**RHODE ISLAND DETACHMENT**

Gunnery Sergeant James R. Kane, U. S. M. C. R., is planning to organize another detachment in Rhode Island. He has spoken to many ex-Marines in his section, and expects to have the required charter members lined up in the near future.

**ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA**

The Colonel Louis J. Magill Detachment of Erie, Pa., have opened up in the Ariel Building, campaign headquarters for the purpose of raising their share of the money for the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund. They have arranged to have produced at the Park Theater a military drama as well as a comedy called "The Broken Wing." The play will be produced during the entire week of July 12. It is the desire of this detachment to be the first to pay their share of the money toward the fund. Former Major Tom Sterret, who is also sheriff of the county, is handling their publicity. He was publicity man for the Marine Corps during the War.

"Erie Detachment is not backward in saying now that we also would like this National Convention of the League for 1927, and are going to Cleveland strong for that purpose. We feel that we have a real live detachment and while young

we are capable of accomplishing what we start out to do. Our members are not only men who served in the late war, but also those who served in the previous war.

"We have club rooms here which we have furnished. We also have our Colors and feel that for the short time we have been in existence that we have shown the real Marine spirit. We are out to get every man who was a Marine to join in this neck of the woods. Continued activity will make them come. Memorial Day this year we had twenty-eight of our members in line with their red caps making a wonderful showing to the public of Erie. The various other military organizations here are sitting up and taking notice of the Marine Detachment. That is what we want them to do.

**PITTSBURGH, PA.**

Our Belleau Wood Benefit Stag Smoker was held at the Social Lyceum Building, James and Foreland Sts., N. S., Tuesday evening, June 29. There were ten rounds of boxing, plenty of free eats, music, vaudeville, and a "rip-snortin'" good time had.

**CANTON, OHIO**

This detachment has taken in six new members since we last went to press. Meetings are now held on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at the Army and Navy Hall, 208 Court Avenue, N. W., Canton, Ohio. Marines always welcome.

**CLEVELAND, OHIO**

This detachment is busy making plans and arrangements for the national convention. There appears to be a great deal of enthusiasm being displayed about the convention throughout the detachments of the League, and it looks as though there will be a good crowd out this year.

**MANSFIELD WINS LAURELS**

The Richland Detachment of Mansfield, Ohio, certainly has come through with flying colors. On the sixth of July the National Commandant awarded them the first certificate of membership to the Belleau Wood Memorial Association; for on that date they paid in full their assessment for the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund. The Richland Detachment was organized in Mansfield, Ohio, on November 10, 1925, with ten members. The present membership for the detachment is thirty-one members. On the thirty-first of December, 1925, the detachment was awarded a charter and since that time the detachment has shown good spirit. The officers of this detachment are: Mr. Walter H. Zeigler, 141 West Fifth St., Commandant; Mr. Wil-

liem F. Untiet, R. F. D. 7, Vice Commandant; Mr. Hollis D. Moorehead, 140 Helen Ave., Adjutant, and Mr. Eugene F. Baxter, 132½ Marion Ave., Paymaster.

#### CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Marine Corps League Detachment in Chicago is now making a big drive for membership. They are also planning a big dance to be held some time in September. The headquarters of this detachment has been changed from 4922 South Seeley Avenue to 4859 South Seeley Avenue.

#### SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

The Seattle Detachment seems to be growing consistently. They are giving a Belleau Wood Memorial Dance at the Pavilion, Leschi Park, July 30.

#### ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A meeting of the Marcus W. Beck, Jr., Detachment of the Marine Corps League was held at 59 So. Forsyth Street, Atlanta, Ga., at 8:00 p. m., 9 June, 1926, with the following officers present:

Angus A. Acree, Commandant; M. A. Williard, Paymaster, and C. R. Baumgras, Adjutant.

The minutes of the special meeting of 26 May, 1926, were read and approved.

Reports from the various committees were made.

The Commandant read a communication from the National Commandant re the Custodian of Belleau Wood Battlefield. Comrade Swinnerton made motion that the Marine Corps League be entrusted with the care of Belleau Wood, this was quickly seconded by Comrade Anderson, and carried by the members present.

The Commandant then read a letter from the National Commandant re the assessment of \$50.00 on the Marcus W. Beck, Jr., Detachment, relative to the Belleau Wood fund. All members present signed pledges in the sum of two (\$2.00) each.

Commandant Acree then requested permission to resign, giving as his reason, his inability to take care of the duties in view of his present vocation, and coupled with the fact that he would soon be leaving the city. Comrade Anderson then made a motion that Commandant Acree be allowed to resign, this was seconded by Comrade Cranston and carried by the members present.

Comrade Acree, acting as Commandant then made the motion that Captain J. M. Swinnerton be elected Commandant, this was quickly seconded by Comrade Greer, and was passed by the members. Commandant Swinnerton then took the chair.

The following members were added to the various committees:

Entertainment: Comrade Greer, chairman; Harris, Parker and Anderson.

Publicity: Comrade Acree.

Motion made by Comrade Greer that all monies paid into the Detachment, outside of National Dues, be entered in a General Fund and distributed as necessary upon the approval of the Finance Committee.

Upon the motion from Comrade Acree the Detachment adjourned at 10:25 p. m.

#### National Headquarters

#### ROOM 3010, NEW NAVY BUILDING

Washington, D. C.

June 1st, 1926.

From: The National Paymaster,

To: The National Commandant,

Subject: Report of progress of the financial standing of the national organization of the Marine Corps League.

Enclosures: One

1. I take pleasure in submitting the attached report of finance of the standing of the Marine Corps League from November 11th, 1925 to June 1st, 1926, which also includes the net gains and losses in membership and detachments, also the contributions on hand for the Belleau Wood Memorial fund which have been received at this office.

2. The National Headquarters has opened a Savings account in which there has been deposited the amount of five hundred dollars which has been set aside as a reserve fund for the national organization.

3. The National Headquarters has its funds deposited in the Washington Loan and Trust Co., 17th and "G" Streets, N. W., of this city. There are three accounts in this bank which are as follows: check account, savings account for the National Headquarters and a savings account for the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund.

4. Respectfully submitted,

A. E. BEEG, National Paymaster.

#### NATIONAL PAYMASTER'S REPORT ENDING JUNE 1ST, 1926

##### 1925

Receipts from Nov. 11, 1924 to Nov. 11, 1925.....	\$2,213.08	
Disbursements from Nov. 11, 1924 to Nov. 11, 1925.....	1,883.20	

Cash on hand on November 11, 1925.....	\$ 329.88	\$329.88
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##### 1926

Receipts from Nov. 11, 1925 to June 1st, 1926.....	\$1,867.47	
Disbursements from Nov. 11, 1925 to June 1st, 1926.....	1,464.91	

Cash on hand to date.....	\$ 402.56	\$402.56
Cash in Savings Account.....	500.00	500.00

Total cash on hand.....	\$ 902.56	\$902.56
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#### GAINS AND LOSSES

Balance Cash on hand from Nov. 11, 1925 to June 1, 1926.....	\$902.56
Balance Cash on hand from Nov. 11, 1924 to Nov. 11, 1925.....	329.88

Net gain for 1926.....	\$572.68
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#### MEMBERSHIP

Membership for 1926.....	1,486
Membership for 1925.....	1,279

Net gain .....	207
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#### DETACHMENTS

Organized during 1925 .....	62
Detachment active 1926 .....	53
Loss .....	9

#### BELLEAU WOOD MEMORIAL FUND

Joseph S. Wilkes Detachment, Salt Lake City, Utah.....	\$25.00
--	---------

Cash received .....	\$25.00
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I certify that there is on deposit in the Washington Loan and Trust Company of this city the following amounts set aside of each account:

Check Account for National Headquarters.....	\$402.56
Savings Account for National Headquarters reserve fund..	500.00

Total Cash .....	\$902.56	\$902.56
Belleau Wood Memorial Fund .....	25.00	25.00

A. E. BEEG, National Paymaster.



## WASHINGTON DETACHMENT

At its first meeting on June 16, 1926, at the Army, Navy and Marine Club, 11th and K streets, N. W., Washington, D. C., the Washington Detachment of the Marine Corps League effected its organization.

The meeting was called at 8:00 p. m. by Albert R. Betancourt, temporary chairman.

The following officers were elected and appointed:

Dial H. Elkins, Commandant; Charles H. Daum, Judge Advocate; Thomas F. Hogan, Adjutant; Albert R. Betancourt, Paymaster; Robert E. Hodgson, Chief of Staff; Rev. George Murdock, Lt., U. S. N., Chaplain; Francis Gomez, Recorder; Fred J. Oberteau, Sergeant at Arms.

The additional Charter Members of the Detachment are:

John J. Riley, William L. Blakenship, Charles M. Mackey, William G. Dewey, Earl R. Gallagher, Elbert B. Jones, Ezra A. Snyder, Edwin G. Gorley, Walter G. Wale, Charles R. Weideman, Francis X. DeCloux, Frank J. Loudiana, Harry G. Bartley, Ellis Curtis, John P. Kealey, Walter R. Ptake, Archie H. Weaver, C. David Slayton, Wayne B. Simpson, Adolph E. Beeg, (National Paymaster).

Several matters pertaining to the future progress of the Detachment were discussed, and it is believed the organization will have many interesting and social activities to which they may look forward.

A letter received from the Commandant, Marine Corps League recommending the Washington Detachment join the Belleau Wood Memorial Association, was

read and cheerfully accepted with a view of obtaining, without delay, a certificate of membership to this worthy and honorable cause.

The National Commandant also requested a vote on the Washington Detachment relative to the Marine Corps League accepting the Custodianship of Belleau Wood from the Belleau Wood Memorial Association. This matter brought up several questions which will be settled as soon as further information is received from the National Headquarters located in this city.

## Marinettes

The question of requesting Marinettes to join the Detachment was brought up and was looked upon with favor by all present. This question will again be brought up at the next meeting of the Detachment and from present indications it appears that the motion will be adopted.

## Auxiliary

It is proposed to have formed an auxiliary detachment comprised of relatives of marines and ex-marines. This question will also be brought up at the next meeting which will be held at 8:00 p. m., July 16, 1926, at the Army, Navy and Marine Club.

## NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1

This detachment now has a roster of sixty-two members in good standing. They will hold their first annual outing on Sunday, August 15, and for this occasion have chartered a small steamboat for a cruise up the Hudson River.

The following is the latest roster of the detachment:

Anderson, Harry, 563 Mott Ave., N. Y. C.; Appleby, Stewart H. (Hon.), Asbury Park, N. J.; Applebaum, Julius, 54 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Adey, Herbert F., care Lafond & Co., 1 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.; Brester, Sidney W. (Major), Welfare Island, N. Y. C.; Barron, Bernard S., 220 West 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Clifford, Dr. John H. (Rev), 347 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.; Clancey, Thos. D., 1857 Carter Ave., N. Y. C.; Dooley, John J. (Major), U. S. Cartridge Co., 111 B'way, N. Y. C.; Duff, Benjamin, Lakeview St., No. Hackensack, N. J.; Ellynson, Jenny (Miss), 4024 8th Ave., Bklyn., N. Y.; Gimbel, Lee Adam, Gimbel Bros., 33rd and B'way, N. Y. C.; Gleason, Daniel F., 3418 92nd St., Bklyn., N. Y.; Gaynor, William F., 285 West Houston St., N. Y. C.; Croth, Henry J., 215 Warwick St., Bklyn., N. Y.; Gately, Patrick, 117 West 84th St., N. Y. C.; Gavin, Martin F., 10760 117th St., R. Hill, L. I., N. Y.; Howard, Paul F. (Capt), 175 Bergen St., Bklyn., N. Y.; Heming, Henry L., Valhalla, N. Y.; Hagan, Le Roy, 172 W. 82nd St., N. Y. C.; Hansen, George J., 100 West 77th St., N. Y. C.; Hart, Walter B. (Hon.), 26 Court St., Bklyn., N. Y.; Judson, Cyrus F. Jr., Ardsley-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Kilcommon, Thomas, 346 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Lages, Albert H., 157 West 106th St., N. Y. C.; Leonard, John H., 63 West 106th St., N. Y. C.; Lichenthal, Arthur A., 2535 Elmore Place, Bklyn., N. Y.; Lambert, Frank X., 3671 Broadway, N. Y. C.; Le Sage, John E. (Sgt. Major), 1328 Halsey St., Bklyn., N. Y.; Le Boeuf, A. A. (Capt), 108 East 17th St., N. Y. C.; Lunny, Hugh, 1052

No. - 1 -



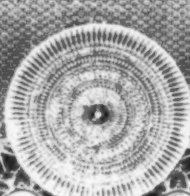
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
MARINE CORPS LEAGUE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS CERTIFIES that the SEMPER FIDELIS Detachment  
of the MARINE CORPS LEAGUE at GEORGETOWN, MINNESOTA  
has this date been awarded FIFTY memberships in the

BELLEAU WOOD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

In testimony whereof we have set our hands and the seal of the Marine  
Corps League at the National Headquarters at the city of Washington,  
District of Columbia, this 15TH day of JUNE A. D. 19 26

*John H. Daum*  
National Paymaster



*Adolph E. Beeg*  
National Paymaster

(Specimen of Certificate of Membership in Belleau Wood Memorial Association)

## Marine Corps League

New York Detachment No. 1

Temporary Headquarters  
131 West 64th Street, New York City

June 21st, 1926.

Dear Comrade:

On Sunday, August 15th, the New York Detachment of the Marine Corps League will hold its first annual Outing and Picnic for members, their families and friends.

The Entertaining Committee have arranged for a cruise up the Hudson, they have chartered the worthy steamship "Comet" for that day to "shove-off" promptly from the pier at the foot of West 96th Street & Hudson River at 8:45 a. m., steaming up the river to disembark at Sunset Park, opposite Stoney Point, spending the day there and returning to the city at 9 p. m. thereabouts.

A day of elaborate and entertaining events has been planned for your enjoyment. Basket parties advisable although light refreshments may be purchased on board as also a full "chow" at Sunset Park. An excellent Hawaiian jazz band has been engaged. Dancing and bathing are among the many features promised for the day.

As the capacity of the little packet is limited to 250 people, it is absolutely necessary to adopt the policy of "first come first served." You are therefore requested to make your reservations at your earliest convenience by filling in the attached slip and returning same with "check or money order" to Le Roy Hagan, 314 West 14th Street, New York City: The price is \$1.50 each person. Tickets will be mailed to you immediately upon your receipt of your reservations and money. (Positively no "jawbone.")

Trusting you will assist in making this, our first outing, a success, and hoping for a most enjoyable time for all.

Fraternally yours,

LE ROY HAGAN,  
Commandant.

The Committee:

Leo. J. Salmon  
Thomas Kilcommon  
William F. Gaynor

LRH—ahl

(Direction to the pier: I. R. T. 7th ave. Subway, off 96th st. Station and then walk west two blocks.)

Return to Le Roy Hagan, 314 West 14th St., New York City

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find (\$.....) for (.....) reservations for the New York Detachment Outing on Sunday, August 15th, 1926.

Fraternally,

Name.....

Address.....

East 95th St., Bklyn., N. Y.; Limberg, Alan M., L. F. Rothschild & Co., 120 B'way, N. Y. C.; McElroy, Arthur E., 1075 Forest Avenue, N. Y. C.; McDonald, William P., 282 Fulton Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; McCullough, Allen, 9405 209th St., Queens Village, L. I.; Martin, Edward P., 430 East 60th St., N. Y. C.; Meyer, Albert, 262 West 127th St., N. Y. C.; Noonan, Timothy J., 281 West 119th St., N. Y. C.; Naudain, Clement P., 855 Cauldwell Ave., N. Y. C.; O'Gara, Edward A., 28 St. Nicholas Place, N. Y. C.; Phyfe, Gordon, 106 Central Park West, N. Y. C.; Palmer, Martin C., 30 Vermilyea Ave., N. Y. C.; Porter, Ernest Y., 504 West 131st St., N. Y. C.; Persky, Edgar J., 21 5th Ave., Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.; Roth, Julius J., Jr., 774 East 179th St., N. Y. C.; Rothafel, Samuel L. (Major), Roxy Theatre Corp., 383 Madison Ave.; Solo-

mon, Milton, 115 Easter Parkway, Bklyn., N. Y.; Slingluff, Robt. F. (M. Gunner), P. O. Box 193, Quantico, Va.; Smith, Hanson A., 360 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.; Smith, Webster deS., 5634 Mosholu Ave., Riverdale, N. Y.; Smith, Harry E., 12411 97th St., R. Hill, L. I., N. Y.; Salmon, Leo J., 3671 Broadway, N. Y. C.; Standfast, John W., Box 37, Orangeburg, N. Y.; Sugar, Sydney D. (Capt.), 387 Broadway, N. Y. C.; Shevett, Celia S. (Mrs.), 181 West 238th St., N. Y. C.; Vanslet, Joseph, 531 West 152nd St., N. Y. C.; Watson, Joseph (Capt.), care Hdqts., Washington, D. C.; Wilkenson, Christopher W., 825 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C.; Woods, Willmon G., 540 B'way, Long Island City, N. Y.; Wittenberg, Fred J. (Dr.), 82 West 103rd St., N. Y. C.; Young, Robert A., 2345 Alden Ave., Bklyn., N. Y.; Young, John D., Jr., 215 Manhattan Ave., N. Y. C.



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"2. On April 28, 1917, the barrel of the gun was removed and placed out-of-

doors in an exposed place. The bore of the rifle was examined from time to time for evidences of rust. Until six months had elapsed, the bore showed no signs of rust or corrosion and patches pulled through the barrel showed no signs of rust. The bore would be considered to be in perfect condition."

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A.T.M.

# Braunstein Wins Lightweight Title

## EXCHANGE OF PLAYERS CAUSES REORGANIZATION

McHenry Takes Over San Diego Eleven

With but a scant 60 days left in which to shape the coming season's football team, San Diego has started active training with a large squad of worthy material. The exchange of football players and coaches which has taken place this summer has caused a complete reorganization, leaving very few of last year's men in the west coast's line-up.

With the arrival of Lieutenant George McHenry, famous All-Marine lineman, active training and practice took place at Diego. The squad at present is very large and consists of fourteen of last year's second string men and three new men from Mare Island who have shown up in a worthy way. Strengthening the material now on hand are eight men from the All-Marine squad at Quantico who will undoubtedly be able to make berths this year. The keystone of last year's team, Ryckman, will be missing this year as the famous back has been transferred to Quantico. Along with him came Woods, another backfield man. At present, with training in its rough elements, conditions have not as yet developed that will permit an extensive resume regarding the squad, but we can assure our readers of a live story about the San Diego football squad in the next issue.

## JIMMY HILL WEST COAST BOUND

Jimmy Hill, heavyweight boxer and football star of former years, has been ordered to San Diego where he will be eligible to play with the eleven of that Post this fall.

Hill is perhaps one of the most picturesque and oldest figure in Marine athletics. In his time he has played on nines and elevens in practically every station he has done duty in and for years has been the outstanding boxer in his weight. During the staging of the recent championship bouts at Philadelphia, Hill, not being in perfect physical condition due to a badly sprained leg and ankle, journeyed with the balance of the entrees and aided in their training. Ernie Schaff, of the Navy, who went through the tournament to a title was beaten by Hill some time back in Panama. Schaff was the favorite before this particular fight and taking the heavy odds offered, the Marine Detachment cleaned the Navy men proper when Hill won.



**SAMMY BRAUNSTEIN** the smashing Marine boxer who tucked Jimmy Ryan, of the Navy, away in one round in the semi-finals and beat Masonis, of the Army in the finals, was recently presented his medals as Lightweight Champion of the Army-Navy-Marine Corps by the Major General Commandant.

## MARINE BOXERS RECEIVE LAURELS FROM COM- MANDANT

On June 30 at Headquarters Major General John A. Lejeune took official cognizance of the victories scored by our two leading marine boxers, Sam Braunstein and Frank Cheslock when he presented them their medals won in the recent Tri-Service Boxing Tournament at Philadelphia.

Braunstein received a gold medal emblematic of his being lightweight Champion of the three services and Cheslock was presented a silver medal as runner-up in the welter class. The tournaments were staged in the large Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia in June.

## CHESLOCK LOSES TO FLAHIVE

Verner Disqualified for Being Overweight for Semi-Finals

By Ed Hagenah

By severely punishing Masonis, of the Army, in the first round and continuing to do so the remaining five, Sam Braunstein was awarded the lightweight championship of the Army-Navy-Marine Corps in the finals of Tri-Service boxing tournaments staged in Philadelphia on June 18. Frankie Cheslock lost on a referee's decision to Mickey Flahive, battling welterweight of the Navy, after a sizzling six rounds. The disqualification of George Verner, the Corps' leading middleweight, obliterated the chances of the Corps for a title in this weight.

Fighting in the third bout of the evening, Sam Braunstein, who had fought his way to fame two nights previous in the semi-finals by knocking Jimmy Ryan, the Navy's outstanding lightweight, into slumber in 45 seconds of the first round, entered the ring against Masonis, who had earned his way to the finals by beating Walter Vance in the preliminaries. Amid the wild applause of the audience the lightweights sparred off and after a few exchanges Sam reached a left over to Masonis' chin that sent the doughboy sprawling for a count of seven. This blow was the feature of the bout. Recovering slowly, Masonis improved as the rounds went on, but never seemed to get over the knock down. In the last round Braunstein, although apparently tired, opened up and decisively punched Masonis at will. Although not in excellent shape and far from the point of perfection, Braunstein looks like a comer in his weight. He has the ability to take a great deal of punishment without showing any serious effect and has a tremendous punch in either hand. The power behind his blows was fully demonstrated when he laid Ryan out with a right which he brought from no-where into the sailor's jaw.

Following the Masonis-Braunstein bout, Frankie Cheslock, who had duplicated Braunstein's feat in the semi-finals by knocking Tommy McGarrigle of the Navy out in the fourth round, took the ring against Mickey Flahive, the sailor lad who received a decision over Hugh Sweeney in the preliminaries. By this time the spectators were fit to be tied and the Marine cheering section, who had just witnessed Braunstein win a title, were crying for Cheslock to win by a

(Continued on next page)



## THREE EX-MARINES WHO STILL LOVE THE GAME



Congressmen Appleby, Montgomery and Updike

knock out. The fighting, plugging welterweight started out in the opening round to get next to the dancing Flahive as soon as possible and often reached him with the crunching blows which slowed the sailor down to some extent. His clever display of shiftiness enabled Flahive to keep out of serious danger. The remaining rounds were merely a repetition of the first with Flahive bouncing around ever followed by Cheslock who had a great deal of difficulty in reaching the Irishman. It was another case of fighter against boxer and although Cheslock did not receive the decision, he did win a great deal of applause and respect with his consistent and aggressive method of fighting. Flahive

is a boxer of high calibre and ably displayed his wares in winning the title.

George Verner, formerly of Parris Island and Lakehurst, after winning his fight in the preliminaries, received indirect information that he was not to box in the semi-finals. Through some error he was later called upon to weigh in after he had eaten a hearty meal and although every effort was made to get him down he was overweight and thereby disqualified upon a complaint of the Navy. Verner would undoubtedly have come through with a title as he is a fighter who mixes punching with his boxing and has an enviable record behind him. Much more will be heard of this middleweight during his enlistment. As

he is now stationed in Philadelphia he will undoubtedly make a name for himself in eastern boxing circles.

## TOWEL THROWING BANNED

Recent steps have been taken by the boxing commission of California and other states, to ban the old custom of seconds' throwing a towel in the ring as a sign of saving their man.

The commission declares that in the future the referee in the ring will be the only man to judge when a boxer has had enough beating and it is then up to him to stop the fight. This decision of the commission is not likely to go unchallenged and will undoubtedly receive a lot of criticism from boxing circles.

## FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1926

September 25—University of New Hampshire.....	Durham, N. H.
October 2—King College.....	Washington, D. C.
October 9—St. Xavier College.....	Cincinnati, Ohio
October 16—Lehigh University.....	Bethlehem, Pa.
October 23—Catholic University.....	Washington, D. C.
October 30—Providence College.....	Providence, R. I.
November 2—Canisius College.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
November 6—John Carroll University.....	Cleveland, Ohio
November 11—Temple University.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
November 13—University of Detroit.....	Detroit, Mich.
November 20—President's Cup Game.....	Washington, D. C.
November 25—Washington University.....	St. Louis, Mo.
November 27—University of Dayton.....	Dayton, Ohio

## GRID STAR JOINS CORPS

Harvey Dahlgren of Vallejo, California, recently enlisted in the United States Marine Corps at San Diego. Dahlgren, formerly a student in Vallejo High School, was termed All California Inter-scholastic Center last year and will undoubtedly make his debut with the San Diego eleven this fall.

## NEW LIGHTWEIGHT CONTENDER



JOHNNY CORBETT

Who returns from a tour of duty in the tropics Lightweight Champion of Haiti, bids fair to offering a good deal of opposition to many in his class. Johnny sailed for the tropics two years ago a flashing featherweight with a heavy punch.

## FINAL GAMES CANCELLED BY WESTERN MARYLAND

The series of two games to be played with Western Maryland at Quantico upon the return of the Marine Baseball Team from their Northern trip was cancelled by that college at the last moment. The cancellation cheated Quantico fans out of seeing the team in action for the last time this season.

## RESULTS OF THE FINALS

in  
Army-Navy-Marine Corps Boxing  
Championships

June 18, 1926

## Flyweight

Meyers, Army vs. Soriano, Navy.  
Meyers won title by decision.

## Bantamweight

Veazey, Army vs. Frisco Grande, Navy.

Grande was awarded title as Veazey broke his hand and could not appear.

## Featherweight

Al Foreman, Army vs. Bud Magino, Navy.

Foreman was awarded title by judges' decision.

## Lightweight

Sam Braunstein, Marine Corps vs. Masonis, Army.

Braunstein awarded title by judges' decision.

## Welterweight

Mickey Flahive, Navy vs. Frank Cheslock, Marine Corps.

Flahive awarded title by judges' decision.

## Middleweight

Ptomey, Army vs. Theodore, Navy.

Ptomey awarded title by judges' decision.

## Light Heavyweight

Spagnola, Army vs. Schaaf, navy.  
Schaaf awarded title by judges' decision.

## Heavyweight

Chief Eagles, Army vs. Jackmiack, Navy.

Eagles awarded title by judges' decision.

## Summary

Army—4 Titles.  
Navy—3 Titles.  
Marine Corps—1 Title.

## MARINES TO MEET NAVY

On August 1 the nucleus of the year's famous Marine Corps baseball team will be reassembled at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, for ten days of snappy practice preparatory to their meeting the baseball team representing the Navy in a three-game series to be played in conjunction with the Sesqui-Centennial now being staged in that City. The first game will be played on August 11 with the remaining two on following successive days.

Practically the same squad which made the New England trip will be used in this series by Coach Keady. This team will be strengthened by material from the last class of officers admitted to the Corps from civilian colleges. Original plans called for a meeting of nines from the Army-Navy-Marine Corps, but the Army withdrew some weeks ago leaving the Navy and Marines to settle the dual meet. The Corps' leading hurling aces Baylis and Stolle will undoubtedly be called upon to do their stuff in the box, and, as the Navy has assembled their best ball players, a hotly contested series can be looked for.

## "GEORGIE" VERNER



This close-up shows the battle position of the Corps' leading middleweight who received a tough break when he was disqualified for overweight in the Service Boxing Tournaments at Philly after he had won over the Army's best bet.

## SOCKO !!

**Braunstein—A Champion  
Cheslock and Sweeny  
Verner Disqualified  
"Red" June**

It took "Smiling Sammy" Braunstein to bring home the bacon at the Army-Navy-Marine Corps Boxing Championships recently staged at Philly, when he paraded home with the Lightweight Crown sitting jauntily on his head.

Although full account of the bouts appears in another section, this column must heartily congratulate our Champ on his wonderful performance on behalf of the entire Corps, every man of which we are sure is a boxing fan. Sam drew a "by" in the preliminaries and therefore was matched against Jimmy Ryan, Navy champ, in the semi-windup. The story is very short. Forty-five seconds of mixing and Ryan was on the deck so cold that the referee had to put on a coat. In the finals, Sam went up against the Army lad who beat Vance. Using clever tactics, the doughboy stayed the entire six rounds in spite of being floored by Braunstein in the first.

While congratulations are in order it is more than fitting that the balance of the boxers representing the Corps be brought forward to receive their just share.

Frankie Cheslock, entered in the welter class, K. Oed his man in the semi-finals, but was unable to cope with Mr. Flahive, of the Navy in the finals although he biffed and banged him throughout the entire route. Flahive, it will be remembered, was the lad who was given a decision over Hugh Sweeny in the preliminaries.

Both Sweeny and Cheslock deserve a world of credit for the showing they made and our hats are off to them.

George Verner, flashing middleweight, ran into an unlucky break by being disqualified for being overweight. After beating Franklin, of the Army, in the prelims, Verner was informed that he would not have to fight in the semi-finals. Upon receiving this notice Georgie immediately tied on the feed bag and was treated to the shock of his life some hours later when he was ordered to weigh in as there had been some mistake and he would have to box in the semi-finals. Of course, it was impossible to lose the extra pounds gained and Verner was disqualified. Dollars to doughnuts have been wagered that he could have easily disposed of either of his opponents.

Walter Vance, former lightweight flash, lost in the preliminaries to Masonis, of the Army. Physical ailments hindered Vance in his efforts, and to have fought, though you lose, is never less than an honor.

The June just passed has been a "Red Letter" month for many a fighter. Mickey Walker lost his title to Pete



**HUGH SWEENEY**

Who hails from the same country Pete Latzo sprung from, lost on a poor decision to Mickey Flahive, of the Navy, in the semi-finals of the Tri-Service Boxing Tournaments.

Latzo and later was beaten badly by Joe Dundee, of Baltimore. Young Stribling dropped a lot of prestige when he went down in defeat to Berlenbach and Georges Carpentier stepped lower on his ladder of fame when he was beaten by Tommy Loughran, at present contender for the world's lightweight title.

Towards the tail end of the month Ruby Goldstein, lightweight wizard, was flattened by Ace Hudkins, the Nebraska Bearcat.

It is openly admitted that over \$400,000 passed hands at the end of this fight, so heavy was the wagering. One party cleaned up a cold \$80,000 from \$20,000 bet an hour before the bout.

Another former Marine is rapidly climbing into pugilistic fame around New York rings and is known as Cy

Schindel a middleweight. Al Mayer, Luis Firpos' friend, is touting our former buddy and from his last appearances he shows chances for a wonder future.

Schindel has a very formidable record tacked to his name. Thirty professional fights resulting in thirty wins head his list, which is good enough for anyone to start on. In his last show he knocked out Patsy Yodice and a few nights before that had put Johnny Locosco into slumber in exactly thirty-five seconds.

Jack Curley, famous boxing and wrestling promoter, chooses the following list as his list of greatest boxers:

Heavyweight—Jess Willard.

Light Heavyweight—Georges Carpentier.

Middleweight—Stanley Ketchel.

Welterweight—Tommy Ryan.

Lightweight—Benny Leonard.

Featherweight—Abe Attell.

Bantamweight—Jimmy Barry.

Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde.

The above appeared in the June issue of "The Ring." If you think you have a better choice, let's have it.

The choice of a "favorite" list has always been a bone-of-contention and perhaps always will. No matter how you take it it is a case of likes and dislikes. Many claim Joe Gans was as great a lightweight as any. Their claim lies in the fact that he would fight in, or out, of his weight. Then others choose John L. Sullivan as their heavyweight. Still others Jack Dempsey. So battle it out among yourselves. If you think you have a good list send it in.

"Blackie" Rohanna, formerly at Norfolk, is with the Corps' leatherpushers at Philly and is working out with the good ones around that town. Those that are reputed to know say he will go far as he is clever, fast, but lacks a punch. He showed this in his meeting with Cheslock some weeks back. Like Tunney, Leonard and others, if he once develops the knack of hitting—watch out!

Still another boxer of recognized repute suffered a severe set-back before the month of June had gone into history. The unlucky pugilist was Bobby Garcia, featherweight, who received a terrible beating from Louis Kid Kaplan, champion in that weight.

Practically out in the sixth round, Garcia displayed a tremendous amount of pluck and courage by staying with Kaplan until the referee stopped the mauling in the tenth.

Garcia showed his true fighting blood when he fought through twelve rounds against Earl Baird, of Baltimore, after breaking his arm in the second stanza.

The West Coast has a comer in light-heavy circles in Jack Raho who has recently sprung into prominence around San Diego. Raho is reported to be a willing fighter with a punch in either hand. Raho would do this column a great favor if he forwarded a picture of himself. We wish the big boxer all the success possible.



# SHORTS on SPORTS

By ED. HAGENAH, Sports Editor

Within about a month's time after you read this humble column, football in the Corps will be in full swing and, naturally, the order of the day.

The Corps' big squad leaves around the end of August for a period of hard and extensive training on the campus of New Hampshire College preparatory to beginning the tough schedule facing them this season.

About the same time Parris Island, San Diego, Norfolk and other Posts will be getting their elevens into shape for a season downs, gains, yardage and touchdowns in their respective vicinities.

To equal last year's record would be wonderful. But they are out not only to win, but to sweep victoriously through their schedules spreading the doctrine of athletic training, undaunted courage and clean sportsmanship as they go.

As the old Irishman said: "More Power to Them!"

Away back around 1619, or even before then, the Dutch settlers started to play a game in their newly settled fields called bowling. To them it was an excellent form of exercise and some became such violent exponents of the art that the thundering crash of a ball against the pins frightened people miles distant.

Slowly, but very surely, the game has grown in popularity so that in many cities and sections it has taken on the proportions of a major sport. In the past it has always been known as an "indoor-sport" being especially popular during the winter months but now with the intense interest shown in it by both men and women promoters have opened large out-door alleys for the devotees.

For years bowling alleys have been located in the majority of Marine Corps posts and recently, in keeping with civilian activities, teams and tournaments have been organized and played among the men. Last winter a league was formed in Quantico and the winners later engaged and beat teams comprised of soldiers and civilians.

This column believes bowling a great amusement and source of exercise and will do anything it can to help foster the sport. Inter-post tournaments with post teams meeting other posts as an objective would do wonders to boast bowling in the Corps.

While chatting about the pin game it might be interesting to many to review some of the outstanding and unusual world's records now established.

Roy Flagg, of Aberdeen, S. D., holds the record in the Individual, Open (three games) which is: 270, 300, 300; total 870; average 290.

In the Individual, Open (six games) Lee H. Johns, of Newark, holds the record since 1909. It is: 279, 268, 248, 277, 277, 279; total 1,628; average 271 1-3.

In 1909 Oscar Steinquest, at the River-

## READY FOR HARD SEASON



Anticipating one of the hardest seasons he has weathered since he has taken over the coaching duties of Marine Corps teams, Head Coach Tom Keady is in excellent condition to start the coming football season in September.

side Alleys in New York established the Head Pin record of 118.

The greatest number of 300 scores is held by John Koster, of New York, with 12. A few championship records on file at the American Bowling Congress follow: Five Men Team Event established in 1923 by the Nelson Mitchells, of Milwaukee, 3,139. Two Men team Team Event set in 1924 by C. Thoma and H. Thoma, of Chicago, is 1,380.

The Mineralite Team in the Randolph League of Chicago, set a world's record during the season of 1923-24 when for 90 games the team's average was 1,032 47-90.

"Set 'em up in the other alley!"

While we're talking about records, did you know that with but two exceptions all the records for walking are held by Englishmen. The two exceptions are held by a Canadian.

One record the Canadian holds is for walking the mile in 6 minutes, 25.8 seconds. That is about seven miles an hour. He did that in 1910 and sure must have been going somewhere in a hurry!

The Washington ball club, in recent years champs in the American League,

paused in their march for a record in defeats to take Connie Mack's Athletics over for four games straight.

The incident brings to memory practically the same state of affairs faced by our Big Nine this past Spring. Keady's squad had taken two straight defeats from the Fordham team on successive days, and then snowed under 13 to 4 by Holy Cross. The sting of the last beating seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back as from then on until they ran into Fordham again, nothing could touch the club. Sixteen straight games was the record they left hanging for future seasons.

The absence of cheering crowds, flaring bands and pomp and ceremony usually connected with a sporting event does not in the least take one iota of prestige, honor and interest away from a rifle match, especially in the Marine Corps. A series of these hotly contested matches have just been completed throughout the Corps and up to the final shot the daily results were followed with an intense interest that at times ran high. To the Corps, a rifle match, whether it be shot by individuals or in teams, is the most fascinating sport it knows. In fact, it is more than a sport—it is business.

And its business is GOOD!

But, sportsman like—it combines business with pleasure thereby getting a two-fold benefit.

To be an expert rifleman is far from an easy qualification. We mean an expert day in and day out, not just on qualifying days. The prime essentials are a good eye and a steady hand. However, that is just the beginning. In other words, it is like saying that one must have two firm legs to be a walker. But this keen eye and hand must be developed to the highest perfection so that they are dependable at all times.

To the two prime factors add a sound system which covers a multitude of things such as the ability to shoot in any position without fatigue; a sound stomach; hardened muscles; untiring nerves that won't crack under the strain of tedious competition; the constitution to withstand the steady beat of the sun and you are a little nearer a point of the physical perfection vital to every rifleman.

Add to the above ingredients a canny knowledge of the rifle, pistol, ammunition, the elements (including windage etc.) and a load of good common sense.

SHAKE THIS ALL WELL AND STEP ON THE LINE.

If you hit the bull on the first shot from 600 yards you can keep the medal you now have pinned on your blues.

NUMBER THIRTEEN'S SIX SHOT WAS A MISS!

If you haven't "sixteen" in the Corps it may be interesting to know that the "Daddy" of rifle competition in the Marine Corps is Major General George F. Elliott, retired. It was through the efforts of Major General Elliott while Commander of the Corps that shooting took on such importance. It was this famous officer that offered the trophy known as the Elliott Trophy so keenly contested every year.

If all the articles printed regarding the Dempsey-Tunney-Wills pugilistic triangle were patched together they would form a sheet large enough to cover a town of 100,000 inhabitants. Even then there probably would be enough left to pound into pulp and fill in a causeway between Parris Island and the mainland.

As this is written Jack Dempsey is on the West Coast answering a charge of speeding and Tex Rickard is preparing to be presented again to the Rulers of New York Fisticdom—the New York State Boxing Commission.

The affair has simmered down to where it looks as if there might be a fight. Nobody knows where, but they say the time is this coming summer. It seems Rickard got Jack's signature on a sheet of paper above which was typed, "I will meet anyone you pick for me in the summer of 1926," or words to that effect.

With that in his pocket all Tex Rickard had to do was to go out and find the right man who would do more than enter the ring with Dempsey—he would cause the public to "enter" the stadium at so much per. Then the next question for Rickard to solve was—who will be the man? Well, there was a former Marine named Gene Tunney; a big colored battler who answered to Harry Wills and a few others. The latter had been rather persistent in his demands to meet Dempsey and so to quiet him the solons of the N. Y. State Boxing Commission had said that he could be the next man to have a crack at Dempsey. Now that was away back in 1921, or along in there. The truth of the matter was—they didn't think Dempsey was ever going to fight.

This young fellow Tunney, as they called him, started to look very good to sportswriters all over the country and, although his weight was far below Dempsey's, they began touting him for a crack at the Champ's crown. This caused complications which later proved to be rather disastrous to the heavyweight question. And, with time, the illness grew worse. The Boxing Solons of the Empire State had given Wills a promise for first smack at the title holder's jaw and with the rest of the world pushing Tunney and others, they had to abide by their promise to the New Orleans Mauler.

Things have now come to such a degree that it is hoped that the entire affair has reached the final climax. Jack is willing to fight. In fact has signed to do so in September. Rickard holds the agreement and expects to flaunt in the eyes of the commission by naming Tunney as his opponent instead of Wills. But if Tex does the Solons threaten to ban Dempsey, Tex Rickard and Gene Tunney from boxing.

It is believed that Tex, Jack and Gene will be heard singing that little ballad entitled "How Come You Do Me Like You Do?"



"WHIZ-BANG" LEVY, who has been ordered north to join the Marine Corps baseball team in Philly, is one of the outstanding diamond stars of Parris Island and will probably be seen in action with the big nine when they clash bats with the Navy.

## PARRIS ISLAND TEAMS GOING STRONG

Plodding ever forward in their steady, methodical way the baseball and swimming teams of Parris Island have been meeting all comers and reaping a goodly share of the victor's laurels in both sports.

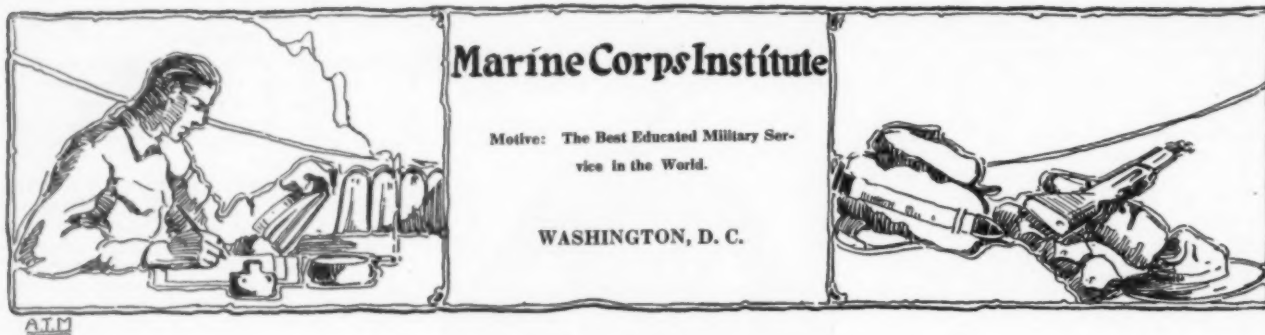
In the last report reaching this office the baseball team had been on a rampage among civilian nines and to date had cleaned up 15 out of 18 games played. The swimming team, a newly formed aggregation, had been feared contestants in many of the meets staged around Savannah and points in the vicinity of Parris Island. Its members were working hard to attain a point of perfection which would permit them to be entered in larger meets up and down the Atlantic Coast line.

With football hovering in the immediate distance the Island buzzes with gossip regarding the coming season. Parris Island is having a very pretentious schedule arranged for them with the game with Fort Benning on November 11, in Savannah, shining as the bright star of the season. Many of last year's squad are eligible for the squad and with the many new finds uncovered since last fall, Parris Island is being watched in southern football circles to do great work. Lt. "Swede" Larson, now post athletic officer and head coach of the football team, is starting to whip his line men into shape by a light practice and work-out every day. The terrific heat of last year hindered the men in their efforts to get into shape and it is hoped that this will be overcome this year by gradually working them into condition.

## LAST OF BOX SCORES FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE							DARTMOUTH COLLEGE						
Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E	Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf .....	3	1	1	2	0	0	Chenoweth, cf .....	5	1	1	1	0	0
Freeny, 1b .....	3	1	1	13	0	0	Freeny, 1b .....	3	3	1	14	2	0
Duncan, lf .....	4	2	2	2	0	0	Duncan, lf .....	3	1	2	2	0	0
Bailey, c .....	2	0	0	8	0	0	Stolle, lf .....	2	0	0	2	0	0
Hall, 2b .....	3	0	2	2	4	0	Bailey, c .....	4	1	3	2	0	2
Hannah, 3b .....	3	0	0	0	1	0	Hall, 2b .....	5	0	2	1	4	0
Hriszko, ss .....	3	0	0	0	2	1	Hannah, 3b .....	5	1	2	2	1	0
Stock, rf .....	3	0	0	0	0	0	Hriszko, ss .....	5	1	2	1	4	0
Stolle, p .....	3	0	0	0	5	0	Stock, rf .....	3	1	1	1	0	0
Maddess, c .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	Bukowy, p .....	3	0	1	1	2	0
Totals .....	27	4	6	27	12	1	Totals .....	38	9	15	27	13	2
R.-M. College:							Dartmouth:						
Time, lf .....	AB	R	H	O	A	E	Owl, rf .....	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Butterworth, R., 3b...	3	0	0	3	0	0	Hudgins, ss .....	4	0	0	2	1	0
Butterworth, I., ss ..	4	1	2	3	4	0	Stanley, cf .....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Matthews, rf .....	4	0	0	1	0	0	Pickens, 2b .....	3	1	1	2	2	0
Hogan, c .....	4	0	3	1	1	0	Elliott, lf .....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Wilson, 1b .....	3	1	1	11	1	0	Stevens, 3b .....	4	1	1	2	2	0
Rucker, 2b .....	3	0	0	1	4	0	Dey, 1b .....	3	0	0	11	1	0
Derickson, 2b .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	McLaughlin, c .....	2	0	0	3	1	1
Pritchard, cf .....	3	0	0	2	0	0	Norris, c .....	0	0	0	1	0	0
Winn, cf .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	Lane, p .....	1	0	0	0	2	0
Brown, p .....	3	0	0	0	1	0	Gibson, p .....	1	0	0	1	0	0
†Frealey .....	1	0	0	0	0	0	Van Riper, p .....	1	0	1	0	2	0
‡Beale .....	1	0	1	0	0	0	*Fusonie .....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	33	3	7	24	11	0	Totals .....	30	2	3	26	11	1
Marines .....	300	000	001	—4			Marines .....	112	311	000	—9		
Randolph-Macon .....	200	000	001	—3			Dartmouth College .....	000	010	001	—2		

(Continued on page 56)



## July 14, 1926—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled	7,627
Total number enrolled since last report	370
Total number disenrolled since last report	560
Number examination papers received during period	4,483
Number examination papers received during year	31,771
Total number graduates to date	3,064

*Written especially for THE LEATHERNECK for the purpose of encouraging Marines to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Marine Corps Institute*

Director, U.S. Marine Corps Institute,  
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir: The Marine Corps Institute ought to prove a great benefit to many of the Marines.

One of the hardest jobs of a teacher or a superintendent is to convince the student that education pays. Impatient at the restrictions of the school, anxious to be doing something, to be earning money and to enjoy pleasures which that money can buy, he wants to quit school.

The result is always the same—a few years of work with little advancement in either pay or position and he comes face to face with the fact that he has made a mistake.

But, although the result is always the same, the reaction is not always the same. One boy goes on nursing his regret, bemoaning his mistake, another seeks to repair the damage, to regain his lost chance.

The education and training that were good enough ten years ago are not adequate for today. The number of students even in high schools has more than doubled in the last ten years. The colleges have grown almost as much. May more of the Marine Corps boys enlist in the fight to regain their lost chances and make amends for early mistakes. The Institute offers them the opportunity.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ LEWIS A. MAHONEY,  
Supt. Public Schools, Moline, Illinois.

*The Marine Corps Institute offers you a selection of 248 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.*

*Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.*

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE.....COURSE.

.....

Rank

Name

Organization

Place



# THE AFFAIR AT BLUEFIELDS

BLUEFIELDS was discovered by Bluefeldt, a Dutch buccaneer, in 1520; hence its name. It is a seaport town in eastern Nicaragua, with a population of about 5,000 inhabitants, and is the most important town on the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua. The buccaneers under Bluefeldt found the harbor a safe refuge and made friends with the native Mosquito Indians, who aided them in their buccaneering activities in the interior.

A short time after the discovery of Bluefeldt, the English became interested in the Mosquito Coast and its inhabitants; and in 1687 the Governor of Jamaica induced a chief of the Mosquito Indians to accompany him to Jamaica and acknowledged Mosquito as an independent nation under the protectorate of Great Britain. The land became known as the Mosquito Indian Reservation, governed by a native hereditary king or chief. The Mosquito Indians maintained their sovereignty until 1894, when the Mosquito Reservation was annexed by Nicaragua, with the consent of Great Britain, who was prompted to safeguard the Indians and British subjects residing in the Mosquito Reservation by a treaty known as the Harrison-Albaminana Treaty, the terms of which are said to have never become effective. It was not until 1905, however, that the absolute sovereignty of Nicaragua over this territory was recognized.

The population is composed of Mosquito Indians, Mestizos, a few Chinese storekeepers, a shifting population of Nicaraguan officials and soldiers, Jamaican negroes, so-called Spanish speaking creoles, a mixture of Indian, negro and Caucasians, and a few white people (a majority of whom are Americans) who are engaged as miners, traders, banana planters, and missionaries.

Agriculture is the principal occupation of the inhabitants. The agriculture is crude. The natives have no modern agricultural implements, the principal implement being a machete with which they clear the ground and plant their annual crops. The principal crops raised are cavassa, yams, sugar cane, and bananas. A number of large banana plantations are maintained in the interior, the largest of which is the Cuyamel Fruit Company, who also maintain and operate a line of steamers between Bluefields and New Orleans. There are also a number of cattle ranches in the interior which furnish meat for the large cities and hides for export. Cocoanuts and mangoes are abundant, and often serve to keep the natives alive during the years that their crops fail.

The natives residing along the lagoons, rivers, and on the numerous cays along the coast are good fishermen, skillful surf and boatmen, and are being employed in the turtle and sponge fishing industry.

The principal exports from Bluefields are gold, bananas, baywood, rubber, hides, live green turtles, hawksbill turtle shell, sponges, and feathers. The turtle fishing industry is confined to the cays and banks between Hobbies and Pearl Cays. The green turtle are netted and penned until a sufficient number are ob-

By 1st Sgt. J. A. McFellin

tained for shipment, when they are shipped alive to New Orleans, Key West, or Colon.

There are practically no roads in Nicaragua. Land traffic is restricted to walking or riding horseback. The horses are small but tough and can carry a man over the rough trails all day without any apparent sign of weariness. Owing to the many navigable streams and lagoons on the eastern coast of Nicaragua, the principal mode of travel is the natural routes in a native dugout called a "doris," and, in fine settled weather, long trips may be safely made along the coast in a small craft. For up-river navigation a special type of dugout, very long and narrow, is used. In these boats the rubber gatherers and mahogany scouts make long voyages far into the interior. At the present time, some of the trading, mining, and mahogany companies are introducing shallow draught gasoline motor boats on the rivers and lagoons and can now make long river journeys far into the interior in comparative comfort.

Since 1894, when the Mosquito Reservation was formally annexed to Nicaragua, the natives have resented the rule of the Nicaraguans, classing them as usurpers of their liberty and country, and have never been in accord with the constituted government.

This attitude is undoubtedly the result of misgovernment or misunderstanding between the native element and the government officials who have naturally suppressed any tendency on the part of the natives to overthrow the government. The inhabitants, native to Bluefields, claim to have enjoyed freedom under the native Mosquito Chiefs that has never been equalled under the Nicaraguans, who have placed Nicaraguans in high offices and kept the inhabitants in strict observance of the laws of the country. The recent revolt was the culmination of a long list of wrongs, fancied or real, that can not be discussed, either pro or con, by an unbiased party without committing a grave breach of neutrality toward friendly nations, however thin a line of demarcation may be said to exist between a rebel and a patriot.

One of the most interesting personalities in Bluefields is Mr. James Jackson, a veteran of the Civil War, and a long resident of Bluefields. Mr. Jackson came to Bluefields a short time after the close of the Civil War and has resided here almost continually since that time. Prior to 1894, Mr. Jackson held many offices of trust under King Clarence, the last of the Mosquito kings, and was at one time Chief Justice of the Mosquito Reservation. Another interesting character residing here is Mr. Nichols, an ex-Alaskan sourdough, originally hailing from Wapakoneta, Ohio, who has resided in Bluefields and vicinity for about twenty years. Mr. Nichols is an ex-banana planter and is well versed

in the political and economic conditions as exist in this vicinity.

After a brief sojourn in the city of Bluefields, the Marine detachment and seamen comprising the landing force from the "U. S. S. Cleveland" are again on board ship, anchored in the Caribbean Sea, about two miles east of "The Bluff" at the entrance of the harbor of Bluefields awaiting developments, or orders to return to Panama, where it is expected that the annual inspection of the commander of the special service squadron will take place soon after our arrival. It was with regret that it was necessary to give up our comfortable quarters in the Moravian school building and return aboard the ship and settle down to ship's routine after a brief period of shore duty; but as all good things come to an end sooner or later, the entire landing force returned aboard the fifth of June, thus ending the occupation of Bluefields by American forces.

Many members of the Detachment have expressed their preference for duty in Managua in the event the Marine Corps again established a legation there.

The Chamorro forces marching overland from Managua met with little or no resistance until reaching Rama, a city on the Rio Escondido, about fifty-five miles west of Bluefields, which was taken after a sharp resistance on the part of the Liberals, who were practically without arms or ammunition. As the Chamorro troops advanced toward Bluefields, the Liberals dispersed owing to their quest for arms and ammunition being unsuccessful; and Sunday, May 23 saw the ending of the East Coast Revolution.

Soon after the departure of the Liberal forces from the city and "El Bluff," the Chamorro troops entered the city unarmed because the city had been declared a neutral zone and placed in charge of the U. S. Navy Landing Force. The landing forces continued to patrol the city and maintain order until noon of June 3, when the patrols were withdrawn from the streets and the Chamorro troops took formal charge of the police and civil administration which formally marked the end of the Bluefields Revolution.

At about 2:00 p. m., May 23, General Louis B. Sandoval, commander of the Liberal Forces departed for parts unknown. General Sandoval was custodian of a large sum of money, reported to amount to from \$60,000 to \$180,000. The lesser sum probably would be nearer the correct figure as the natives here are prone to exaggerate.

With the leader in flight the last act of violence perpetrated by the Liberals was the attack on the launch "Nokomis," in which the owner, George Simpson, a negro and the negro engineer were killed by a small force under command of Colonel George Hodgson and Colonel Cherry Jackson, who returned to Bluefields early in the evening of May 23, for the purpose of attacking the "Nokomis," after which they hurriedly left for parts unknown, and it is thought that they are at present in hiding either in Honduras or Costa Rica.

## POST NEWS—continued

K. Cole, Commanding General at Quantico and the regular officers who had been assigned as instructors during this period of training. There were about fifty present.

The dinner was given in the main dining room of the Club and the tables were very tastefully decorated. The Chairman, Captain Chester L. Fordney, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, with a few appropriate remarks, introduced Captain Philip DeRonde, of New York City, who, in civil life, is President of the Oriental Navigation Company. Captain DeRonde thanked the Commanding General and the officers present who had taken part in the training and stressed the fact that the regular officers assigned had done everything possible to make their stay at Quantico both interesting and instructive. Major General Eli K. Cole replied to the toastmaster's statement and stated that he was especially glad to have had the pleasure of holding the first training Camp for Reserve officers and stated that he felt that this was just the beginning, and that the Reserve had a great future. First Lieutenant John M. Dervin, a Philadelphia Lawyer, spoke in a humorous vein, bringing out many of the exciting incidents of the training. Major Louis F. Timmerman, senior Reserve officer present, thanked the Regular officers for their interest and patience, and said that the training they received was just the kind needed. Captain John J. Flynn, the senior Reserve company commander present, spoke in behalf of the Reserve company commanders and said that the training received was of real value, and that they would all look forward to next year's training. Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Meade, who is on duty at Headquarters, having the Reserve Desk, in the Division of Operations and Training, reviewed the progress of the Reserve for the past year and told of the program of future Reserve activities and training, bringing out the organization of the Reserve as it applied to the Reserve Areas and the different classes of enlisted Reservists required for the organizations.

All hands had a very, very pleasant evening, and the relations of the Regular and Reserves are greatly enhanced by such gatherings.

## PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

Perhaps you think that Observation Squadron Two has been asleep on the job, but on the other hand, we have been very active and hope to continue to send news.

On May 31, Bernardo Duggan, Argentine sportsman, flying a 450 horsepower Savoia flying boat from New York to Buenos Aires, landed at Port au Prince. Due to the fact that advanced information on the flight stated that the landing would be at Cape Haitien, there was no escort formation. Aviation supplies had been transported to Cape Haitien and a formation of three planes were sent to escort the Argentine boat. The day previous, this Squadron sent up a formation of five planes in an attempt to find the aviators and escort them to Cape Haitien. Upon returning to the field, a radio was received saying that they had turned back to Guantanamo on account of thick weather.

HEADQUARTERS  
U. S. MARINE CORPS  
Circular Letter No. 25

From: The Major General Commandant.  
To: All Officers.

Subject: Change in Marine Corps Manual.  
1. Article 6-31 (3) and (4), Marine Corps Manual, 1926, are amended to read as follows, effective 1 November, 1926:

(3) Sergeants major, quartermaster sergeants, first sergeants, gunnery sergeants, staff sergeants and sergeants will be reappointed to their grades if the reenlistment is on the day (Sundays and holidays excepted) after discharge and at the post or within the organization from which discharged. They will be appointed corporals if they do not reenlist immediately at the post of duty, but do reenlist at any place within three months from date of discharge.

(4) Corporals holding confirmed warrants upon discharge, and privates first class, will be reappointed to their grades if they reenlist within three months from the date of discharge. Upon the discharge of a corporal holding a probationary warrant, notation will be made of any appointment in a lower grade held by him, and he will upon reenlistment within three months of discharge be reappointed to such grade. When, however, a corporal serving under a probationary warrant reenlists immediately at his place of duty, he will be reappointed to the grade in which serving upon discharge.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE.

Approved:  
CURTIS D. WILBUR.  
Secretary of the Navy.

After the plane had been serviced by Bowen Field, preparations were made for the departure to San Juan. However, a change of plans occurred due to the possibility of encountering thick weather along the northern coast, and the departure was delayed until the next morning. The next morning, in an attempt to take off the plane struck a pile driver along the side of the dock and it was damaged to the extent that it had to be towed to Bisoton. Repairs were started at once by a force of men from the erecting shop in hopes that it would be possible to continue the flight. It was impossible to complete repairs until the next day, when the hop to San Juan was made.

During the past two weeks, 48 men of this command fired the rifle range and 8 qualified as Experts; 10 as Sharpshooters; and 24 as Marksmen. This was a very good average considering conditions.

Sunday, June 6, a party of fifteen men went on a picnic to Basin Generale, about seventeen miles from Port au Prince. First Sergeant Dewald was bartender for the gang. There was plenty of chow and drinks and also fresh water bathing. Undoubtedly, each one had a very good time.

The baseball season is open now and so far we have won six games out of seven. We have the good fortune of having Gunnery Sergeant Kyle, formerly a star pitcher on the Quantico Post Team, and Sergeant Dogan, formerly a catcher of the same team.

At present we have with us the following officers: Major Roy S. Geiger, Commanding; Captain Louis E. Woods, Executive Officer; 1st Lieutenant Jesse A. Nelson; 1st Lieutenant Andrew A. Holderby; 1st Lieutenant Henry F. Adams; 1st Lieutenant Hayne D. Boyden; 1st Lieutenant Ivan W. Miller; Dr. W. W. Davies, Medical Officer; and Marine Gunner Frank F. Puttammer.

Our Squadron Sheik, "Bull" Hender-shot, left for the States on the sixth, and the gang wishes him all the luck in the world.

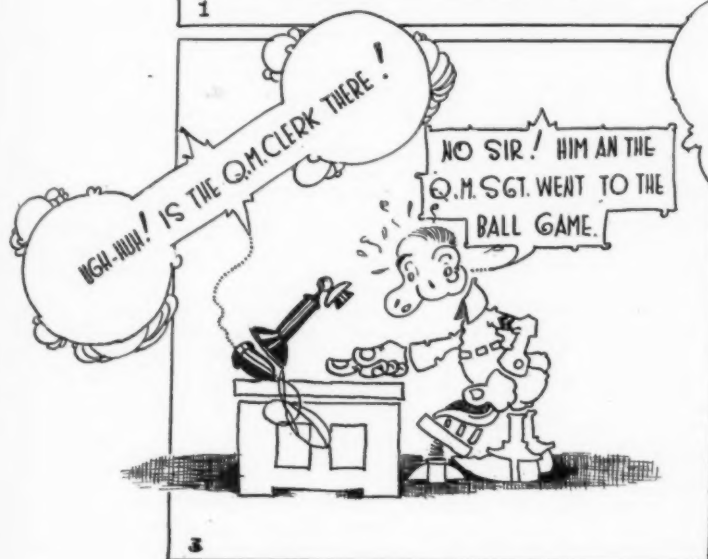
## THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD

The following is a list of the officers and men composing the guard at the "Summer White House," together with their home addresses:

First Lieutenant F. E. Stack, Washington, D. C.; Second Lieutenant Franklin D. Hall, Baltimore, Md.; Second Lieutenant Beverley S. Roberts, Baltimore, Md.

Q. M. Sgt. Edward K. Jameson, Indianapolis, Ind.; 1st Sgt. James R. Brown, Chestertown, Md.; Sgt. George W. Cramer, Dixon, Ill.; Sgt. Hulett A. Eady, Temple, Ga.; Sgt. Lewis V. Hensley, Blanco, Texas; Cpl. Adolph E. Hoffman, Paterson, N. J.; Cpl. Bernard L. Hupke, Danbury, Ia.; Cpl. George C. Otte, Indianapolis, Ind.; Cpl. Albert B. Whitley, New York, N. Y.; Cpl. Samuel L. Woodson, Dover, Tenn.; Cpl. James B. Young, Columbia, S. C.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Ralph J. Beller, New York, N. Y.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Raymond M. Clinton, Lynn, Mass.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Eppy A. Dedmon, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Roger W. Denison, Wakefield, Va.; Pvt. 1st Cl. J. D. Franklin, Electra, Texas; Pvt. 1st Cl. Watts B. Gardiner, Blodgett Mills, N. Y.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Carter V. Hendrix, Lenoir, N. C.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Arless C. Holbert, Worthington, W. Va.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Walter H. Kitchens, Pismo, Calif.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Thomas J. Laurence, Worcester, Mass.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Odie E. Lynch, Electra, Texas; Pvt. 1st Cl. Clarence J. Lowe, Felton, Ga.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Emmitt B. Moyer, Van Wert, Ohio; Pvt. 1st Cl. Bennie F. Perkins, Cardova, Ala.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Charles E. Porter, Deemont, N. J.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Walker A. Reaves, Fayette, Ala.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Paul A. Reveal, Springfield, Ohio; Pvt. 1st Cl. Grantley W. Stevens, Wellsville, N. Y.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Harry L. Townsend, Blankett, Texas; Pvt. 1st Cl. W. F. Whitridge, Jeffersonville, Ohio; Pvt. 1st Cl. Norman K. Wilson, Bangor, Maine; Pvt. 1st Cl. Wyeth O. Wilson, Tahoka, Texas; Pvt. 1st Cl. Stanley Zwalinski, Depew, N. Y.; Trumpeter John McEwen, Richmond, Va.; Pvt. Roy A. Alkisson, Shidler, Okla.; Pvt. Benny A. Bajorek, Cleveland, Ohio; Pvt. Ellsworth M. Bettes, Port Huron, Mich.; Pvt. Herbert Boyle, Fullerton, Ky.; Pvt. Charles A. Fillman, Pottstown, Pa.; Pvt. Francis H. Hynson, St. Paul, Minn.; Pvt. August C. Johansen, Prairie Farm, Wisc.; Pvt. Edwin J. Kuenzi, Columbus, Wisc.; Pvt. Otto L. Maxwell, Huggins, Mo.; Pvt. Howard H. McCullough, Charleston, Ind.;

TRYING TO GET A CERTAIN PARTY IN QUANTICO DURING A BALL GAME



# THE RIGGS NATIONAL BANK

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

FINANCIAL HEADQUARTERS  
FOR  
SERVICE MEN

3% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

RESOURCES OVER \$43,000,000



Pvt. Harold L. Pugh, Columbia Grove, Ohio; Pvt. Walter P. Radonski, Lemont, Ill.; Pvt. John Shagan, De Kalb, Ill.; Pvt. Walter H. Sheets, Clyde, Ohio; Pvt. Morris S. Ward, Henderson, Texas.

### RESERVES AT QUANTICO

The Marine Corps Reserve started out with a "Bang" and as a result is now deep into a very successful summer training period.

On June 27th there ended at Quantico the fifteen days training of the 301st, 302nd, 305th, 306th, and 309th Companies of the Marines. These companies are composed entirely of reservists including the officers. The 301st Company from Boston, is commanded by Captain John J. Flynn; The 302nd Company from Rochester, New York, is commanded by First Lieutenant Edward F. Doyle; the 305th Company from the City of Philadelphia, is commanded by First Lieutenant John D. Marine; the 306th Company from Detroit, Michigan, is commanded by First Lieutenant Clarence W. Videan; the 309th from the City of Philadelphia, is commanded by First Lieutenant Windsor B. W. Stroup. The course of training arranged for the companies was intensive and proved very interesting and instructive so that they returned to their homes healthier, happier Marines and better citizens.

There were also in training at Quantico for the period ending June 27th, thirty-three officers of the Marine Corps Reserve. This is the first group training of Marine reserve officers since the War. The second group of about the same number reported in for training on July 5th and the third group of the same number will report on July 19th. On the Pacific Coast the group training is being held at San Diego and Mare Island, California, and Puget Sound, Washington. In addition the 307th Company of Los Angeles, commanded by Captain Guy Lewis, will take its fifteen days training at San Diego Barracks commencing July 15th.

Regular officers were assigned to the 3rd, 7th, 8th and 9th Regiments; enlisted personnel is made up of reservists. Most of these officers have been to Headquarters receiving indoctrination with respect to the Marine Corps Reserve. They are as follows: 3rd Regiment, Headquarters, San Francisco, California—Major William C. Wise, commanding; First Lieutenant E. B. Moore, Regimental Staff. 7th Regiment, Headquarters, New York City—Major Howard W. Stone, Commanding; First Lieutenant Thomas J. Kilcourse, Regimental Staff. 8th Regiment (less 3rd Battalion), Headquarters, Philadelphia, Pa.—Major Neddom Eastman, commanding. 3rd Battalion, 8th Regiment, Headquarters, New Orleans, La.—Captain Charles Sniffin, commanding. 9th Regiment, Headquarters, Chicago, Ill.—Major Robert W. Messersmith, Commanding; Captain Lewis B. Reagan, Regimental Staff.

The officers assigned to the instruction of the reserve companies at Quantico and the group training of the reserve officers were as follows: Captain Victor F. Bleasdale, Samuel C. Cummings, Prentice C. Geer, William A. Wornton, John Groff, Donald J. Kendall, Galen M. Sturgis, and First Lieutenant Richard Livingston.

### THE STORY OF THE COVER

By Edwin North McClellan

Ever since the reign of Kamehameha the Great, there has hardly been an event of any great prominence occurring in the Hawaiian Islands at which American Marines have not been present, or standing by in the vicinity. To tell the complete story would involve repeating much of the history of the Corps. Coronations and funerals of sovereigns; difficulties of Hawaii with England and France; political disturbances that required protection of American lives and property; the eventual annexation by the United States, and many other important incidents—all have found American Marines ready and present to solve the problem.

So this cover by A. T. Manookian, of the United States Marines, typifies these Hawaiian Jewels, shining forth with glamor and romance from Mid-Pacific. There have been Hawaiian Marines, too, and some native Sandwich Islanders served in that capacity on board the "Sir Andrew Hammond," the first American war vessel to arrive in Hawaiian waters, and which you see on the Cover. That vessel, commanded by Captain John M. Gamble, of the Marines, arrived in Honolulu in 1814. The Marines on the Cover are the first American Marines that ever went sight-seeing in Honolulu. They were the first United States Marines to view the historic Pali, to see Pearl Harbor, and to swim at Waikiki.

They are the American Marines of 1814, and the native Hawaiians of the same year. The Hawaiian fruit is between them. The Marines are either trading with the Sandwich Islanders for the fruit, or the fruit is brought to the water front as a Hookupu. The Hookupu is an old Hawaiian custom of presenting kingly and noble ones with a fruit offering as a tribute of hospitality.

The United States ship "Sir Andrew Hammond" at last sailed from Honolulu for the Island of Hawaii, carrying a native group of chieftains with a Hookupu for Kamehameha the First. The second war with Great Britain was at its height. The "Hammond" was captured by the British. That is the story of the Cover.

### PENNSY TRACK TEAM WINS

Led by Corporal Charles McConville, the Pennsy field and track team galloped to victory in the Battle Fleet Championship. McConville equalled the fleet time in the 100-yard sprint, running it in ten flat. Running as anchor man in the mile relay, "Mac" again flashed across the line first. In the broad jump, he made the remarkable leap of twenty-three feet, six inches; but was disqualified for falling back. On his third try he made twenty feet, one inch; being beat out of first place by a California man by one little inch.

### MARINE OFFICER'S SON MAKES EXCELLENT RECORD AT NAVAL ACADEMY

Charles Huntington Lyman, 3rd, son of Colonel Charles Huntington Lyman, U. S. M. C., graduated last month from the Naval Academy, after having completed his course with a remarkable record.

He graduated number six in his class, which entered nearly eight hundred strong, and for each of the four years was a "Star" ("with distinction") member of the Class.

He was the ranking "four striper" in the Regiment, which means that he was the "regimental sub-commander," or second in command.

Ensign Lyman received one of the six letters of commendation given annually by the Superintendent of the Naval Academy to those who have "contributed most to the development of naval spirit and loyalty within the Regiment."

He played on the Academy Tennis Team for four years; was the Captain of the team in the last year; and was the Academy Tennis Champion for three years.

The many personal friends of Colonel Lyman and the Marine Corps in general join with him in wishing for his son just as distinguished a career in the Naval Service.

### ENTERTAINMENT BY RESERVES

On Friday evening, June 25, the Marine Corps Reserves on duty at Quantico gave an unusually good entertainment at the Post Gymnasium.

There were three boxing bouts of fine caliber; and the participants surely gave their best. The first was between Private Slater, 145 pounds, of the 302nd Company, Rochester, and Private Peirson, 144 pounds, of the 305th Company, Philadelphia. Pierson won in the first of the third round by a technical knockout.

The second bout was between Private Neilan, 145 pounds, of the 306th Company, Detroit, and Private Zereski, 145 pounds, of the same outfit. The decision was given to Private Neilan.

The third was an exhibition affair between Private Pinion of Quantico and Frank Woodarski. It consisted of three two-minute rounds, and was far from being a tame affair as they went after each other from the first bell.

The next thing on the program was a "Battle Royal," each contestant being blindfolded and having a canteen on one hand and a boxing glove on the other. Of course, they were not allowed to remove the canteen from the deck. This resulted in lots of hard socks for the contestants and plenty of fun for the audience.

Then First Sergeant Fagen of Philadelphia, who has served in the Royal Northwest mounted, gave a very interesting recitation on Tales of the Northwest.

The next on the card was an exhibition of Charleston dancing, rendered by McCool of the 309th Company, Philadelphia; Belcher of the 306th Company, Detroit; Spaulding of the 302nd Company, Rochester; and Private Ferdinand of the Engineer Battalion, Quantico.

"The Charleston Trio" followed, with music by Endress and Kneezel, and dancing by Reynolds.

The next act was "Physical Drill under Arms," by Gunnery Sergeant Kirksten of the 301st Company, Boston. Kirksten has been a Marine for twenty-eight and one-half years and is still able to make a rifle talk.

Then came a pie eating contest, participated in by one man from each company. It was a handicap in that each man was required to remain on his knees and had his hands tied behind his back. This was won by Private Tryon of the 302nd Company.

The final event was "The Awkward Squad," by members of the 306th Company of Detroit.

M. M. McKinney of the 302nd Company of Rochester was the chairman in charge; and First Sergeant Gillis of the 306th Company of Detroit was the announcer.

### MARINES HONOR HERO OF REVOLUTION

Honoring the memory of a gallant Marine officer of Revolutionary times, U. S. Marines on duty at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition here, will name the ground where their tents are pitched Camp Samuel Nicholas.

Major Nicholas was the senior Marine officer of the American Revolution. He received the first commission issued by the Continental Naval Service, and organized the first two battalions of Marines in Philadelphia in 1775.

As a captain he led the Marines on their first expedition to New Providence in the Bahamas in 1776, where his men captured ammunition and stores. As a major he served under Washington in the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

The old Tun Tavern, where the captain mustered the first revolutionary Marines, has been reproduced for the exposition, and is the center of historical interest at Camp Samuel Nicholas.

### SEVENTH REGIMENT RESERVE

Through the kindness of Rear Admiral L. M. Josephthal, commanding New York Naval Militia, the headquarters of the Seventh Regiment, Marine Corps Reserve, has been located in Room 2205, Municipal Building, New York City, by Major H. W. Stone, ordered to duty as commanding officer of the regiment. First Lieutenant Thomas J. Kilcourse has been designated as the regimental adjutant. Sergeant J. B. McKim is in charge of Regimental files and records.

The office is located conveniently with reference to both subway lines, surface cars, the Hudson tubes, and elevated lines.

Reserve and regular officers are invited to visit or communicate with regimental headquarters while in New York.

A smoker was given by the regimental field and staff for the Marine Corps Reserve officers of Greater New York at the Officers Club, Navy Yard, New York, Thursday evening, July 1.

Marine Reserve companies on the receiving ship "Illinois" and at the Second Battalion Armory in Brooklyn will be recruited to full strength as rapidly as possible.

### HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS

Washington, 30 June, 1926.

From—The Major General Commandant.

To—All Officers.

Subject—Reservists.

Reference—(a) Art. 13-2, Marine Corps Manual.

(b) Art. 13-54(3), Marine Corps Manual.

(c) Naval Reserve Act Approved 2-28-26.

1. References (a) and (c) provide that the Marine Corps Reserve is composed of male citizens of the United States. Accordingly, men are not eligible for enlistment, appointment, transfer or assignment in or to the Reserve who are not citizens. Aliens who have declared their intention to become citizens but who have not completed naturalization are not eligible.

2. Reference (b) makes exception in the cases of men not citizens who were serving in the Marine Corps on July 1, 1925 and who on that date had completed not less than eight (8) years Naval service for transfer to Class II, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE.

### U. S. M. C. FLYER MAKES RECORD

Details of one of the most remarkable and picturesque airplane flights in service records are contained in the verbal report submitted to Marine Corps Headquarters by Major E. H. Brainard following his return on June 13 to Washington.

Leaving the capital on May 25 in a DH plane equipped with Loening wings and a standard Liberty engine, Major Brainard made without mishap a 7,000-mile flight in 75 hours of actual flying time. Leaving Seattle on June 10 at 12:30, he flew to Boise City, 500 miles, where he spent the night. From there he covered on Friday the 850 miles to North Platte and on Saturday negotiated the 1,000 miles to Dayton, Ohio. On Sunday morning he flew to Washington, a distance of 400 miles, making the trip in three and one-half hours.

Part of the flight from Seattle to Boise City was made over mountain ranges, where possibly no other plane has flown before he picked up the route of the mail planes. A maximum altitude of 13,000 feet was necessary at one point and at another the flyer found it impossible to cross the Cascades during a rainstorm, so adopted the expedient of following the railroad cut through the Cascade Pass, a route so narrow that, once entered, had to be followed through, as it was impossible to turn back.

The trip was made for the purpose of inspecting aviation activities of the Marine Corps and aviation plants in the west where planes are being constructed for the Navy and Marine Corps.

### WINS ELLIOT TROPHY

Defeating all other teams on the East Coast, Quantico's rifle team easily won this prized shooting trophy. Sergeant Cagle was the high point man on the winning team. He made a total score of 387, being but two down on the first six ranges.

The Quantico team is composed of 1st Lieutenant Hunt, Sergeant Cagle, Sergeant Morris, Corporal Wagner and Private Moss, supernumerary.

### DOCUMENTS PRESERVED

Headquarters has just installed counter-height fireproof steel cases to house the muster rolls as far back as 1902. Requisition has already been made for additional cases to care for the older volumes, dating back to 1798. These books are in excellent shape, and clearly legible, and as old records are invaluable. With the completion of the Archives Building recently authorized by Congress these old volumes will find a fitting repository, together with other documents and records of the Marine Corps in its early days.

### RESERVE HDQTRS IN CHICAGO

Headquarters of the 9th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve has been established in offices located at 1405 Howard St., Chicago, Ill. The office building is located on the corner of Sheridan Road and Howard St., telephone: Briargate 5140.

Major R. E. Messersmith has, by orders from the Major General Commandant, assumed command of the Regiment, with Captain L. B. Reagan as adjutant.

Officers and men of the Reserve and Regular Service are cordially invited to call at any time when in Chicago.

### FOKKER'S STATEMENT

"I would rather have a man who has had experience in Marine aviation than any other mechanic."

This was the statement of A. H. G. Fokker, the celebrated airplane inventor and builder and the builder of the Josephine Ford, the plane that Commander Byrd flew over the North Pole.

The statement was made at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia just after an aerial review in which the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps entered planes.

"The general police of the Marine Corps planes and the never failing motors tells the story that behind those ships on the ground are efficient mechanics; and the outside appearance of the planes proves that there is pride in the hearts of the men who form the Marine crews," continued the great Dutch inventor.

Lieut. Alton N. Parker, Marine Corps Reserve officer, was an alternate pilot on Byrd's polar flight and at present has a position with Fokker as test pilot and demonstrator of the famed Fokker three-engined monoplane. He made the first trip over Philadelphia-Washington Mail route July sixth.

While at Philadelphia on the Fourth of July several of the Marine airplane mechanics were assured by Fokker of obtaining positions with his firm.

## MARINES GUARD LIBERTY BELL

Perhaps the most impressive sight to the thousands of visitors who are flocking to Philadelphia to witness the Sesqui-Centennial there, is afforded them when they visit the symbol of our nation, the Liberty Bell which is on display in Independence Hall. It is the honor of the United States Marine Corps to have been chosen to maintain a guard over the Liberty Bell and with the exactness with which they have guarded the property of this country since its beginning, the Marines are carrying out their duty.

The personnel of the guard numbers six men, two of which are posted on two-hour watches on either side of the Bell and maintain a position of at ease, attention, or parade rest at will. The impressiveness of this sight can only be driven home upon witnessing it with one's own eyes. The following picked men commanded by Sgt. L. Meeker constitute the detail: Cpl. Coyle, Cpl. Miller, Pvt. Apostolides, Kingsbury, Koehn, McNeill, Snyder and Straton.

During their stay in Philadelphia the men are barracked at the United Service Club where they have a splendid room to themselves and all the comforts of home.

## WHERE IS?

Corporal Ben F. Pape, Marine Detachment, Section B, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois, would like to locate any Marines who were in Co. D, 5th Regt., during the battle of St. Mihiel, and who knew Lester R. Congram who was wounded on November 1, 1918.

## SGT. MAJ. SMITH RETIRES

Sergeant Major Frank L. Smith was retired on June 30, after completing thirty years of service. Sergeant Major Smith was first enlisted at the Marine Barracks, Newport, R. I., March 1, 1898, by Captain Henry C. Cochrane. He is better known to the old timers as "Mickey." His second enlistment and his service up to June, 1913, was in the Army. He reenlisted June 2, 1913, in the Marine Corps, and served with the Marines up to his retirement.

He was in action at Cuba, 1898; Philippines, 1899; China, 1900; Mexico, 1914; Santo Domingo, 1916; overseas with the Fifth Regiment and Sixth Machine Gun Battalion, 1918; and Germany, 1919.

He states that he will locate at 205 Hillside Ave., Holyoke, Mass.

## NEW TROPHIES FOR MARINES

The members of the Semper Fidelis Club of Managua, Nicaragua, C. A., the membership of which was composed of enlisted men of the former Marine Detachment, American Legation, in Nicaragua, having most generously donated two trophies for perpetual award in athletic competitions in the Marine Corps, acceptance has formally been made and rules under which they will be awarded have been published.

These trophies will be known as the Managua Marines' Trophies. A trophy will be awarded to the post or organization (rendering a separate muster roll located or stationed on the Atlantic Coast and the same on the Pacific Coast) that

attains the highest number of points under the following rules:

(a) The factors considered in determining the final score of the winning post or organization will be the figure of merit attained in the monthly physical test during the preceding year and the total points made by competitors from the post or organization in a Regional, Coastal or Marine Corps Athletic Competition.

(b) In determining the final score the following computations will be made:

Figure of merit times 8

Points made in competitions / divided times 2 (by 10)

For the purpose of this award the year will begin on July first of each calendar year.

## THE ANTI AIRCRAFT COMPANY

Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

On May 26, 1926, the entire company under command of Captain DeWitt Peck left Quantico, Va., in two sections enroute to the State Rifle Range, Virginia Beach, Va., for its annual target practice and experimental firing. After an uneventful trip the company arrived at its destination on May 28, 1926, and established camp. During the remainder of the month of May we prepared for firing by placing our guns in firing position, locating our base line for the fire control, and various other routine duties in connection with firing.

The firing this year had more than ordinary interest to this company, in that a new plotting board had been designed by this company during last winter and manufactured by the Gun Factory at Washington Navy Yard, and was going to be tested during the maneuvers.

The board came entirely up to expectations in that all data obtained from it and sent to the guns was found to be correct, and the result was that the company proved its superiority to all other anti aircraft organizations of its size. We obtained 1 hit for every 22 shots fired, and in addition we completely shattered four targets in 168 shots.

The company fully enjoyed the wonderful facilities at Virginia Beach for bathing, and when it came time for the return everybody looked like a detail just returned from the tropics.

## U. S. VETERANS BUREAU

Over 57,000 adjusted compensation checks will be in the mail on July 1st, to cover the next quarterly payment to beneficiaries of deceased veterans. The last quarterly payment which was made April 1, covered 51,708 of these claims, and represented a value of \$5,215,534.53, and over 6,000 new claims have accrued during the past three months.

To date the Veterans Bureau has paid on 3,019,225 adjusted compensation claims of all classes. Cash payments of \$50 or less have been paid to 103,773 living veterans representing a value of \$3,381,293.02, while cash payments of \$50 or less have been paid to 2,861 dependents of deceased veterans, these claims totaling \$77,758. Lump sum payments have been made to 19,319 beneficiaries of deceased veterans in a total amount of \$19,948,174.61.

## CHAUMONT FORCED BACK

The transport Chaumont, which sailed from San Francisco for Manila on June 2, was forced to turn back and returned to Frisco on June 3, due to trouble developing in low pressure turbine. She was ordered to proceed immediately to Mare Island Navy Yard for examination and immediate repairs. The Chaumont carried a full passenger list composed of Navy and Marine Corps officers and families.

## U. S. M. C. RESERVE ARMORY

The Comptroller General has informed the Secretary of the Navy, that, while funds appropriated for the Naval Reserve and Marine Corps Reserve must be kept distinctly separate, it is permissible to apply Marine Corps' Reserve Funds under General Expenses to secure an armory or place for the Marine Corps Reservists to drill.

## U. S. M. C. WARRANT REGULATIONS

Proposed regulations covering the requirements and qualifications governing the admission and promotion of enlisted men to the newly created warrant and commissioned warrant grades in the Marine Corps were discussed on June 17 at a conference at staff headquarters. Tentative plans were drawn up and will be put into shape for submission to the Secretary of the Navy for final approval with as little delay as possible.

It is expected that by the middle of July boards will be appointed for the examination of candidates. The new law creates the warrant grade of Pay Clerk and the commissioned warrant grades of Chief Marine Gunner, Chief Quartermaster Clerk and Chief Pay Clerk in the Marine Corps. It will affect approximately 142 men, some of the best "non-coms" of the Corps, characterized by General Lejeune as "the backbone of the service-men who love the military service and have made it a career." For the past year the head of the Marine Corps has been advocating the passage of this legislation to "open the door of hope to these splendid men to become commissioned warrant officers, having a similar status to warrant officers of the Navy."

## AIDE TO HAITI PRESIDENT

Col. D. C. McDougall, U. S. M. C., is acting as senior aide to President Louis Borno of Haiti during his stay in the United States. Selection of Col. MacDougall for this duty is looked upon as a happy one as he is peculiarly well fitted for it owing to his long association with President Borno in Haiti where he served as chief of the gendarmerie and military adviser.

## QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT

O'HARA RETIRES

On July 15, Quartermaster Sergeant Redmond O'Hara was placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps, after having completed thirty years and seventeen days service. His last place of duty was at the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.



## THE QUANTICO MOSQUITO PLANE



The above plane is the mosquito dusting plane of Brown Field, First Aviation Group, Quantico, that has successfully sprayed the Chappawamsic Swamps with the larvae killing powders. Alternate pilot, Master Sergeant Ben Belcher is seated in the plane. The design just under the pilot's cockpit is a winged devil with his spear thrust thru a mosquito. The plane has been dubbed the "Mosquito Hawk" by the crew Chief, Corporal Niel Williams.

"Ain't going to fly no More!"

What! You say that the Marines will not fly anymore at Brown Field?

No, no, we have reference to the dangerous member of the gnat family known as the Anopheles mosquito that heretofore has multiplied by the millions in the Chappawamsic Swamp in the vicinity of Quantico and preyed with impunity upon the necks of the Leathernecks and also other parts of their anatomy since the establishment of the Marine post at Quantico.

It is quite true that the mosquito will fly "no more" in the vicinity of Quantico. He will not even make the first "take-off." The "T W 3" two-placed airplane that has been converted into a mosquito duster by the mechanics of the erection shop at Brown Field has already begun to take its toll of lives of the mosquito in the larval stage that inhabit stagnant waters of the Chappawamsic Swamps.

The sprayer, which is the product of the ingenuity of Gunnery Sergeant Virgil Davenport, has made three trips over the swamps, dusting the waters at a low altitude with a mixture of paris green and soap stone. The powder is a greenish substance and on contact with the water takes the slimy form of algae upon which the larvae or "wiggler" feeds. Thus the mosquito is killed by the poison in the second stage of its metamorphosis.

The apparatus that was designed by Sergeant Davenport and built at the field machine shop under the supervision of Lieutenant Cowie and First Sergeant Ed Cuble, is a hopper device not much unlike the cotton dusting devices that are used against the cotton boll weevil in the Southern States. The ship being a side by side seater, the pilot after flying his plane into the vicinity of the larvae infested waters instructs the duster operator to crank the duster. The hopper feeds just like a flour sifter in mother's kitchen into a venturi tunnel through which the propeller blast forces the dust into the air in a large dust screen. The soapstone in the powder being heavy the dust settles upon the water and the raft-like colonies of the mosquito are destroyed as the larva unsuspectingly feeds on the "manna" from the air. In this way the multitudes are fed and destroyed.

In the Brown Field war on the mosquito the fact that there are two species of the insect, one the Culex and the other the Anopheles, is not taken into consideration by Master Sergeant Benjamin Belcher, the hopper operator and Lieutenant Cowie, the pilot of the death dealing plane. The fact that the harmless mosquito can be distinguished from his brother by the stance that his body takes horizontally with the ground while the Anopheles' body assumes an angle of 20 to 45 degrees with the ground while at rest, is not considered by the fliers; so the good must suffer for the sins of his brother.

It is highly significant that the Brown Field experiment conducted under the supervision of the Public Health Service is the second time that the scheme has been used and the fact that the plane was built from the ground up by Marine Corps personnel only adds to the high efficiency of the engineering abilities of the Marine mechanics.

That the experiment is a success is proved by the fact that very few of the members of the command at the Aviation field have used mosquito netting over their beds so far this year. Heretofore the pests have been a real menace.

## A Convenience For Marines!

# Williams Shaving Cream

Always the leading Shaving Cream because of its heavier, faster-working lather and soothing effect on the skin Williams now comes to you in a tube with a cap you can't lose.



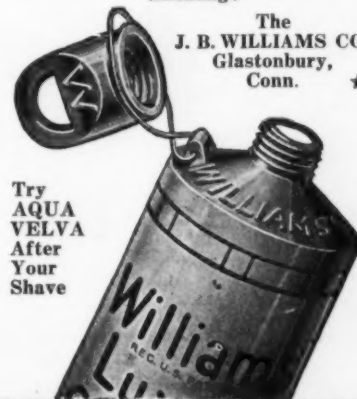
1. The new Hinge-Cap is "on even when it's off." It can't slip from your fingers down the drain-pipe or onto the floor.

2. This patented cap is easier to screw on, too. The threads engage perfectly the first time—none of those annoying false starts.



Ask for "WILLIAMS" at your Post Exchange

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J. B. WILLIAMS CO.  
Glastonbury,  
Conn. ★



### NON-COM LIQUID POLISH

For Cleaning and Burnishing  
Service Ornaments Buttons  
Buckles Slides

Price, 35 cents

Especially adapted to the needs of  
all Branches of the Service

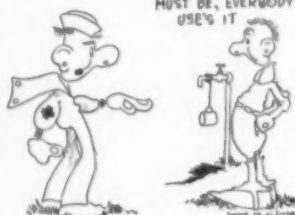
Prepared by

F. P. WELLER, Druggist  
Cor. 8th and I Sts. S. E.  
Washington, D. C.



IS THAT CUP SANITARY?

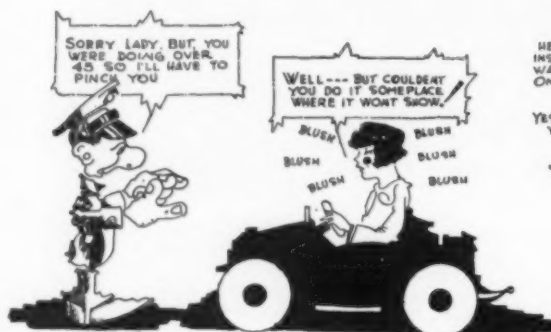
MUST BE, EVERYBODY  
USE'S IT



SOBRY LADY, BUT YOU  
WERE DOING OVER,  
45 SO I'LL HAVE TO  
PINCH YOU

WELL--- BUT COULDN'T  
YOU DO IT SOMEPLACE  
WHERE IT WOULDN'T SHOW.

BLUSH  
BLUSH  
BLUSH  
BLUSH  
BLUSH  
BLUSH



HELLO! HELLO! THIS THE  
INSURANCE AGENT? I  
WANT ACCIDENT INSURANCE  
ON MY CAR - RIGHT AWAY

YES! SIR! WHAT MAKE IS  
YOUR CAR?

"IT WAS A HUBBON"



"HEY DIZZY - DONT  
LIGHT A MATCH NEAR  
THAT GASOLINE."

GWAN GUY YOURS GOOFY  
WHO EVER HEARD OF ANY BODY  
TELLING THE AGE OF  
A CHICKEN BY THE TEETH-  
CHICKENS DONT HAVE TEETH!

I KNOW - BUT  
I DO!!



THEY ALWAYS COME BACK FOR MORE

1919

IF THEY'S ANY MORE WARS  
AFTER THIS - YOU CAN COUNT  
ME OUT - I'M OFF ON  
SOLDIERING LIKE A DIRTY  
SHIRT - THE NEXT GUY  
THAT SAYS UNIFORM TO  
ME IS GONNA GET  
A SWEET BUST IN  
THE NOSE.

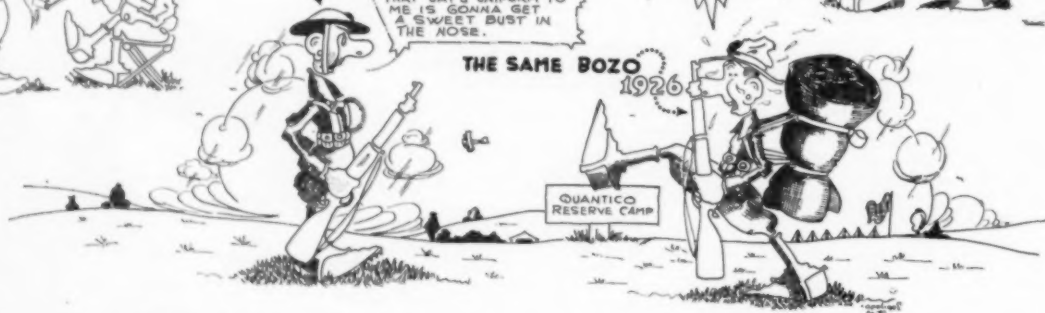
WHEN DO  
WE EAT!



"ON! THATS ALRIGHT -  
THESE ARE GAFFY  
MATCHES."

THE SAME BOZO

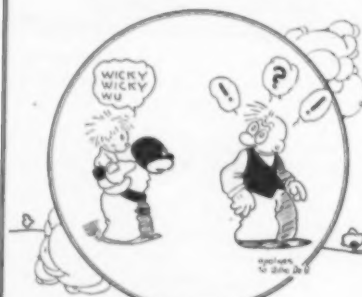
1926



QUANTICO  
RESERVE CAMP

HIGH SPOTS OF THE RESERVE TRAINING CAMP

LATE ARRIVALS



MAJOR "ROXY"  
AND HIS GANG



NOW YOU BUNCH OF  
FLATHEADED BOLOGNEYS  
DO THAT LAST CHARLESTON  
OVER. AND WE'LL SIGN  
OFF FOR THE DAY

MARINE NONCHALANTLY WRITES  
LETTER TO HIS SWEETIE  
WHILE HIS MACHINE GUNS  
FIRE AT HIM



JAKE STAHL SAYS THAT  
THE BULLETS ARE MUCH  
BETTER TRAINED THESE  
DAYS THAN THEY WERE  
WHEN HE WAS TRYING  
TO DODGE 'EM IN  
FRANCE IN 1918

## SAVED FOR A RAINY DAY!

Somebody hundreds of years ago asked the generation of that date to save for a rainy day. That advice has been imparted through the centuries, but strange as it may seem, it has gone unheeded by the thousands.

On the other hand there are countless thousands who have profited by the sound warning: "Save for a rainy day!" By coming to this strong Bank and starting a small Savings account and then putting aside a certain stipulated sum each pay day, it is possible to have accumulated sufficient to ward off the fears of "rainy days." Let us explain how easily this can be accomplished.

### The Washington Loan & Trust Company

Downtown Bank  
900 F Street

Resources Over  
\$17,000,000.00

West End Branch  
618 17th Street

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Phone Main 2321

Compliments

to

THE LEATHERNECK

from

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## A Marine's Teeth!

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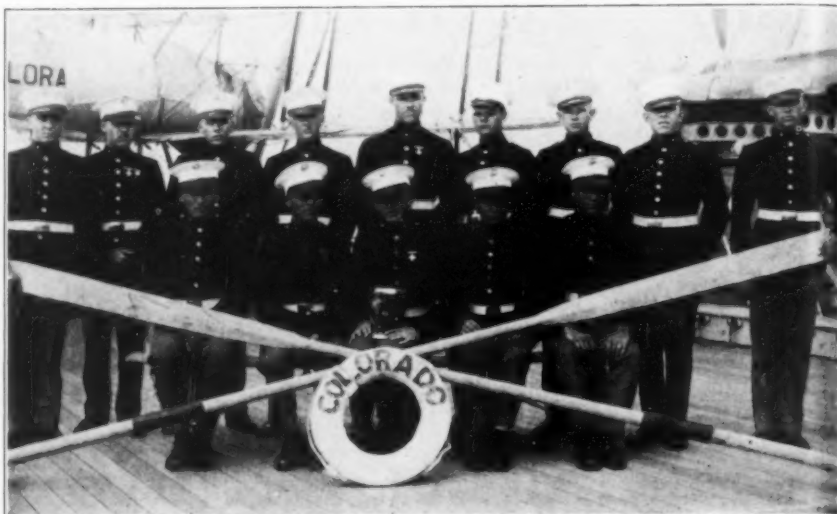
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## WHALEBOAT CREW OF COLORADO WINS DUNLAP CUP



Above is a picture of the Whaleboat crew of the "U. S. S. Colorado," which did its bit to make the COLORADO the Rowing Ship of the Navy by placing first in the race for the Dunlap Cup, competed for by all the Marine Whaleboat crews in the Pacific Fleet on June 5th, 1926.

The race was pulled over a two-mile course at San Pedro, California, on the above-mentioned date, and our crew got off on the gun and gave the others a view of her stern from the start, and tossed oars a couple of strokes ahead of the ARIZONA, our closest rival.

Corporal Ragnvald Hansen was coxswain of the crew and was assisted in training the crew by Reidel, who has trained many winning crews for the COLORADO. Corporal Hansen is a veteran whaleboat man and has done his bit in past races. With this exception most of the men were new in this game and this their first race.

The crew consisted of the following named men: R. Hansen, coxswain; F. E. Griffith, stroke; T. K. Burdett, stroke; G. D. Cleavenger, F. H. Cleaver, R. C. Burns, B. P. Ismay, P. R. Iman, B. F. Quinn, J. E. Eslinger, A. Westerbeek, D. R. Willis, and B. R. Johnson.

## ACROSTIC

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And from the storm-bound Rockies to desert-swept Sudan,  
Rehearse their famous story, with deeds that win a throne,  
In accents breathing glory for what they call their own;  
Nor shall the dear, dead Masters, whose souls, in classic song,  
Enshrine the starry precincts of Art, forever long,  
Surpass old "Montezuma," which, foreign though its name,

Holds close our country's honor, and sets our souls aflame.  
You burn and thrill to hear it—and, flouting future fates,  
Marines declare they'll play it within the Pearly Gates!  
Now, that's their playful fancy, but, putting jokes aside,

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the hide.

M. P. W.

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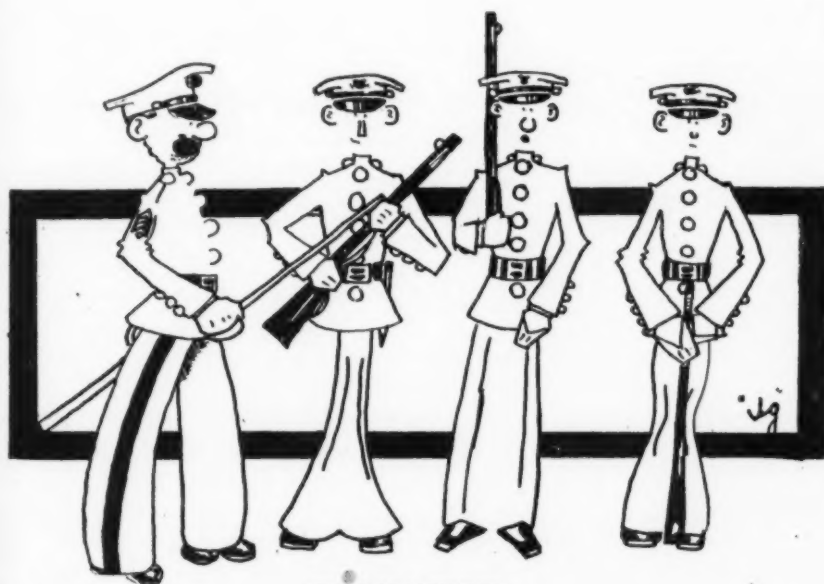
## CHAMPIONS OF THE LEAGUE AT QUANTICO



Kneeling, left to right: Piner, right field; Grivers, catcher; Grayson, shortstop; Williams, second base; Bucina, center field; Seiver, catcher.

Standing, left to right: Paschowitz, catcher; Novick, manager and fielder; Haddock, first base; Starr, pitcher; Butler, left field; Kildow, pitcher and pinch hitter; Van Buren, field captain and third baseman.

On the team are Haddock, Bucina, Van Buren, Williams, Butler, Kildow, Starr, and Grayson who were members of the famous All-Haitien Team of 1924. Piner was a big ingredient in the team that represented the Marines in Guam in 1925. Grivers is a youngster and one of the best catchers in the Post League. Paschowitz is good for his heady plays and his hitting ability. Seivers is a recruit in the Marine Aviation, but has a good high school record and is second on the catching string.



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### BOX SCORES—concluded

#### BLUE RIDGE COLLEGE

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	4	3	3	6	0	0
Freeny, 1b	2	0	2	5	0	0
Hudson, 1b	2	1	1	4	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	5	3	1	0	0
Bailey, c	6	3	2	4	0	0
Hall, 2b	3	2	1	2	0	0
Hannah, 2b	1	2	1	1	0	0
Maddes, 3b	6	3	3	2	4	0
Stolle, rf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Stock, rf	0	2	0	1	0	0
Hrisko, ss	5	1	3	0	2	0
Buckaway, p	2	0	1	0	3	0
Montieth, p	1	1	0	0	0	0

Totals . . . . .40 24 22 27 9 0

Blue Ridge Col'ge:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Garber, cf	3	2	0	1	0	0
Hatcher, 3b & ss	4	0	2	3	2	1
Bradley, c	4	0	0	9	1	0
Michael, ss & 2b	4	0	1	1	2	0
Bennett, p & 3b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Hughes, 1b	5	0	2	6	2	0
Slaughter, 2b & rf	4	1	1	2	1	0
Adams, lf	3	0	1	1	0	1
Lowe, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Cowden, p	0	1	0	0	0	0

Totals . . . . .34 4 7 24 11 2

By innings:

Marines	420	024	66x	—24
Blue Ridge	000	000	013	—4

Runs: Chenoweth, 3; Hudson, 1; Duncan, 5; Bailey, 3; Hall, 2; Hannah, 2; Maddes, 3; Stolle, 1; Stock, 2; Hrisko, 1; Montieth, 1; Garber, 2; Slaughter, 1; Cowden, 1. Two-base hits: Buckaway. Three-base hits: Bailey, 2; Hrisko, Slaughter. Home runs: Duncan. First base on balls of Montieth, 6; Bennett, 5; Lowe, 5; Cowden, 2. Struck out by Buckaway, 3; Bennett, 1; Lowe, 3. Passed balls: Bradley, Bailey. Hit by pitcher: Cowden (Stock).

Umpires Shurtleff and McHenry.  
Game at Quantico, Va. Time of game 2 hours.

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	5	2	3	2	0	0
Stolle, cf	1	0	0	0	1	0
Freeny, 1b	3	1	1	6	1	0
Hudson, 1b	3	2	2	5	0	0
Duncan, lf	3	2	2	0	0	0
Baylis, lf	1	1	1	0	0	0
Maddes, 3b	5	2	3	0	1	0
Hannah, 2b	6	3	5	5	5	1
Stock, rf	4	2	1	3	0	0
Hrisko, ss	5	2	4	1	3	0
Cavanaugh, c	2	1	0	5	0	0
Parsons, p	4	2	3	0	2	0
Gray, p	1	0	0	0	1	0

Totals . . . . .43 20 25 27 12 2

Blue Ridge:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Garber, cf	4	0	0	5	0	1
Hatcher, ss	4	1	1	1	3	0
Bradley, c	4	0	1	5	0	0
Michael, 2b	4	0	1	2	2	0
Bennett, 3b	4	1	1	1	0	0
Hughes, 1b	4	0	0	5	0	0
Adams, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Slaughter, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
Cowden, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wilkinson, rf	3	0	0	3	0	0

Totals . . . . .34 2 5 24 6 1

By innings:

Marines	205	334	12x	—20
Blue Ridge College	000	001	010	—2

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## THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,

Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. John C. Beaumont.  
Lt. Col. Walter N. Hill.  
Maj. Harry K. Pickett.  
Capt. John D. Lockburner.  
1st Lt. James M. Smith.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. J. C. Beaumont  
Lt. Col. W. N. Hill  
Maj. H. L. Larson  
Capt. F. S. Robillard  
1st Lt. H. C. Busbey

## MARINE CORPS ORDERS

June 10, 1926

Maj. J. R. Henley, detached MB, Nyl, Philadelphia, Pa., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.  
Capt. E. D. Kalbfleisch, detached Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. A. J. Burks, detached RS, Destroyer Base, San Diego, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. A. W. Paul, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. A. E. Bourne, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to RS, Destroyer Base, San Diego, Calif.

June 11, 1926

No orders were announced.

June 12, 1926

Maj. F. A. Barker, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to duty as Coordinator, Fourth Area, New Orleans, La.

Maj. R. E. Messersmith, detached MB, Nyl, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty as CO, Ninth Reserve Regiment, Chicago, Ill.

Maj. J. T. Reid, died on June 10, 1926, at MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. R. B. Buchanan, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MD, USS ARKANSAS.

Capt. M. B. Curtis, detached MB, NSB, New London, Conn., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

Capt. E. T. Lloyd, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Key West, Fla.

Capt. C. N. Muldrow, detached MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to MB, NSB, New London, Conn.

Capt. E. L. Pelletier, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

Capt. L. B. Reagan, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty with Ninth Reserve Regiment, Chicago, Ill.

Capt. W. Woodworth, detached MD, AL, Peking, China, to Department of the Pacific.

June 14, 1926

No orders were announced.

June 15, 1926

Maj. C. H. Metcalf, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Capt. W. P. T. Hill, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, AL, Peking, China.

1st Lt. W. E. Maxwell, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

Qm. Clerk H. J. Smith, detached MB, Nyl, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

June 16, 1926

Maj. G. W. VanHoose, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

1st Lt. J. L. Moody, detached Office of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. M. A. Richal, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

June 17, 1926

1st Lt. A. L. W. Gordon, detached MB, Nyl, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti.

June 18, 1926

No orders were announced.

June 19, 1926

Col. C. S. Hill, detached MB, Nyl, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. B. W. Atkinson, detached MB, Nyl, Philadelphia, to MB, Quantico, Va.  
1st Lt. T. McK. Schuler, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MB, Quantico, Va.

June 21, 1926

No orders were announced.

June 22, 1926

Lt. Col. T. C. Turner, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Air Service Tactical School, Langley Field, Va.

Capt. M. Corbett, detached MD, USS HURON to Department of the Pacific.

Capt. R. J. Mitchell, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to the Air Service Tactical School, Langley Field, Va.

Capt. E. J. Mund, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. W. D. Bassett, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. P. R. Cowley, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Recruiting District of St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.

1st Lt. W. G. Farrell, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to the Air Service Tactical School, Langley Field, Va.

1st Lt. F. S. Flack, assigned to duty with the MD, USS ASHEVILLE.

1st Lt. J. M. Greer, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. F. W. Hanlon, detached MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. L. Healey, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

1st Lt. G. W. Shearer, detached Recruiting District of St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

1st Lt. H. N. Stent, detached MD, AL, Peking, China, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. J. J. Thornton, detached MD, USS ASHEVILLE, to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. H. E. Dunkelberger, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. R. E. Forsyth, detached MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I., to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. J. H. N. Hudnall, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

June 23, 1926

Lt. Col. H. O. Smith, detached Recruiting District of Boston, Boston, Mass., to MB, Nyl, Boston, Mass.

Maj. J. D. Murray, detached MB, Quantico, to Recruiting District of Boston, Boston, Mass.

1st Lt. H. J. Norton, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

1st Lt. H. E. Rosecrans, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

2nd Lt. L. G. Miller, assigned to duty at MB, Nyl, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. W. S. Purple, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

2nd Lt. R. L. Skidmore, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of the Pacific.

Qm. Clerk N. Rainier, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

June 24, 1926

Col. R. C. Berkeley, detached Army War College, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Col. L. H. Moses, retired.

1st Lt. A. E. Benson, detached Recruiting District of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Nyl, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. H. C. Major, detached MB, Nyl, Norfolk, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

1st Lt. P. B. Watson, detached Recruiting District of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio, to Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti.

Pay Clerk W. B. Denison, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I.

Pay Clerk A. L. Robinson, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

June 25, 1926

Capt. A. C. Dearing, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. G. R. Reynolds, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. R. D. Leach, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. A. R. Holderby, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

June 26, 1926

Capt. T. R. Shearer, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

2nd Lt. J. I. Mosley, dismissed.

2nd Lt. H. C. Roberts, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Qm. Clerk J. E. Hall, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Nyl, Norfolk, Va.

Pay Clerk J. T. Armstrong, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Nyl, Norfolk, Va.

June 28, 1926

Col. W. C. Harlee, detached Army War College, Washington, D. C., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

2nd Lt. J. T. Harris, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

June 29, 1926

Capt. L. W. Whaley, AQM, on July 1, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Lt. Col. R. B. Putnam; Maj. G. A. Stowell; Capt. C. M. Ruffner; Capt. F. S. Robillard; Capt. H. C. Major; Capt. H. R. Anderson; Capt. J. A. Nelson; 1st Lt. H. T. Birmingham; 1st Lt. E. E. Linsert; 1st Lt. E. M. Clark; 1st Lt. O. H. Wheeler.

June 30, 1926

2nd Lt. S. S. Ballentine, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. C. L. Fike, detached MB, Nyl, Mare Island, Calif., to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

July 1, 1926

Capt. L. W. Whaley, relieved from detail as an Assistant Quartermaster.

1st Lt. K. A. Inman, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

Pay Clerk F. H. O'Neill, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Office of the APM, Atlanta, Ga.

Pay Clerk J. J. Reidy, detached Office of the APM, Atlanta, Ga., to MB, Quantico, Va.

July 2, 1926

No orders were announced.

July 3, 1926

Lt. Col. R. B. Creecy, detailed as an Assistant Adjutant and Inspector.

Capt. R. J. Bartholomew, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Nyl, Puget Sound, Washington.

Qm. Clerk O. F. Balless, retired as of July 1, 1926.

July 6, 1926

Capt. J. A. McDonald, detached MB, Nyl, Norfolk, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

July 7, 1926

Capt. W. C. Barnaby, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

Capt. C. S. Schmidt, relieved from detail as an Assistant Paymaster.

Capt. E. M. Spencer, detailed to duty as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Capt. R. R. Wright, APM, detached Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. H. B. Enyart, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific.

Qm. Clerk C. F. Burrall, detached Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Qm. Clerk W. J. Cahill, detached MB, Quantico, Va. to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

## MARINE CORPS RESERVE ORDERS

The following named reserve officers have been assigned to active duty for training at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., for the periods indicated:

1st Lt. R. A. Hanson, MCR, July 4th to July 16th.

1st Lt. W. R. Sheets, MCR, July 18th to August 1st.

1st Lt. C. L. Jordan, MCR, July 5th to July 17th.

2nd Lt. F. G. Donald, MCR, July 18th to August 1st.

2nd Lt. R. E. Simpson, MCR, July 18th to July 31st.

Maj. J. F. Rorke, MCR, on July 10, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Nyl, New York, N. Y., and on July 24, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. L. A. Houchin, MCR, on July 1, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Nyl, Puget Sound, Washington, and on July 14, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Maj. S. L. Rothafel, MCR, July 2, 1926, to July 18, 1926.

(Continued on page 60)

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## MARINES IN ODD FELLOWSHIP

By Thomas Reagan

Members of the United States Marine Corps who have taken the degrees in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, have been visiting Philadelphia Lodges the past three months; more so than ever before. It is a pleasure to me, an ex-Marine and the father of another ex-Marine, to be able to communicate to the service at large the great feeling that comes over us all when these boys pay us a fraternal visit. There should be more of it. One of the Lodges, which has come into great renown as a visiting lodge, is situated near that great camp, Quantico, Va.—the Robert E. Lee 221, of Dumfries, Virginia. This is due to Brother M. A. McGrory of that Lodge, who has visited practically every Odd Fellows Lodge in this city, giving some wonderful talks on Odd Fellowship, in Virginia and throughout other parts of the United States. He has been instrumental in the visitation of nearly every Marine Odd Fellow station in the city of Fraternalism. He was the prime factor in getting the Fifth Regiment Band to volunteer for the picnic of Roxborough Lodge, which was a huge success, both as to the members and the band thoroughly enjoying themselves.

This is not a publicity stunt, but written for publication to show that fraternalism in the service should be stronger. It brings the service and the outside world together, causing the skeptics and those who have not heard the good side of our U. S. Marines to see that they are gentlemen as well as fighters. The contact between the ordinary Marine and civilian on the outside, even in business, is more or less reluctant on the part of the civilian who remembers the reputation for roughness borne by our boys, and is pleasantly surprised at the manner in which the Marine carries himself in the lodgeroom, ballroom, diningroom, and when invited to a home. Every Marine should be a member of some fraternal order, as this tends to give him the other view of life other than as a Marine, and makes him feel that they are not ostracized by society; nor is it necessary for him to remain aloof from anyone or roam the streets with no place to go but the barracks.

The following is a clipping from the Philadelphia Enquirer:

### Odd Fellows on a Picnic

The annual picnic of Roxborough Lodge, No. 66, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Fruitville, Pa., on Saturday, was augmented and made a brilliant success by the presence of

twenty-five members of the Fifth Regiment Band, United States Marines. This band comprises a large number of members of the Order of Odd Fellows, and is connected with Robert E. Lee Lodge, Dumfries, Va.

The Band was brought from the Navy Yard in a bus. On Lyceum avenue the band rendered several selections before starting for the picnic grounds.

The route was through Norristown, Otto H. Roeckle, as traffic policeman, leading, followed by the bus containing the Marine Band, after which the twenty automobiles loaded with members of No. 66 followed.

Before entering Fruitville the band lined up in marching formation, with the members of No. 66, under the direction of "Cap" Levering following in columns of four.

Quartermaster Sergeant McCrory, of Robert E. Lee Lodge, as drum major gave the signal to start, and for the first time in its existence Fruitville had the honor of having the Marine Band in its midst.

A baseball game was soon under way with the Marines on one side and No. 66 on the other, and the Marines won by the score of 12 to 9.

While the game was in progress the card fiends "Ed" Pearson, "Abe" Rittenhouse, "Bob" Keeley and "Dan" Wolfenden, were on the back porch of the hotel lost to the world.

The chicken supper so ably provided was soon disposed of, and chairs having been placed on the highway for the use of the band they proceeded to give a concert of one hour's duration.

The news having spread during the afternoon that the Fifth Regiment Band was at Fruitville, the roadway at 7 o'clock was alive with automobiles so that it became necessary for "Ben" Calverley and Herman Hogeland to act as traffic cops.

The band playing a particular selection to the liking of Henry Grossmiller and Albert Toperzer, they both "tripped the light fantastic" to the admiration and wonder of the assembled audience.

Group pictures of the Marines and lodge members were taken by George Hansell and Henry C. McVeythe.

On leaving for Roxborough a rousing sendoff was tendered by the delighted audience, and after arriving at the lodge room, the band, under the direction of Bandmaster Frank Thomas, again showed its ability.

At 10:30 the Band left for the Navy Yard, with everybody well pleased with the events of the day.



## AN INCIDENT DURING NICARAGUAN SERVICE

By Henry W. Weinhold

For several days during the summer of 1916 the anti-American feeling had been running a rather stormy course amongst the bare-foot populace of the City of Managua and had reached the point where it was not necessary to strain the auricular nerves to hear murmurs of "Muerto los Machos."

Racial hatred had been seething below the surface and threatening to break through the crust of authority that had been laid on by the powers that be with "the help of a few Marines."

Calm and peaceful was the Sunday morning that brought a climax to the situation. Early liberty had been granted to those desiring to witness a ball game at Momotombo Park and many had taken advantage of the permission. One of the members of the liberty party, taking more time to his toilet than the others, had left the camp and was hurrying to the ball field when he was accosted by two mozos who expressed their admiration for "los Americanos" and requested that our friend partake of liquid nourishment in their company.

Thus politely invited, and with no thought of possible evil intentions, he accepted their invitation and entered a house adjacent to the place of meeting.

Immediately upon entering the house he was set upon by the two pseudo friends, who attacked him with knives. Being unarmed he was at a disadvantage, but fought them off until one managed to cut him severely across the small of the back. Staggering back, he fell to the floor with a scream of agony.

The two natives advanced upon his prostrate body with intentions of completing the murder before embarking on their favorite pastime of mutilation.

Our mail orderly, a wild, fight-loving, little Irishman mounted his trusty little Nicaraguan mule to go to the Legation to get the day's mail and proceeded philosophically upon his way, decrying the duty that prevented his witnessing the ball game. As he progressed along his fixed route, he heard, a short way down a side street, a scream of mortal agony.

Leaping from his slowgoing mule and speeding to the point from which he judged the scream had emanated, he heard unmistakable sounds of a struggle intermixed with moans and words in good American.

Standing not upon ceremony he burst the door open and took in the situation at a glance. With characteristic Irish fervor, and a complete disregard for all the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury, he waded in with teeth, fists, and feet to such good effect that the natives were soon hors-de-combat and he was able to turn his attention to their victim.

Completely ignoring the now silent and helpless natives he made all possible haste to secure the victim of their insane hatred upon the hurricane deck of his mule and rushed him to camp where immediate and strenuous efforts were put forth by the medical staff to repair the damage done. Eventually he completely recovered and is still an active member of the U. S. Marine Corps and holds the rank of Sergeant today.

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## THE GAZETTE—continued

Capt. C. A. Ketcham, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 Capt. W. J. Platten, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 Capt. F. E. Wilbur, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 Capt. D. S. Buchanan, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 Capt. R. K. Ryland, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 Capt. J. Ayrault, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 1st Lt. H. S. Evans, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 1st Lt. L. Kinsell, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 1st Lt. H. A. Hedges, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 1st Lt. H. S. Davis, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 1st Lt. H. H. Titus, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. F. B. Birthright, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. O. O. Potter, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. T. P. Jackson, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. W. B. McCandless, MCR, July 4, 1926, to July 18, 1926.  
 Maj. E. L. Bigler, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 Capt. J. R. Foster, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 Capt. A. O. Loughmiller, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 Capt. H. G. Fortune, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 Capt. J. Wood, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 Capt. T. C. Johnson, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 Capt. E. P. Simmonds, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 Capt. G. M. P. Chance, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. M. L. Whitford, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. J. J. Svoboda, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. K. P. Spencer, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. G. R. Lewis, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. V. W. Worledge, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. G. W. Driver, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. C. A. Janson, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. R. B. Fisher, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. D. A. Routh, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. F. V. McKinless, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 1, 1926.  
 1st Lt. R. E. Kirchoff, MCR, August 5, 1926, to August 15, 1926.  
 1st Lt. C. J. Peters, MCR, August 4, 1926, to September 2, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. F. T. Eagan, MCR, July 1, 1926, to July 15, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. G. W. Eakin, MCR, June 13, 1926, to June 27, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. G. F. Malcom, MCR, July 18, 1926, to August 16, 1926.  
 2nd Lt. W. F. Murray, MCR, July 19, 1926, to August 2, 1926.  
 Mar. Gnr. V. A. Hale, MCR, On July 18, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at the MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., and on August 1, 1926, relieved from active duty.

The following named reserve officers have been assigned to active duty for training at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for the periods indicated:

1st Lt. H. A. Strong, MCR, July 12th to July 26th.  
 2nd Lt. F. W. Howard, MCR, Sept. 16th to Sept. 30th.  
 2nd Lt. A. L. Stong, MCR, August 15th to August 29th.  
 Capt. C. F. Byrd, MCR, On August 9, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, NYS, Mare Island, Calif., and on August 23, 1926, relieved from active duty.  
 1st Lt. J. Machamer, MCR, on August 15, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, NYS, Puget Sound, Wash., and on August 29, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Maj. C. H. Metcalf, on July 24th, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Capt. W. P. T. Hill, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MR, AL, Peking, China.

1st Lt. W. E. Maxwell, on July 1, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

Qm. Clerk H. J. Smith, detached MB, NYS, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. E. M. Spencer, Orders modified, detached Army Quartermaster Corps Subsistence School, Chicago, Ill., to First Brigade, Haiti, instead of to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

2nd Lt. W. D. O'Brien MCR, orders to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., from June 13th to June 27, revoked.

Capt. E. P. Simmonds, MCR, On July 13, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on August 1, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. C. R. Berglund, MCR, On July 18, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on August 1, 1926, relieved from active duty.

## RESERVE COMMISSIONS

The following named men have been commissioned recently as officers of the United States Marine Corps Reserve:

1st Lt. Guy M. Williamson, 1st Lt. Robert E. Barrett, 1st Lt. Josiah B. Bristol, 2d Lt. Clinton F. Stanley, 2d Lt. Stafford F. Potter, 2d Lt. Owen E. Jensen, 2d Lt. George W. Eichmy, Capt. Wilbert A. Smith, Capt. Philip P. Quayle, 1st Lt. Melville J. Maas, 1st Lt. Charles S. Weller, 2d Lt. William F. Lumsden, 2d Lt. Ralph A. Huggett, 2d Lt. John P. Bynum, 2d Lt. Robert E. MacFarlane, 2d Lt. Russell I. Whyte, 1st Lt. Levi O. Gates, 1st Lt. Clarence L. Jordan, 2d Lt. George W. Eakin.

The following promotions in the Marine Corps Reserve were recently effected:

2d Lt. Benjamin Reisweber to First Lieutenant; 2d Lt. Raymond W. Hanson to First Lieutenant.

## RESERVE ASSIGNMENTS

The following is a list of men assigned to Class III, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve since last issue:

Carl J. Buschena; James G. White; James L. Dunlap; James McMahon; Clarence R. Russell; Earl C. Spohr; Phillip Canuel; Reginald N. Gernany; George S. Hutchinson; Elmer A. Ostlund; Edward C. Sullivan; James C. Whittle; Willie McWilliams; Martin Cluria; Sterling W. Shuttlesworth; Henry T. Gale; John C. Davis; Paul J. Heckman; William L. Kiser; Marquis L. Patten; Henry C. A. Ripple; Clyde E. Chittenden; Charles O. Kidwell; Jesse R. Lapine; Louis Marcus; Robert H. Carroll; LeRoy A. Griffin; Gordon Hamilton; Vagn Hansen; Roy J. Hoffman; Robert Mahlum; Bruno J. Presco; Oliver S. Worley; Edward D. Harrison; Robert Bronkowski; and Floyd E. West.

## NAVAL TRANSPORTS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Manila 2 July. Will sail from Manila 12 July, arrive Shanghai 16 July, leave 19 July, arrive Chefoo 21 July, leave 24 July, arrive Kobe 27 July, leave 29 July, arrive Honolulu 8 August, leave 12 August, arrive San Francisco 18 August.

HENDERSON—Sailed Balboa 28 June for Honolulu. Due Honolulu 14 July, leave 21 July, arrive Shanghai 14 August, leave 20 August, arrive Manila 24 August, leave 10 September, arrive Guam 15 September, leave 17 September, arrive Honolulu 29 September, leave 4 October, arrive San Diego 12 October, leave 29 October, arrive Panama 8 November, leave 12 November, arrive Hampton Roads 19 November.

KITTERY—Arrived Hampton Roads 30 June. Will sail from Hampton Roads 15 July for the West Indies.

NITRO—Arrived Bremerton 24 June. Will sail from Puget Sound 6 July for the East Coast on the following itinerary—Arrive San Francisco 9 July, leave 9 July, arrive San Diego 11 July, leave 13 July, arrive Canal Zone 24 July, leave 26 July, arrive Guantanamo 29 July, leave 29 July, arrive Hampton Roads 2 August.

PATOKA—Arrived Newport 3 July from Melville. Will leave Narragansett Bay Area 6 July, arrive Boston Yard 7 July, leave 9 July, arrive Port Arthur 17 July, leave 19 July, arrive Narragansett Bay 26 July.

RAMAPO—Will sail from San Pedro 6 July on the following itinerary—Arrive Balboa 18 July, leave 20 July, arrive Guantanamo 23 July, leave 27 July, arrive Colon 30 July, leave 1 August, arrive San Pedro 12 August.

SALINAS—Placed in commission at Navy Yard, Norfolk, on 12 June, 1926. Will leave Norfolk about 1 August for San Pedro and return.

SAPELO—Arrived Newport 28 June. Will leave Narragansett Bay 6 July, arrive Gardner's Bay 6 July, leave 8 July, arrive Hampton Roads 10 July, leave 12 July, arrive Port Arthur 19 July, leave 21 July, arrive Narragansett Bay Area 28 July, leave 9 August.

SIRIUS—Arrived Puget Sound 30 June. Will leave Bremerton 7 July for Hampton Roads via Mare Island, San Diego and Canal Zone.

VEGA—Arrived San Francisco 2 July. Will leave San Francisco 9 July, arrive Puget Sound 12 July. Will sail from Puget Sound 26 July for Alaska, stopping at Dutch Harbor, St. Paul and St. George and returning to Puget Sound.

ARCTIC—Arrived San Francisco 11 June.

BRAZOS—Arrived Boston 15 June.

BRIDGE—Arrived New York 14 May.

CUYAMA—Sailed San Diego 15 June for San Pedro.

KANAWHA—Sailed San Pedro 1 July for Port Angeles.

NECHES—Sailed San Diego 26 June for San Pedro.

PECOS—Arrived Chefoo 16 June.

## TENTATIVE SAILINGS

SALINAS—From Norfolk to San Pedro 1 August.

NITRO—From Hampton Roads to West Coast 25 August.

NITRO—From Puget Sound to East Coast 6 July.

SIRIUS—From Puget Sound to East Coast 7 July.

CHAUMONT—From San Francisco to East Coast 30 August.

CHAUMONT—From Manila to San Francisco 12 July.

HENDERSON—From Manila to San Diego 10 September.

VEGA—From Puget Sound to Alaska 26 July.

KITTERY—From Hampton Roads to West Indies 15 July.

KITTERY—From Hampton Roads to West Indies 26 August.

RAMAPO—From San Pedro to Guantanamo 6 July.

RAMAPO—From Guantanamo to San Pedro 27 July.

PATOKA—From Port Arthur to Narragansett 19 July.

SAPELO—From Port Arthur to Narragansett 21 July.

## REENLISTMENTS

Rosenberg, Edward J., at Philadelphia, 6-29-26, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.

Shepherd, Harry, at Philadelphia, 6-29-26, HR, for West Coast.

Johnson, Rae R., at Chicago, 6-28-26, HR, for West Coast.

Howell, Darius, at Boston, 6-26-26, for Recruiting, Boston, Mass.

Carter, George L., at Tulsa, 6-25-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Goddard, George P., Jr., at Houston, 6-23-26, for MB, New Orleans, La.

White, Albert N., at San Francisco, 6-26-26, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

Burks, Clarence B., at Detroit, 6-3-26, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.

DeWees, Charles J., at USS ARKANSAS, 6-9-26, for USS ARKANSAS.

Chambers, Claudious E., at Philadelphia, 6-5-26, for Depot, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rodgers, Francis W., at Youngstown, 6-5-26, HR, for West Coast.

Sapino, Lawrence, at Chicago, 6-3-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Johnson, Charlie W., at Quantico, 6-5-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Nolen, John A., Jr., at Quantico, 6-2-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Aendt, Charles L., at New York, 6-3-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Harrman, William W., at Quantico, 5-31-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Liehr, Harry C., at New York, 5-28-26, HR, for West Coast.

McNew, William B., at Parris Island, 5-29-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Tupper, Robert E., at Hartford, 5-28-26, for Recruiting, Cleveland, Ohio.

Chapman, Edward A., at Denver, 5-21-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Naugle, Alvin L., at Washington, 6-2-26, for MFF, Quantico, Va.

Sabol, Anthony, at Portland, 5-27-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Schmitt, Martin P., at San Francisco, 5-26-26, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

Kaminski, Edward J., at Norfolk, 6-2-26, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

Charette, Joseph C., at Portland, 6-7-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
 Freedman, Herman, at New York.  
 6-14-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 Nengel, Henry J., at Baltimore, 6-15-26, for Recruiting, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Brown, Malcomb C., at Puget Sound, 5-28-26, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.  
 Wadsworth, Arthur L., Jr., at Quantico, 6-14-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Canuel, Philipe, at Boston, 6-10-26, for MB, Newport, R. I.  
 Gallimore, Henry C., at Cincinnati, 6-9-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 Sisson, Walter C., at San Francisco, 6-5-26, for DQM, San Francisco, Calif.  
 White, Charles A., at Port au Prince, 6-2-26, for MB, Port au Prince.  
 Gordon, Robert W., at Detroit, 6-7-26, for Recruiting, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Rhoades, Harry A., at Pittsburgh, 6-18-26, HR, for West Coast.  
 Dudek, Antoni, at Chicago, 6-16-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Crocker, James N., at New Orleans, 6-16-26, for MB, New Orleans, La.  
 McIlvenne, Frederick, at Boston, 6-20-26, for Wakefield, Mass.  
 O'Brien, Chester T., at Kansas City, 6-19-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
 Brendt, Lee, at San Diego, 6-14-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
 Fritz, John M., at San Francisco, 6-15-26, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.  
 Herberg, Bert J., at Salt Lake City, 6-9-26, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 Arnold, Harry, at Kansas City, 6-18-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
 Feller, Albert, at Salt Lake City, 6-11-26, for Recruiting, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
 Bianchi, Altill, at New York, 6-15-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 Fertil, John R., at Wilkes-Barre, 6-9-26, for MFF, Quantico, Va.  
 Reynolds, Frank H., at Boston, 6-9-26, for MFF, Quantico, Va.  
 Scott, Willis O., at Omaha, 6-9-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Demetrios, George E., at New York, 6-15-26, for MB, Yorktown, Va.  
 Knight, Charles H., at Philadelphia, 6-16-26, for Depot, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Gravatt, Frank L., at Mare Island, 6-11-26, for MB, Mare Island.  
 Ghanit, Ralides F., at Philadelphia, 6-24-26, for Depot, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Warren, Jefferson A., at Akron, 6-22-26, for Depot, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Grimm, Benjamin A., at Houston, 6-21-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
 Webber, Harry R., at Syracuse, 6-23-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 Park, Walter, at Parris Island, 6-26-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 Wolland, Andrew J., at Detroit, 7-6-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 Presco, Bruno J., at Los Angeles, 6-28-26, for MB, Mare Island.  
 Moler, Joel E., at Baltimore, 7-2-26, HR, for West Coast.  
 Newman, Harry A., at Dayton, 6-29-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Neville, Thomas J., at Los Angeles, 6-26-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
 Gardner, Edward J., at Quantico, 7-2-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Zumbahlen, William R., at Quantico, 6-29-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 McConnell, William, at Philadelphia, 7-1-26, for Depot, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Kidd, Daniel B., at Kansas City, 7-2-26, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.  
 Carroll, Francis J., at Boston, 6-30-26, for MB, Hingham, Mass.  
 Lentz, David S., at Boston, 6-30-26, for Recruiting, Boston, Mass.  
 Paul, Dominick R., at Washington, 6-30-26, for MB, Nyd, Washington.  
 Gould, Howard, at Los Angeles, 6-22-26, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 Allen, John, at Quantico, 6-27-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Blackwell, Harry L., at Quantico, 6-24-26, for MFF, Quantico, Va.  
 Gelrud, Sam, at Quantico, 6-24-26, for MFF, Quantico, Va.

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(Continued on page 63)

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## STENOGRAPHY SUCCUMBS TO PEGARUS—

(continued)

Our stenog goes, with many a sigh,  
(Quite likely tis her liver).  
Subsisting now on bread and tea,  
And thinking more repeatedly  
Of jumping in the river.  
But no! before she will efface  
Her form from off the earth, she'll trace  
A tragedy, nor cease  
Until the last sad line is done.  
Though she goes west, oblivion  
Shan't gulp her masterpiece.  
Now swathed indeed's her brow with woe,  
And gloomy shadows flit and go  
To and across her brain.  
Her busy, busy, fingers fly,  
In sleep she never closes eye  
To finish her refrain.  
Her ditty grows and grows, and grows,  
'Till, overcome by all its woes,  
The stenog stops upon the bed,  
Disturbed, she says, "Go soak your head,"  
And falls again to sleep.  
The final murder now is done,  
The handsome cavalier has won  
The lady by his side,  
The decks are soaked with gout of  
blood,  
Sharp knives have split the bulkhead's  
wood,  
And many men have died.  
The stenog, weak from lack of chow,  
With fever's breath upon her brow,  
Exhausted, tumbles o'er.  
Her roommate drags her to the bed,  
And harkening to the words she's said,  
Gathers the poem from the floor.  
A hopeless task, she thinks, but she  
Has sealed it, rather carelessly,  
And stamped it on the back,  
No matter where the thing may go  
The roommate thinks "A day or so  
And twill be home, alack!"  
The doctor comes, excitement reigns,  
The stenog's fever on her brains,  
And must be kept in bed,  
The roommate's hardly sober yet,  
And grumbling, o'er her cigarette,  
Puts ice upon her head.

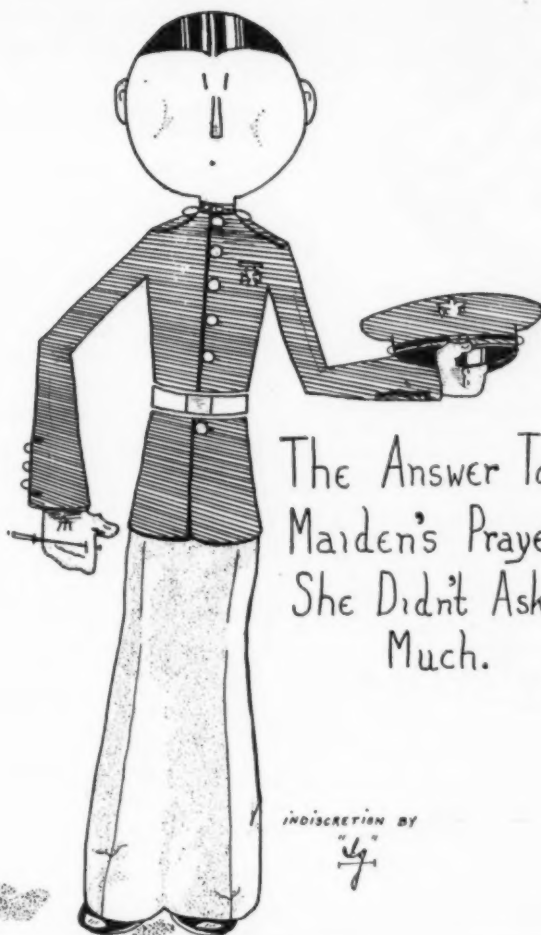
### Part VI

To all things there an end must be.  
The longest river winds to sea  
And finds its goal at last.  
The longest lanes will end, we find,  
And since the Stenog's fates were kind  
Her fever finally past.  
Her room-mate brought her milk and  
eggs,  
And though still shaky on her legs  
We find the Stenog better.  
And then one morn to her surprise  
The mailman left, to be precise,  
The Stenog a thin letter.  
No bulky MS. returned  
A check it held, for which she yearned,  
A check of goodly size;  
The Stenog gasped, grew cold and faint  
And rather white beneath her paint,  
Nor could believe her eyes.  
The letter which came with it said  
"We have your poem carefully read,  
'Tis most extraordinary.  
Its humor's great, so we have found,  
And if you've got some more around  
Please send them promptly, very."  
The Stenog is a humorist now  
With dough to buy her dress and chow,  
But we have got a hunch  
She'd ne'er have had a cent of it  
But that her room-mate, being lit,  
The tragedy mailed to Punch.



GAZETTE—continued

Corp. John R. Coulter—Mathematics and Mechanics for Civil Engineers Course.  
Sergt. Frank W. Covell—Salesmanship Course.  
Trump. Alfred J. Cerwensky—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. Otha Allen—Carpenter's Special Course.  
Pvt. Andy S. Kozak—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. Orville E. Rehm—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Trump. Joseph T. Barron—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. Oscar H. Shain—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Private, First Class, Felix T. P. Michaelis—Salesmanship Course.  
Staff Sergeant Albert E. Simmonds—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
1st Lt. St. Julien R. Childs—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.  
Capt. Thomas E. Watson—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.  
1st Lt. John T. Selden—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.  
Capt. Tom E. Wicks—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.  
Private, First Class, Howard M. Snow—Radio Operator's Course.  
Trump. Adolph P. Wingo—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. Natale Albanese—Farm Business Management Course.  
Pvt. Patrick L. Daily—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. William F. Shultz—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. John J. Flanagan—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. Arthur D. Herbert—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. Gerald M. Cooper—Farm Business Management Course.  
Pvt. James R. Beasley—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
1st Lt. Henry A. Carr—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.  
Sergt. William A. Long—Civil Service General Clerical Course.  
Sergt. Kenneth L. Shaw—Civil Service General Clerical Course.  
Private, First Class, Charles M. E. Hartman—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Private, First Class, Jesse R. LaPine—Motorman's Course.  
Pvt. Herman L. Lay—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
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Private, First Class, Bernhard P. Horlacher, Jr.—Aeroplane Engines Course.  
Capt. DeWitt Peck—Spanish Course.  
Maj. George H. Osterhout—French Course.  
Capt. William W. Rogers—Spanish Course.  
Capt. Leo D. Hermle—Spanish Course.  
Pvt. Harold M. Stapper—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. Michael K. Bohacheck—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. James Hartnett—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. John A. Harris—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
Pvt. John P. Smith—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
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Pvt. Lloyd N. Farrell—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
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## TORN FROM MY SCRAPBOOK

By "Doc" Clifford

(Continued)

You have injured your friends; you've  
been false to them all.

For friendship, my boy, is a bond be-  
tween men

That is founded on truth;  
It believes in the best of the ones that  
it loves,

Whether old man or youth,  
And the stern rule it lays down for me  
and for you

Is to be what our friends think we are  
through and through.

\*\*\*

## SUNSHINE

There's a mighty lot of sunshine  
Just behind the darkest cloud;  
There's a lot of fragrant flowers  
That should hide the blackest shroud;  
There are hearts each day that are starv-  
ing

For a word of love and cheer;  
There's a load that we may lighten  
Every day throughout the year.

Tell the wife that is so faithful  
To her duties day by day,  
That you love her, and the telling  
Will make brighter, still, the way.  
Be to her the same fond lover  
That you were so long ago,  
Ere the years had brought their sorrow,  
And her curls were bleached to snow.

Tell your friends about your friendships,  
When his days are dark and drear;  
Scatter love for it is worship—  
Let him feel that Heav'n is here.  
O, the loads of grief and worry  
We could lessen if we would  
How the birds of joy would blossom  
If each one were understood.

There's a mighty lot of sunshine  
Just behind the darkest cloud;  
There's a lot of flowers blooming  
That should hide the blackest shroud.  
There is love enough, my brother;  
For us all that labor here—  
All we need is but to tell it  
Every day throughout the year.

Ralph Taylor wrote the above. Let us  
see that we carry it out in our lives.

—John H. Clifford.



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# "Life Ain't in Holdin' a Good Hand but in Playin' a Poor Hand Well"

By R.C. Templeton



**T**HERE IS NO FINER THING IN THE WORLD THAN COURAGE. It is the warm and beautiful flame which lights the fires of ambition in men's souls and burns a forward path through every difficulty.

It is easy to be courageous when the odds are in your favor. But the greater hero is the man who smiles a brave smile when days are darkest and keeps on fighting toward the ultimate goal—"to the last a warrior unafraid."

As Grantland Rice so beautifully expresses it:—

"God grant that in the strife and stress  
Which all must face who linger here—  
Upon the Field of Hopelessness  
Or with the laurel swinging near,  
Upon the world's red firing line  
The battle of the strong and weak—  
The fate of all the Fates be mine—  
I will not show the Yellow Streak.

"If Fortune play me false or fair—  
If, from the shadowlands I creep  
Up to the heights and linger there,  
Or topple downward to the deep—  
On up the rugged path of fame,  
Where one man falls—another mounts;  
God grant that I play out the game,  
For there is nothing else that counts."

Or, as the old cowboy saying puts it:—"Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well."

What if you did have to leave school when you were but a boy! What if you have been working for years at a

small salary with little or no chance for advancement! Do you think that makes any difference to a real fighter?

What you have done with your time up to now accounts for what you are To-day.

What you do with your time *from now on* will decide what you will be To-morrow.

**M**AKE that To-morrow something to be proud of. You can do it if you really try. Success knows no age—no creed—no class. Nothing is impossible in this broad land of Opportunity. The lives of Lincoln—Ford—Edison—Steinmetz—Vincent—Wanamaker—Wahl, and countless others, are proof of it.

There is hardly a man in a position of wealth, influence and power to-day who did not start from a far humbler niche than yours.

But remember this: You cannot win success by sitting back and just wishing for it. It would hardly be worth while if it came as easily as that.

It takes work—hard work, sometimes—but if you are willing to put your shoulder to the wheel, the International Correspondence Schools will help smooth the path for you and bring you to the final goal far quicker than if

you tried to make the journey alone.

If the I. C. S. can raise the salaries of other men, it can raise yours. If it can help other men to advance, it can help you, too.

**A**T least find out how—by marking and mailing the coupon that has brought success to so many other men just like yourself. It doesn't obligate you in any way to do this, yet it may be the means of changing your entire life. Do it—*now!*

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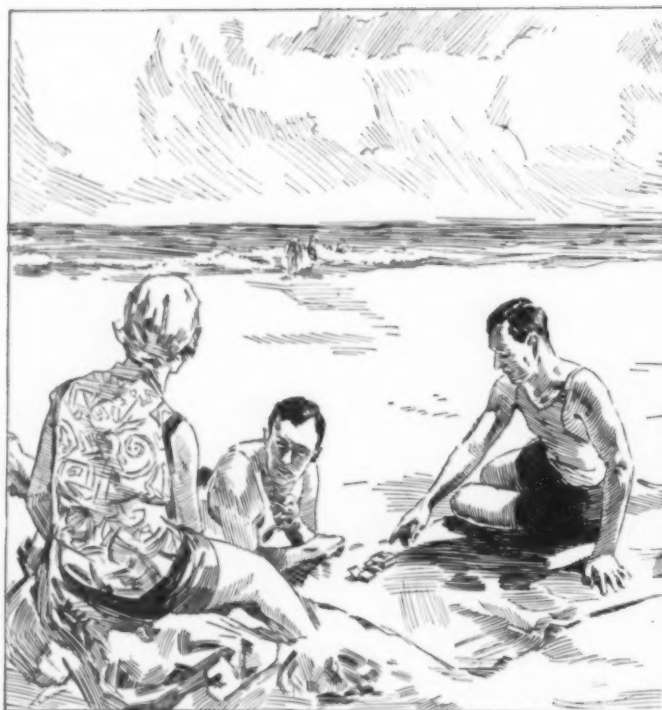
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and battered and wet with  
spray, you climb out on  
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WHEN the surf is running in from the sea. And you plunge in to shoulder aside the foam-topped rollers. When you climb out, glowing, and join the crowds on the beach—have a Camel!

For after healthful exercise, no other cigarette in the world satisfies the taste like Camels. Camel mildness and mellow fragrance is the awaited award of millions of experienced smokers. Camels are rolled of the choicest tobaccos nature grows—they never tire the taste. Camels are the expert blend that did away with cigarette after-taste.

So this sparkling day as you start for the cool, restful beach. When with measured strokes you have tried your strength against the breakers—know then the most fragrant mellowness ever made into a cigarette.

**Have a Camel!**



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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